

RIATA and SPURS



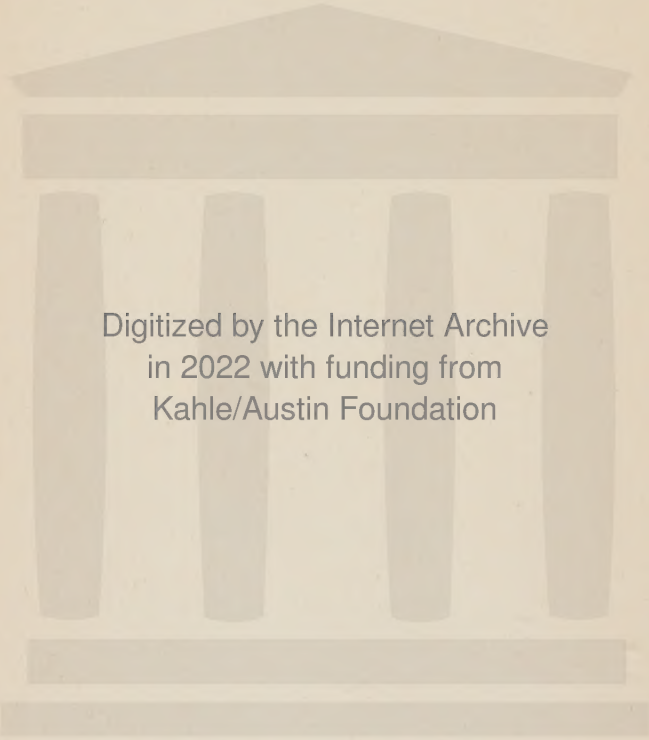
CHARLES A. SIRINGO



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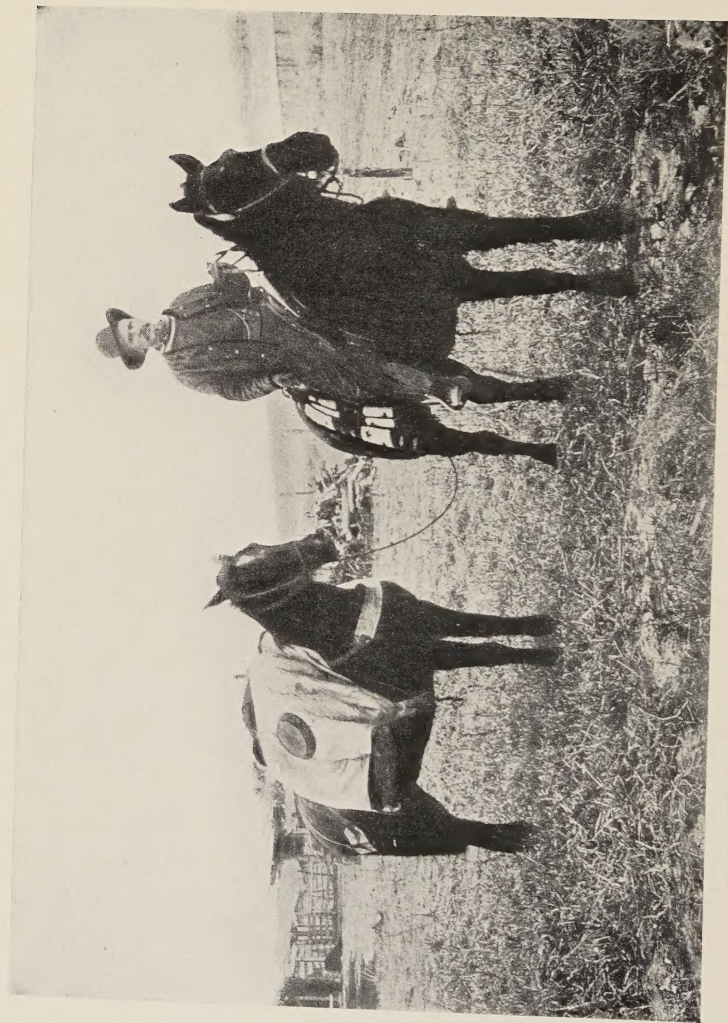
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RIATA AND SPURS



THE AUTHOR TRAILING OUTLAWS IN ARIZONA AND NEW MEXICO

RIATA AND SPURS

*The Story of a Lifetime spent in the Saddle as
Cowboy and Ranger*

BY
CHARLES A. SIRINGO

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
GIFFORD PINCHOT

AND WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

Revised Edition



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TO MY FRIEND
ALOIS B. RENEHAN
OF SANTA FÉ, NEW MEXICO
IN APPRECIATION OF MANY KINDNESSES

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PREFACE

To my native State, the original home of the cowboy and the longhorn steer, the author is indebted for furnishing wild cattle and horses on which to manipulate his RIATA and SPURS.

The little poem below, by Mrs. Lee C. Harby, expresses my feeling:

O prairie breeze, blow sweet and pure,
And, southern sun, shine bright,
To bless our flag where'er may gleam
Its single star of light!
But should thy sky grow dark with wrath,
The tempest burst and rave,
It still shall float undauntedly —
The standard of the brave.

By deeds of arms our land was won,
And priceless the reward;
Brave Milam died and Fannin fell
Her sacred rights to guard.
Our patriots' force with mighty will
Triumphant set her free,
And Travis, Bowie, Crockett, gave
Their lives for liberty.

And when on San Jacinto's plain
The Texans heard the cry,
'Remember, men, the Alamo!'
They swore to win or die.
Resistless in their high resolve,
They forced the foe to yield,
And freedom crowned the victory gained
On that illustrious field.

O Texans, tell the story o'er,
With pride recall each name,
And teach your sons to emulate
Their virtues and their fame!
So shall your grandeur still increase,
Your glory shine afar —
For deathless honor guards the flag
Where gleams the proud Lone Star!

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From originals in the author's collection

INTRODUCTION

TWENTY years ago in Boise, Idaho, the murderers of Governor Steunenburg were on trial, and the fear of other assassinations was so strong that public officials had moved out of their own homes to the hotel for greater safety. It was a stirring time, and it was then I met McParland, a detective in the case, and nationally known as the man who had been mainly responsible for breaking up the Molly Maguires in Pennsylvania. McParland was old and nearly blind, and he had as his bodyguard a small, slight, friendly, and quiet man by the name of Charles A. Siringo. I was attracted to Siringo at once, as I think he was to me, and the proof of it is that we have been friends and have kept in close touch ever since.

Charlie Siringo's story of his life is one of the best, if not the very best, of all the books about the Old West, when cow-punchers actually punched cows, that ever passed under my eye. I am more than glad that some account of what he has done and seen and gone through is now to reach a wider audience.

No one book can contain the whole story of Siringo's most adventurous life, but what is contained between these covers is genuine. In these days, when so much is written about the West by authors who never saw a cow-pony outside of a circus, it is worth something to be able to lay your hand on a book written by a man who is the real thing, and who tells the truth.

Many a man has seen rough times, though few such as Siringo has lived through, but not many can tell of what they know in a way to make the reader happy. Very few fighting

men who have lived lives of great and continuous danger and hardship have kept the milk of human kindness sweet and unclotted in their souls. There are not many like my friend Charlie Siringo.

GIFFORD PINCHOT

HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

November 11, 1926

RIATA AND SPURS

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CHAPTER I

MY FIRST COWBOY EXPERIENCE — TWO YEARS IN YANKEE-LAND — LIFE IN NEW ORLEANS

I WAS born and brought up amidst wild, long-horn cattle and mustangs in the extreme southern part of the Lone Star State. I first saw the light of day, and had my first warm meal on the seventh day of February, 1855, in the county of Matagorda, Texas.

At the age of four I got my first 'book-larnin' ' from a Yankee schoolmaster by the name of Hale. A year later war broke out between the North and South, and my beloved schoolmaster hiked north to join the Yankee army.

During the four years of bloody rebellion I saw much fighting on land and water, along the Gulf coast, between the Federals and Confederates. During that time our food consisted of fish, oysters, cornbread, and sweet potatoes. Coffee was made of parched corn and sweet potatoes.

When the cruel war was over, and I was twelve years of age, in the spring of 1867, I became a full-fledged cowboy, wearing broad sombrero, high-heeled boots, Mexican spurs, and the dignity of a full-grown man. I had hired out to run cattle for a man named Faldien, at a wage of ten dollars a month. During the season our work was mostly around Lake Austin, and on Bay Prairie, where now stands the thriving little city of Bay City.

The country was literally covered with wild mustangs and long-horn cattle. We did nothing but round up and brand

mavericks from one to four years old, and I soon became handy with the lasso, as these wild mavericks had to be lassoed, thrown, and branded with Mr. Faldien's brand. The unbranded cattle were public property, and our object was to 'make hay while the sun shined' by putting Mr. Faldien's brand on as many cattle as possible. There were many other branding outfits in the field, doing the same for themselves.

In 1868 my widowed mother married again and sold our home and cattle. The land brought seventy-five cents an acre, and the cattle one dollar a head. Then we boarded a Morgan Steamship at Indianola, and started for Yankeedom by way of Galveston and New Orleans; thence up the Mississippi River on a steamboat to Saint Louis, Missouri, and by rail to Lebanon, Saint Clair County, Illinois.

Now the misery of a boy began. I had to work out in the cold fields during the late winter months, only half clothed, at a wage of eight dollars a month, which I never got the benefit of, as it went to buy whiskey for my drunken Yankee stepfather. But thank the stars, during spring he hit the road for parts unknown; then I drew the wages myself, as my mother and only sister went to Saint Louis, Missouri, to try their luck in a strange city. That same sister still lives in Saint Louis, having married a prosperous business man. Four girls and one boy spring from that union, and most of them have families of their own, and are prosperous. Mother and sister had promised to write to me, giving their city address, but for some reason they failed to do so — hence a Texas long-horn kid was left alone among strangers, and in a strange land.

During the summer I quit my heart-breaking job with Mr. Moore, and went to Lebanon to learn the carpenter trade. I had bound myself to an old skinflint who was building a new house in the edge of town. He made me sign a contract that I would work for him three years to learn the trade. I worked

one whole day, from sunup to sundown, turning a grindstone to grind a lot of rusty tools. That night, by the light of the moon, I walked twelve miles east, and next morning hired to a farmer with a heart, by the name of Jacobs, for twelve dollars a month. During the harvest I made a half a hand binding and shocking wheat. Late in the fall, 1869, I quit my job and walked to Saint Louis, a distance of twenty-five miles, in hopes of finding mother and sister.

Little did I dream of the difficulty in finding two people in a city of nearly half a million souls. No need to recite the hungry spells, and the hard beds on platforms and dry-goods boxes for two long weeks until I secured a job as bell-boy in the swell Planters' Hotel. My wages were ten dollars a month, but I averaged several dollars a day from tips. Often a crowd of gamblers playing for high stakes in a room would give me a ten- or twenty-dollar bill to buy a tray-load of drinks, telling me to keep the change. The other dozen or more bell-boys did equally well in the way of easy tips, and when off duty we spent the money like drunken sailors.

One year later, in the fall of 1870, I had a rough-and-tumble fight with one of the bell-hops while on duty, and was slapped on the cheek by the chief clerk, Cunningham. This slapping stirred up the anger in my system, and I threw up the soft job of bell-boy.

With a few dollars in my pocket I started for the levee to board a steamboat headed toward Texas, but on the road to the levee I butted into a gambling game, and lost every cent of my money. Late in the evening I stole my way onto the Bart Able, which was ready to steam down the Mississippi River for New Orleans, and hid among the freight sacks and boxes.

While loading freight from an old abandoned steamboat, in a town in Arkansas, I fell over backward into an open

hatchway about thirty feet deep and was fished out by the captain and crew more dead than alive.

On waking up, I found myself in a clean bed in the captain's private room. When we reached New Orleans I was able to walk, but couldn't bend my back, and the back of my head had a lump on it the size of a cocoanut.

After eating a nice dinner on the Bart Able, the boat steamed back up the river for Saint Louis, leaving me in a strange city with not a cent in my pocket. After two days of hunger, and sleeping on cotton bales, I was picked up by a kind-hearted man, William R. Myers, of the Couens Red River line of steamboats, and taken to his home.

When we rang the bell, Mrs. Mary P. Myers opened the door. She was evidently shocked at the sight of a dirty-faced urchin at her husband's side. Mr. Myers introduced me as a young Texan whom he had brought home to fill up, as I was half starved.

The five o'clock dinner was ready to be served by the two negro servants, but, bless you, I had to endure the agony of having the meal delayed until I could take a bath in the neat bathroom.

Don't wonder if my stomach was puffed out like that of a 'poisoned pup' when dinner was over. It was, and the world appeared like one round ball of glory and contentment.

That night in the parlor I was made tell my pedigree, and past life. The result was, this old couple, who had no children, offered to adopt me as their own son, and to give me a fine education, with a start in business when I should be twenty-one years of age.

Of course I consented, as the rosy picture of more juicy porterhouse steaks, broiled on a charcoal fire, loomed up in the future.

The next forenoon Mrs. Myers took me down to one of the

clothing establishments and fitted me out like a young prince. I objected to the peaked-toed gaiters and asked for a pair of star-top, high-heeled boots, but the good lady thought boots would make me look too much like a 'hoosier.'

Seeing that she was lavish with her money, I asked her to buy me a violin, so that I could learn to play 'The old blind mule came trotting through the wilderness,' and other favorite Texas songs. This she agreed to do, and later carried out her promise.

After the crick in my back and the lump on my head had 'vamoosed,' and the rare beefsteaks had painted my cheeks with a rosy tint, I was sent to Fisk's Public School to start my education.

One week in school and I had a rough-and-tumble fight with another boy in the schoolroom. In making my 'get-away' for the door, I ran over the good-looking young teacher, Miss Finley, who was trying to prevent my escape. The poor girl fell flat on her back, and I stepped on her pink silk waist as I went over her for the door. No doubt she thought it was a Texas stampede. A few days later, I was sent to a pay school. This old professor had only a few select scholars, all boys, to whom he taught the German, French, and English languages. In the course of a few months I had to shake the dust of New Orleans from my peaked-toed gaiters on account of stabbing one of the scholars with a pocket-knife. He was much larger than I and had my face bloody.

Night found me wrapped in slumber among the cotton bales on board the Mollie Able, en route to Saint Louis. My slumber was not a peaceful one, as I awoke often to worry over my future, should the boy Steamcamp die. I had seen the blood gushing from his wound as he ran screaming over the grassy lawn where we had been playing during the afternoon recess.

On reaching Saint Louis, after eight days and nights of hiding in the cotton bales and stealing food after the deck hands finished their meals, I spent a day trying to find mother and sister. Then I crossed the river on a ferryboat and walked to Lebanon, Illinois, thence to the Jacobs farm, where I was received with open arms, and put to work in the harvest field where I had worked the season previous.

When the harvest was over, I longed for the easy life under Mrs. Myers' wing. Therefore I drew my wages and struck out afoot for Saint Louis. I arrived there in time to board the Robert E. Lee, which was starting down the river on her great race with the Natchez. Thousands of dollars were bet on which one would reach New Orleans first. I slipped onto the steamer and kept hidden most of the time when the captain or the other officers were in sight. The cook kindly gave me food. We landed in New Orleans ahead of the Natchez, and there was great rejoicing aboard. The citizens of New Orleans presented the captain with a pair of gold antlers to place on the bow of his swift steamer.

On the same evening of our arrival I hunted up Babe Fisher, a yellow negro whom I knew could be trusted, and who afterward became a noted outlaw, to find out if the victim of my fight had recovered. I was informed that it required the skill of two doctors to save young Steamcamp's life, but he was now about as sound as ever. This encouraged me to ring the doorbell at the Myers mansion. My dirty face was showered with kisses by Mrs. Myers, who was happy over my return. When Mr. Myers returned at night from his office, he too, gave me a hearty welcome.

Mr. Myers made three visits to the German professor before he could induce him to take me back as one of his pupils. Now I took up my same old studies, German, French, and English. I was a hero among the scholars for winning the

fight with young Steamcamp, who had been the bully of the school. He had never returned to take up his studies after recovering.

Everything went on lovely, and I continued to enjoy the juicy beefsteaks which were served every evening, fresh from the charcoal furnace on the brick-paved back yard.

In the latter part of November a big fire broke out near our school, and the street was lined with people going to the fire. I asked the professor if I could go and see the blaze. In a gruff voice he answered 'No!' I then yelled 'Good-bye,' and broke for the door.

It was night when the excitement of the fire died down. I then walked to the levee, and after a wait of an hour or more I slipped onto the Saint Mary, a Morgan steamship bound for Indianola, Texas. I kept hid out all night, and next morning was put to work scouring brass railings to pay for my food and passage.

After a stormy trip we arrived in Indianola, Texas, one morning about sunup. On viewing the old wharf, from which I had stepped onto the gangplank of the Crescent City about two years previous, I shouted deep down in my heart: 'Back home at last to the dear Lone Star State'; the natural home of the cowboy and long-horn steer.

The winter was spent working for H. Selickson, in his beef factory, where cattle were butchered for their hides and tallow; my wages being fifteen dollars a month. Early in the spring of 1871 I visited among my friends in the town of Matagorda, and on the peninsula, the place of my birth. About the first of April I hired out to Tom Nie, now known as the 'Onion King' of Laredo, Texas. He was making up a crew of cowboys to work on the Rancho Grande, on Tres Palacios Creek, about twenty-five miles northwest from the town of Matagorda.

We went by sailboat to Palacios Point, where the Rancho Grande Company had an outside camp. There we joined other cowboys, making a crew of twenty, and from there went overland to the Rancho Grande headquarters. We found the headquarter ranch a busy place, getting ready for the spring work. Here there were a company store, a church house, and the pleasant home of Jonathan Pierce.

The two Pierce brothers, Abel ('Shanghai') and Jonathan, were in partnership with Sam Allen, and a man named Pool, of eastern Texas. They owned this Rancho Grande, and the more than one hundred thousand long-horn cattle scattered over hundreds of miles of grassy range.

There were about fifty cowboys at the headquarter ranch; a few Mexicans and a few negroes among them. We had unlimited credit at the company store. My credit was stretched almost to the breaking point, in purchasing a cowboy outfit, including saddle, bridle, spurs, pistol, bowie-knife, bedding, sombrero, silk handkerchiefs, slicker, high-heel boots, etc.

'Shanghai' Pierce and his crew of cowboys had just arrived from the Rio Grande River with three hundred wild Mexican ponies for the spring work. He had paid two dollars and fifty cents a head for them. They were what was termed 'wet' ponies on the Rio Grande. In other words, were stolen stock; hence the low prices.

We always started the day's work at the first peep of day, and never thought of eating a noon meal. Often it would be pitch dark when we arrived in camp, where a warm camp-fire meal awaited us. These meals were made up of meat from a fat heifer calf, with corn bread, molasses, and black coffee. The negro cook, who drove the mess-wagon, generally had two kinds of meat, the calf ribs broiled before the camp-fire, and a large Dutch oven full of loin, sweet-breads, and heart, mixed with flour gravy.

For breakfast we often had pork and beans that had been simmering over hot coals all night. In those days knives and forks were seldom used in the cow-camps; each cowboy used his bowie-knife or pocket-knife to eat with. Nor were there tents to sleep in when it rained. The boys slept on the ground, covered with a canvas or wagon-sheet to turn the water.

The crew of which I was a member consisted of fifteen men and boys. We started work on the Navidad River, in Jackson County, gathering a herd of eleven hundred head of steers for Mr. Black, who had brought his crew of green Kansas boys, overland from Wichita, Kansas.

In gathering this herd of old 'mossy horn' steers, from four to twenty years old, I had a new experience. They were mostly wild timber cattle, which only graze out in the edges of the prairies at night, going back to the timber after daylight. We had to make raids on them before sunup, by which time they would be back in the brushy timber, where it was impossible to round them up, or rope and tie down the unruly ones.

It is hard to believe, but nevertheless true, that some of these old steers had a fine coating of moss on their long horns. The trees were all covered with moss; some of it more than a foot long.

By the time we got this herd 'put up,' and turned over to Mr. Black and his crew, we were a worn out bunch of cowboys. Every steer had to be roped and thrown to be road-branded, and we had to stand guard every night, half the crew the first part of the night, and the balance until daylight. During rain and thunderstorms every cowboy had to be in the saddle all night, singing and whistling to the restless cattle to avoid a stampede. At such times there was no sleep for any one but the cook. Stampedes were frequent on stormy nights, and

we had to stay with the running herd until the steers became exhausted.

The rest of the season, up to Christmas, we put in our time branding mavericks and calves. The mavericks were not so plentiful, or so old, as when I took my first lessons as a cowboy in 1867. Among the timber cattle we found some unbranded bulls and cows, four and five years old, but on the prairies they ranged from one to two years of age, being calves that had escaped the branding-iron the previous seasons. During this year of 1871 the Rancho Grande Company branded twenty-five thousand calves and mavericks.

I finally wrote to Mr. and Mrs. Myers in New Orleans telling them that I had attained the desire of my life by becoming a full-fledged cowboy, in the Lone Star State. In a few weeks an answer was received to my letter. In it was a twenty-dollar bill, and a pass on the Morgan Steamship Line from Indianola to New Orleans, the money being for my expenses en route.

In the letter they begged me to return and finish my education. I wrote them that the life of a cowboy was good enough for me and offered to return the money and the pass. In a later letter Mr. Myers wrote me to tear up the pass, and to buy a suit of clothes with the twenty-dollar 'william.' Many years later this old couple died, and were buried in the town of Pocatello, Idaho. Mr. Myers had lost his wealth in a bad speculation with a thieving partner in Florida. Before old age put them under the sod, I had the pleasure of repaying them for all the money spent on me when I was a wild, reckless lad.

Such is life. I often think of what a narrow escape I had from becoming an educated business man, had I remained in New Orleans.

After the branding season was over I joined Bob Partain's crew, and we established winter quarters at the camp-house three miles from Palacios Point. Our work was shipping steers



A COW CAMP IN THE MOUNTAINS OF NEW MEXICO ABOUT 1890
Showing a calf stretched out to be branded and ear-marked

to New Orleans and Cuba. Twice a week a Morgan steamship would tie up at the wharf at Palacios Point, and it was our duty to put about five hundred cattle aboard. Gathering crews would deliver the steers to our outfit, and we had to night-herd them until ready to ship.

During cold northers and sleet storms we had a tough job night-herding. Often 'Shanghai' Pierce would be present to help us sing to the cattle during bad storms. 'Shanghai' felt at home on the back of a pony. He was quite different from his brother Jonathan, who was never so happy as when ploughing with a yoke of oxen. In all the years that I knew Jonathan I never saw him in a saddle.

When spring came I was assigned with a new crew in charge of Mr. Wiley Kuykendall, who had married a sister of the Pierce brothers. 'Mr. Wiley,' as we cowboys affectionately called him, spent very little of his time in bed. He was fond of black coffee, steaming hot from the camp coffee pot, and only when asleep did the smoke from his black pipe cease. He was up with the cook every morning, so as to get his cup of hot coffee.

I shall always hold the name of 'Mr. Wiley' in kind remembrance, as in the summer of 1872 he gave me my first start in the cattle business, by allowing me to put my own brand, which had not yet been recorded, as the law required, on a few mavericks. This made me bold, so that thereafter I always carried a rod of iron tied to my saddle, as a branding-iron, to be made red-hot in a brush, or cow-chip fire, when riding over the prairie alone, and a fine-looking maverick showed up. The short piece of iron was bent at one end and used to run my brand on the animal's hip.

In the late summer our crew was sent to Lavaca and Calhoun Counties to gather steers and ship them on board Morgan steamships, in Indianola, for the New Orleans market.

Later we were sent to Wharton and Colorado Counties to gather steers to be shipped by rail from Richmond and Houston.

It was while driving a herd of these fat steers to Richmond that I was bitten on the foot by a rattlesnake, which proves that even the bite of a snake can't kill a tough cowboy.

We had just swum the herd across a swollen stream, which caused me to get wet to the skin. While I was guarding the herd, part of the crew having gone to dinner, I disrobed to let my clothes dry in the hot sun. While I was standing barefooted in the tall grass the snake put two gashes across one foot. This caused the death of his snakeship, as I was angry and beat him to a pulp. My foot and leg became badly swollen, so that I couldn't wear my left boot for a week; still I never missed doing my full share of the work, which included standing guard over the herd half of each night.

During the fall Mr. Wiley severed his connection with the outfit, and soon after I did likewise. I had been working for the Rancho Grande Company nearly two years, without a settlement or knowing how my account in the company store stood. My wages were twenty dollars a month, and whenever I needed cash, all I had to do was ask old Hunkey Dory Brown who was in charge of the store, for the amount, and he would charge it on my account. I was a surprised and disappointed boy when I found that I had only seventy-five cents to my credit. This I blew in for a bottle of peaches and brandy and some stick candy, before leaving the store to ride away on my own pony.

CHAPTER II

SHOT AND WOUNDED — A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE IN A GULF STORM

At the time Mr. Wiley Kuykendall quit the firm, the Pierce Brothers had sold their cattle interests to Allen and Pool for the snug sum of \$110,000, which was a fortune in those days. This shows what men with Yankee blood in their veins could do with long-horn cattle.

As a young man, before the Rebellion, 'Shanghai' Pierce had drifted from the State where they make wooden nutmegs and went to work for W. B. Grimes, on Tres Palacios Creek, splitting live-oak rails at a wage of one dollar a day. In later years Mr. Pierce used to point out this old rail fence, which he put up, as the folly of his youth.

Late in the fall the Rancho Grande headquarters was established at John Moore's ranch home, at the mouth of Tres Palacios Creek — Mr. Moore being appointed general manager. John Moore had an only son, Bennie, who was put in charge of a crew to ride over the prairies to cut off the horns of old stray bulls — that is, animals which had no recorded owner, as they had drifted with the hordes of other cattle during northers and sleet storms from the north, during the four years of bloody rebellion, when the men and boys of middle and northern Texas were too busy fighting the Yankees to look after their cattle. During the late fall much of my time was spent with Bennie Moore's crew helping rope and throw these wild bulls. It was fun for me, and I asked no pay.

Previous to selling out to Allen and Pool, 'Shanghai' Pierce had made a contract with the Cuban Government to furnish them one hundred thousand head of bulls to feed their soldier

boys. Before quitting the Rancho Grande Company I had helped put some of those bulls on board the Morgan steamships. For some reason only part of this great number of bulls were ever shipped. No doubt the soldiers rebelled, and swore off eating bull-beef. For many years afterward these old bulls with both horns chopped off could be seen leading a contented life on the grassy prairies of Colorado, Wharton, Jackson, and Matagorda Counties.

During the winter of 1873-74 some of these old bulls put easy money into my own pocket. Their hides were worth five dollars each, when dried. As they were strays I considered it no sin to kill and skin them. I would ride up close to the bull, and plant a bullet from my powder and ball Colt's pistol behind his ear.

During the winter of 1872-73 I made my home at the Horace Yeamans ranch on Cash's Creek. Old man Yeamans had a son, Horace, about my own age, and we went into partnership skinning dead cattle. They died that winter by the tens of thousands all over this coast country bordering the bay of Matagorda. The country had become overstocked through the natural increase and the hordes which drifted from the north during cold northers and sleet storms. Often a boggy slough would be completely bridged over with dead and dying cattle, so that the ones following could walk over dry-footed.

Horace and I did most of our skinning that winter at Hamilton's Point where the little city of Palacios now stands. Here the famished brutes could go no farther south on account of Tres Palacios Bay — hence they died by the thousands.

We made big money all winter. As a side issue I had put my brand on a lot of mavericks during spare times. In the spring my brand was sold to George Hamilton, he paying me two dollars a head for all cattle in my brand, gathered by the

different branding outfits during the coming seasons. The last money he paid me was in 1879 — several years after making the trade!

Now I had a new brand recorded in Matagorda, the county seat, to put on other mavericks. I had the foresight to select a stray brand, which I knew was not on record — hence had no owner. I had seen grown cattle in this brand. The chances were that this brand belonged in one of the northern counties of the State.

The first money received from this new brand was for a twelve- or fifteen-year-old-steer which I found in W. B. Grimes's slaughter pen ready to be butchered for his hide and tallow. Never shall I forget the look on old man Grimes's face when I demanded ten dollars for this steer. He couldn't understand how a smooth-faced boy could have the gall to claim such an old animal, on the strength of a new brand only on record a few months. Showing him the recorder's certificate convinced this shrewd old Yankee that I was the rightful owner. He paid me for a few others later.

During the late fall Horace Yeamans and I made a camping trip along the Bay shore to lay in a supply of bacon for the winter. The marshes were full of wild hogs. We killed only fat sows.

In the late spring Mr. Grimes gave me charge of his range stock of horses. I had to attend the horse round-ups in Matagorda, Wharton, Colorado, and Jackson Counties to brand up the W. B. G. colts.

When the branding season was over, I took a contract to break wild ponies at two dollars and fifty cents a head. Some days I would ride as high as five head of these wild ponies which had never been saddled before. Most of them were vicious buckers. They had to be roped and thrown in order to get the hackamore — a rope halter — and the leather

blind onto them. When the animal was allowed to get up on his feet, his eyes being blinded, he always stood quite still until the saddle was fastened on his back. Then the blind was raised in order to allow him to wear himself out bucking around the corral with the saddle.

Now he was put outside the corral, and the leather blind lowered back over his eyes. Then, when seated in the saddle the blind was raised, and the bucking and running began. It often required two hours' time to get him docile and back to the corral. Then he was turned loose among the others in the corral, and a fresh one saddled.

I had no help in this work. In those days a cowboy considered it a disgrace to have help in saddling and managing a wild bronco. Now, in these later years a bronco-buster nearly always has a helper to get the saddle on the bronco's back and to guide him over the prairie.

After I had ridden each of these ponies about a dozen times — the last few times with a bridle-bit in his mouth — they were turned over to the owner as 'broke.'

The winter was spent with Horace Yeamans in the skinning of dead cattle, and the branding of mavericks during spare times. By this time I was old enough to begin to feel my oats — as a horse-trainer would say about his racer. Therefore I attended many dances during the winter — some of them twenty-five miles distant from the Yeamans ranch. One day when ready to ride away to one of these distant dances, in company with Miss Sallie Yeamans, I thought seriously of heaven and hell while being dragged over the prairie by a wild bronco.

The proper way to mount a skittish horse is to pull his head around toward you with the left arm and grab the saddle-horn with the right hand, then put your foot in the stirrup. This I failed to do in mounting Satan — a large sorrel bronco.

My number five high-heel, star-top boot was shoved into the stirrup before grabbing the saddle-horn. The result was Satan went to bucking and I fell over backward with my left foot hung in the stirrup.

The long hackamore rope, fastened to Satan's nose, had been held coiled up in my left hand. It fell to the ground, and while being dragged on my back I could see a negro cowboy, who was present, running his best, afoot, trying to catch the end of the rope. At one time he was within a few feet of the dragging rope. Then I felt hopeful. But when I saw the end of the rope crawling farther away from the negro, I lost hope, and began to wonder what kind of a place hell was, and whether I should be treated with kindness.

After a few hundred yards of dragging, with Satan's hind hoofs flying over my upturned face, I began to kick frantically with my left leg. This brought the foot out of the stirrup. As the end of the hackamore rope went past me I grabbed it and hung on like grim death to a dead 'nigger.' Now I was dragging on my stomach, which wore the bosom of my white 'stake-and-rider, Sunday-go-to-meetin'' shirt into a frazzle. I finally had to turn the rope loose. Satan was found with a wild bunch of ponies a month or two later, still wearing the saddle on his back.

I finally sold him cheap to a drunken Irishman by the name of Martin. He and Dan — another gentleman from the 'ould sod' — were building dirt dams to hold stock water for the Rancho Grande Company. I had Satan pretty tame when sold to Martin. But next morning Martin was quite sober and concluded to give his pony a little training. Their camp was located in the timber near a narrow road. Martin mounted the pony and told Dan to go a short distance up the road and hide behind a pile of brush, then when he came galloping by, to spring suddenly out of the brush. He said he

wanted to get the pony trained not to scare at strange objects.

When Dan picked Martin up with a skinned face and body, he swore at Dan for scaring the pony too hard. He said Dan ought to have sprung out of the brush easy.

That spring I was put out of active business. I was seated on the ground by the camp-fire smoking, late in the evening, when Sam Grant, a 'nigger' killer, rode up and dismounted. Picking up my pistol, which lay on the opposite side of the fire from where I was sitting, he examined it, then threw it away, at the same time pulling his pistol, with the remark, 'Why don't you have a good one like mine!' He then fired at my heart.

My hands were clamped around my left leg — the knee being on a level with my heart. The large dragoon bullet struck the knee going through and lodging near the skin on the opposite side. He was raising the pistol as though to fire again when a negro cowboy, Lige, galloped into camp out of the heavy timber and brush. This, no doubt, saved my life. Grant swore to Lige, who had dismounted and was holding me up with one hand, that his pistol went off accidentally. Then Grant galloped away saying he would send a doctor from Deming's Bridge Post-Office, the old Rancho Grande headquarters.

The doctor came late at night and cut the bullet out. Lige assisted me to the Yeamans ranch a few miles below on the creek.

It was thirty-five years later when I learned from my friend Nolan Keller, the true secret of this attempted assassination. A certain wealthy cattleman, who is now dead, hired Sam Grant to kill me, on account of my boldness in branding mavericks and killing stray bulls for their hides. At that time Nolan Keller was foreman for this cattleman and learned the secret of his deal with Grant.

When able to ride, and walk with a crutch, I made my home with Mr. John Pierce at the old Rancho Grande headquarters. All I had to do was assist little Johnny Pierce — now a banker of Palacios, Texas — and ‘Shanghai’ Pierce’s little daughter, Mamie, to and from the schoolhouse, two miles distant.

It was my duty to care for their ponies and to see that the youngsters were not hurt. At the same time I was getting some book learning, by attending school myself. I found it a pleasant home at the Pierce residence. Mrs. Nanny Pierce and her old mother, Mrs. Lacy, were like mothers to me.

A few weeks after starting to school the red-headed schoolmaster, Mr. Carson, concluded to whip me so as to convince the other scholars that he wore men’s size pants, but when he started in I pulled a knife and threatened to carve him into mincemeat if he didn’t go back and sit down, which he did.

I remained until school was dismissed, so as to take the Pierce children home. Next morning I saddled my pony, bade the Pierces good-bye, and headed east with my crutch tied to the saddle.

At the Sam Allen ranch on Simms Bayou I lay over a few days to rest. Mr. Sam Allen, for whom I had worked when he was in partnership with the Pierce brothers, treated me royally. He was a fine old man, but at meals he wouldn’t allow his cowboys to cut bread from the loaf. He said it was bad luck. It had to be broken.

While visiting my Aunt Mary McClain, of Houston, and Uncle Nicholas White, of Galveston, I had the pleasure of shaking hands with the Confederate President, Jeff Davis. While attending the first State Fair ever held in Texas, at Houston, Uncle Nick, who was an old confederate soldier, introduced me to Mr. Davis.

On leaving Galveston, Uncle Nick slipped some greenback money into my pocket, and presented me with the old Spencer repeating rifle which he had carried through the Civil War. Of course I was proud of the gift, as cartridge repeating rifles were scarce and hard to obtain in those days.

Another stop at the Sam Allen ranch, and then I hired out to Joe Davis, who had a contract to furnish beef to the building crews on the Gulf, Colorado, & Santa Fé Railroad at Virginia Point, near Galveston.

It was September when I found Mother sick in bed at the Morris ranch. As Mr. Morris and his son Tom were going to Indianola in their schooner, Mother and I scraped together all the cash we had and sent after lumber, etc., to build a home. But this money went to feed the fishes in Matagorda Bay, as the great storm of 1875, which washed Indianola off the face of the earth, scattered the Morris schooner and everything on board to the four winds of heaven. Morris and his son saved themselves by swimming.

This same storm cured Mother of her sickness. About ten o'clock at night, when the seventy-five mile wind took the roof off the Morris house, letting in the flood of rain, I picked Mother up out of her sick bed and jumped into the foaming water, which was more than waist-deep. Through my advice Mrs. Morris and her two little girls and two sons followed suit. It required all my strength to hang onto Mother and to keep the Morris family from drowning. Once they became tangled up in a bunch and were on top of Jimmie, the oldest boy, who was under the water. The wind was from the west, blowing us out into Tres Palacios Bay — two miles wide. Knowing that there was an osage hedge of large trees a few hundred yards to the westward, I decided to face the wind and tide to reach that haven of safety. Hence my little crew

were drilled to keep only their heads above water and their feet in the mud — leaning their bodies toward the wind. All except Mother, who was as limber as a dishrag, heeded my advice.

Inch by inch we crept toward the hedge. It required nearly an hour's struggle to reach it. Then we were saved.

When daylight came the only living creature, outside of ourselves, in sight, was a bay bronco which Jimmie and I had caught from a wild bunch the evening before. He was tied at the end of a long rope fastened to a strong stake driven into the ground. He had been floundering in water almost over his back during the night, but now it was only knee deep — as the tide was going down. By looking across the bay we could see the shore piled high with rubbish and dead stock.

When the sun peeped over the eastern horizon we began to think of breakfast. The nearest ranch was the Yeamans home, five miles to the northward. Jimmie, who was younger than I, and I, decided to draw straws to see who should ride the wild bronco bareback to the Yeamans ranch after a wagon and grub. Jimmie drew the unlucky straw.

We used a shirt to make a blind for the bronco. When Jimmie was seated on his bare back, with the hackamore reins in his hands, I raised the blind and said 'go.' We had made a hackamore out of the stake rope that the bronco was tied with. In spite of the hard bucking, Jimmie stuck on his back, and finally got him headed north in a run.

It was noon when the wagon and grub arrived.

Strange to relate, this ducking cured Mother and she forgot about being sick. She lived to be eighty-six years of age and died a peaceful death in the Sisters' Sanitarium in New Mexico's capital city, Santa Fé. With almost her last breath she begged me to make my peace with God, while the making was good. Ten years have passed since that dear old mother

was laid away in Rosario Cemetery. I have been too busy to heed her last advice. Being a just God, I feel that He will overlook my neglect. If not, I shall have to take my medicine, with Satan holding the spoon.

CHAPTER III

MY FIRST TRIP UP THE CHISHOLM TRAIL — A LONELY RIDE THROUGH THE INDIAN NATION

IN the early spring of 1876 I hired out to W. B. Grimes to help drive a herd 'up the Chisholm Trail' to Kansas, at thirty dollars a month. We gathered the herd of twenty-five hundred old mossy-horn steers on the Navidad and Guadalupe Rivers, in Colorado, Jackson, and Victoria Counties. None but old steers, from five to twenty years old, were gathered. Most of them were wild timber cattle which only venture out on the edges of the prairies at night — grazing back to the timber before sunup.

At first, while the herd was small, we would corral at night in one of the many public corrals scattered over this coast country. When the herd became too large, we had to night-herd, each cowboy being up singing to the steers half the night. In corralling these steers for the night we had great sport. Often we wouldn't get to camp with the bunch gathered that day until after dark. In that case the job of getting the whole herd into the corral was a severe one.

These public corrals, built of live-oak logs, had wings extending out from the gate several hundred yards; the outer ends of the wings being far apart. We would handle the herd gently until inside the wing enclosure, then a man up a tree would think Hades had broken loose. It became a case of shove. The yelling and beating of quirts against leather 'chaps' could be heard miles away. We were lucky to get half the herd into the corral the first attempt. Then the ones which had broken through the string of yelling cowboys were rounded up, and another attempt made.

Toward the last there would be many old fighting steers which couldn't be got back to the wing enclosures. Some would run for the timber near by, fighting mad. Then there was nothing to do but tie the mad brute down till morning. This being a dangerous job for a lone cowboy if the night was dark.

For the purpose of tying down these unruly steers pieces of hobble rope were kept tied on the saddles. One dark night I ran out of rope hobbles — having previously tied down three steers — and had to tie a mad brute down with my silk sash — used wrapped around my waist to keep up my pants, in place of suspenders. I could have tied him down with his own tail, but that way of tying an animal generally lames one leg for a few days. In tying a cow-brute down with its own tail, the hair on the end of the tail is divided into equal parts, then knotted together at the ends, forming a loop. Now the tail is wound once or twice around the animal's upper hind leg while lying flat on the ground, and the loop put between the split hoof. This keeps that leg drawn up so that the animal cannot stand on its feet very long at a time.

It was against the rules to hog-tie a trail steer, as it caused stiffness in the legs. Only the two hind legs were tied together, which allowed the animal to stand up, though he couldn't travel very far in that condition.

Sometimes we had to sew up the eyelids of these old mossy-horn steers to prevent them running for the timber every chance they got. It required about two weeks' time to rot the thread, allowing the eyes to open. By this time the animal was 'broke in.'

After gathering the herd of twenty-five hundred steers the job of road-branding began. Small bunches were cut off from the main herd and put in a corral. Then each animal had to be roped and thrown by cowboys afoot, who worked in pairs.

Now the road-brand, 'G,' was burnt into the hair sufficiently deep to last 'up the trail.'

Often the corral was ankle-deep with mud, making it tough on the cowboys' fine calfskin boots. Being wet they were hard to get off and on, therefore the boys generally slept with their boots on. At one time I wore my boots night and day for two weeks at a stretch, as they were number fives when they should have been number sixes. Cowboys took great pride in small feet.

When we finally got strung out up the trail, the crew consisted of twenty-five cowboys, the cook, who drove the mess-wagon, and the boss, Asa Dowdy.

Stampedes at night during the spring rains and thunderstorms were frequent. Then the boys had to remain in the saddle all night, otherwise they could sleep half the night. The striking of a match to light a cigarette, or pipe, or a pony shaking the saddle, often caused stampedes.

On reaching the town of Gonzales our boss did a foolish thing. He concluded to give the boys a full night's rest by corralling the whole herd in the large House corral, a few miles west of town. By night we had the whole herd in the corral. It was jammed full.

After supper, as was the custom when a corral contained wild cattle, all the boys took their bedding and night-horse to the corral and spread out their beds around it, equal distances apart.

Then the boys retired for the night, sleeping with their clothes on, and holding the bridle-reins, or hackamore rope, of the pony in one hand.

These public corrals were built round, so that in case of a stampede, the boys could, by yelling and the shaking of slickers, etc., get the herd to milling in a circle until exhausted. About midnight while we were all asleep, a storm sprang up.

A loud crash of thunder and lightning started a stampede. The frightened herd went through the corral where I was sleeping. I barely had time to mount my pony, which saved me from being trampled to death. The corral was built of live-oak logs and rails, the largest logs being at the bottom, next to the ground. The herd went through it as though it was built of paper. While running in the lead of the herd, during flashes of lightning, I could see fence rails on top of the steers' backs. The herd being jammed into a solid mass the rails couldn't fall to the ground.

The boss had slept in camp with his clothes off. In this condition he sprang onto his night-horse, tied to a wagon wheel, and was soon in the lead of the herd; but before getting there his pony ran against a tree and almost tore off one of his little toes, he being barefooted.

On reaching the edge of the prairie, about a mile from camp, the herd split in two halves, the boss and I staying with one bunch. When daylight came, and the steers had exhausted themselves, we were ten miles from camp, on an open prairie. I doubt if there ever was such a large herd of wild steers put into one corral before, or since.

On reaching the city of Austin, on the Colorado River, two hundred miles from its mouth at the town of Matagorda, we struck the Chisholm Trail proper. From here north to the line of Kansas, a distance of about seven hundred miles, it was one continuous roadway, several hundred yards wide, tramped hard and solid by the millions of hoofs which had gone over it. It started in at a ford three miles below the city. All smaller trails from the different Gulf-coast districts merged into this great and only Chisholm Trail.

Now half of our crew returned home overland, leaving us with a crew of twelve cowboys, with six picked ponies for each rider.

In going through the Indian Nation we had several bad rivers to swim, the Washita, and the South and North Canadians being the worst. Large bands of mounted blanket Indians gave us much trouble. They were in the habit of riding into camp when the cook was alone and eating all the cooked grub in sight. They also demanded the bosses to give them 'whoa-haws' (steers) for beef, or they would stampede the herd at night. In this way these roaming bands from the Comanche, Kiowa, Kickapoo, and Wichita Agencies, to the westward, near the Wichita Mountains, kept themselves well supplied with fresh meat. They were the cause of many stampedes among the hundreds of herds passing up the trail at this season of the year.

On reaching Salt Fork River our misery began. After breakfast the boss had gone on ahead with the two wagons. We had lately rigged up a wagon to haul a supply of wood.

About 10 A.M. the boss came running back and told us to hurry as fast as possible, as the river was rising fast. He said he managed to get the wagons over just in time, as the driftwood and trees began flowing soon after.

When we arrived at the river she was about a half-mile wide and full of driftwood. The lead steers were pointed into the foaming water. The boss and Otto Draub were on the left point, while Negro Gabe and I were on the right, to keep the leaders from turning back. Henry Coats was out in the lead, and the steers following him nicely. When the water became deep enough to swim, Henry Coats's horse refused to swim. He fell over on his side, and in the excitement the lead steers turned back onto Gabe and me, and swam back to the shore.

We made a dozen efforts to get the herd back into the water, but failed. By this time it was raining, and the wind blowing a gale. There we were in a fix, separated from our grub and

bedding. The wagons had gone on to the Pond Creek Stage Station, a couple of miles from the river.

No doubt our failure to get the herd into the river was a God-send, for some of us might have been drowned. It makes it very dangerous for man and beast when struck by swift-flowing log or tree. Many trail boys and horses and cattle have been drowned in this way.

Now we drove the herd down the river, a mile or two, where there was a belt of timber. Late in the evening the rain ceased for a while, then a large camp-fire was built of wet logs, and never allowed to go out during our stay here. Night and day the fire was kept burning. Being so large and hot the rain couldn't put it out. For supper a fat steer was butchered, and each cowboy not on duty with the cattle, roasted enough to satisfy his hunger. It had to be eaten without salt. Early at night a new rainstorm, with much lightning and thunder, broke out. Hence every man had to be in the saddle to stay with the drifting herd till daylight, by which time we were several miles from camp. Every now and then the whole herd would stampede.

Two days later Negro Gabe and I were hunting lost steers when we found an ear of yellow corn on the trail. That night we slipped off from the other boys and built a small fire to roast meat, and parch corn in the hot ashes. Gabe contended that God had dropped this ear of corn there for our special benefit.

Had it not been for the fact that the Cimarron and Wild Horse were roaring torrents, other trail outfits would have arrived to furnish us with grub and bedding. We had the whole country between Salt Fork and Wild Horse to ourselves.

On the seventh day, in the afternoon, the boss, Hastings, and I were hunting steers lost in a stampede the night before,

when we saw the tents of a company of United States soldiers on the opposite side of Wild Horse, which was a roaring, swift-flowing stream, about two hundred yards wide.

On being told by the captain that we could have all the grub we wanted by coming over to get it, I jumped my pony into the foaming water and swam across. Then a washtub was borrowed from the captain's wife. This was filled full of flour, bacon, coffee, sugar, and salt and guided to the opposite shore. I swam by the side of the tub, landing several hundred yards below, being carried down by the swift current. The tub was carried upstream and launched back into the water.

Thanking the captain's wife for the use of her boat, I mounted my pony and swam back to my companions. That night the boys had a picnic filling up. The bread was baked by rolling it on sticks and holding it over hot coals.

The next morning the sun came out and there was not a cloud in the sky. The river had gone down so that we had only about one hundred yards to swim. The cook and driver of the wood-wagon were found well rested at the Pond Creek ranch.

On reaching the Ninnescah River, at the mouth of Smoot's Creek, in Kansas, a permanent camp was established. Mr. W. B. Grimes, who had come around by rail, was there to meet us.

When Mr. Grimes returned to Wichita, thirty miles east, the boss and some of the boys accompanied him, to receive their summer's wages and free railroad transportation back to southern Texas. In those days it was the custom for all cowboys, who wished to return home, to receive free railroad tickets.

The herd was split into three bunches to fatten for the fall market. I remained with one herd of eight hundred steers. Our outfit consisted of a boss, four cowboys, a cook and mess-

wagon, with five saddle ponies to the rider. Five miles east of the mouth of Smoot's Creek lived a New York family who had taken up a quarter section of land and put in a crop. From them we bought eggs and vegetables. They had acres of watermelons and cantaloupes, but these didn't cost us a penny. All we had to do was load the mess-wagon with dry cow-chips from an old bed-ground and dump them at the kitchen door, then load the wagon with melons. These cow-chips were used as fuel, as there was no timber or wood near by.

Soon after pitching camp on the Ninnescah, one of our trail boys, John Marcum, entered a Government homestead in the forks of the Ninnescah and Smoot's Creek. He was laughed at as a 'fool hoeman,' but he took the joking good-naturedly. I have always had a desire to see this Marcum farm, now that the country is thickly settled and highly improved.

It was the first part of August before I had an opportunity to see the cattle town of Wichita, Kansas. Another cowboy and I rode the thirty-five miles from camp in quick time. The first thing we did was to go to the New York store and fit out with new clothes from head to feet. By the time the barbers got through fixing us up, it was dark.

Now our ponies were mounted and we struck out in a gallop for Rowdy Joe's dance hall across the Arkansas River. There were other dance halls across the river, but Rowdy Joe had the name throughout southern Texas of running the swiftest joint in Kansas — hence we steered for his place.

On nearing the toll bridge the one-legged man came out of his shanty to collect the twenty-five cents toll. We both went past him on the run, shooting our pistols off over his head. The poison liquor we had drunk since our arrival in town made us feel gay.

When halfway across the bridge the one-legged man turned both barrels of a shot-gun loose at us. We could hear the buckshot rolling along the bridge floor, under our ponies' feet. One shot hit me in the calf of my left leg, and the scar remains to this day, as a reminder of Wichita's hurrah days.

After celebrating a few days my cowboy pal and I returned to camp.

Late in the fall, after the first snowfall, a cowboy by the name of Collier and I concluded to quit the Grimes outfit and go to the Black Hills in Dakota to make our fortune gold mining. Drawing our pay we rode to Wichita on ponies owned by us.

In Wichita we 'whooped her up Liza-Jane' for a couple of days and nights and found ourselves broke. Then we gave up the Black Hills trip and started for the Medicine River, a hundred miles west, to hunt a winter's job. I finally secured a month's job to help move the Johnson herd of large long-horn steers down into the Indian Nation.

We established the winter camp on the Eagle Chief Creek, a tributary to the Cimarron River. Before reaching there a severe snowstorm and blizzard struck us, and I suffered greatly, standing night guard clad in summer clothes. The other boys had prepared themselves for winter. I didn't have even overshoes or an overcoat.

Up to that time cattle had never been wintered in that part of the Nation on account of the danger from Indians. Mr. Johnson was called foolish for taking the risk.

After drawing my month's pay from the boss, Mr. Hudson, I spent a few weeks trapping, etc. I had built a dugout about a mile from the Johnson camp. One snowy day part of the Johnson herd drifted over the roof of my castle. One steer fell through, missing me by a foot. I came very near roasting

before the blazing fire in the fireplace. Finally I got a chance to crawl under the steer's flanks and make my escape. Then I swore off trapping, leaving my pelts behind. I started for Kiowa, Kansas, next morning, and about three o'clock in the evening the raging blizzard became so cold I concluded to head for a warmer climate.

I had been facing the north wind. Now my course was turned to the southeast, down the Eagle Chief Creek. After dark camp was pitched, but I went to sleep on my saddle blankets with an empty stomach, as I had brought no grub along, thinking I could reach the Drum ranch that night.

Now my route lay down the Cimarron River through sand-hills and blackjack timber. During the all-day ride many deer and turkey were seen, but I was afraid to shoot off my pistol for fear of attracting Indians — there being fresh mocasin tracks everywhere.

That evening a jack-rabbit was killed with a club when he hid in a bunch of tall grass. He went into my stomach for filling that night.

Early next morning while absent from my camp-fire to get a cup of snow from a drift against a high sand-hill, to be melted for drinking-water, the tall grass around my camp caught fire. I had a swift job on my hands to save Whiskey Pete and my saddle. My leather leggins and slicker were burnt to a crisp. Only a small piece of saddle blanket was saved.

That night I had to sleep without even a saddle blanket to cover with, nor did I have fire to warm by, as my match-box had burnt up with my slicker. I hadn't gone far next morning when a fresh Indian camp, just vacated, was struck. After warming by the fire I continued down river, knowing that I would soon strike the Chisholm cattle trail. It was struck during the evening, and I turned south on it. About five miles

ahead of me was the band of Indians whose signs had been seen all along my route.

That night I camped with a Government freighting outfit. They informed me that the fifty Kiowa Indians who had just passed were returning to their reservation from a hunting trip.

I rode into Erin Springs — the home of a wealthy squawman by the name of Frank Murray — late one evening. The woods were full of Chickasaw Indians and tough squaw-men, who had come to attend a big dance at Frank Murray's.

Whiskey was plentiful, being sold by Bill Anderson against the law. This Bill Anderson had served with Quantrell's band of Confederate soldiers, and had since become an outlaw.

I joined the gay mob and danced with half-breed Indian maidens until daylight.

This I consider the wind-up of a foolish cowboy's first trip up the Chisholm Trail.

CHAPTER IV

CAPTURING A BAND OF MEXICAN THIEVES — ADVENTURES WITH BUFFALO

FROM Erin Springs I continued down the river to Paul's Valley — one of the richest spots on earth. Here it was no trick to raise from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five bushels of corn to the acre. Corn sold for only ten cents a bushel. This brought many feeders to the valley to fatten steers for the market. Henry Childs and the Mitchells were the largest feeders in the valley.

Old Smith Paul, who was then ninety-two years of age, had been adopted by the Indians when a boy. When he grew to manhood he married an Indian girl and raised a brood of half-breeds. One of his sons was shot and killed years afterward in Ardmore, Oklahoma, by his own son.

Smith Paul owned most of this large valley, as he had it under fence. According to the law and custom, any Chickasaw Indian, or squaw-man, held title to all the land that he was able to keep under fence — so that he didn't get nearer than a quarter of a mile of any one else's fence. Most of this rich, black land he rented out to white farmers, who raised corn. In the early spring of 1877, while I was in the valley, this husky old man married a sixteen-year-old Texas girl. I was told that they had three children before he died.

Here I spent the winter breaking wild ponies at two dollars and fifty cents a head. My home was with one of the renters on Mr. Paul's land. While living with this renter and his hospitable family I paid fifty dollars for one crack shot out of my new Smith & Wesson pistol. One of the boys and I were back of the house, and I was bragging how I could knock a

bird's eye out every shot with my pistol. The boy pointed out a redbird sitting on a limb, in a clump of bushes, saying: 'Let me see you knock his eye out.' The eye went with the bird's head when I fired. The shot killed one of the renter's fine work horses standing concealed farther on. I was let off by paying fifty dollars, half the animal's value.

During the winter a pretty little half-breed girl got me 'plumb locoed,' and I came within an ace of marrying her. All that prevented was the fear that being a squaw-man might ruin my chances of becoming President of these glorious United States. My schoolbooks had taught me that every boy has an equal chance of becoming President.

In the late spring I drifted to Tishamingo, the capital of the Choctaw Nation — thence west to Saint Joe on the Chisholm Trail. Here, in May, I secured a job with one of the north-bound herds of long-horns owned by Captain George Littlefield, of Austin. This herd consisted of thirty-five hundred head of mixed cattle. One of Mr. George Littlefield's nephews, Phelps White, now a millionaire stockman of Roswell, New Mexico, was one of the cowboys.

In passing through the Indian Nation we experienced many hardships in swimming swollen rivers. Dudley Pannell — later shot and killed in Tascosa, Texas — and I were the champion swimmers of the outfit, and did most of the dangerous work in the water. The herd being made up of mixed stock-cattle, it was a difficult matter to get them to take to the water. Small bunches had to be cut off from the main herd and shoved into the raging torrent. Then naked cowboys would swim on each side of the leaders to keep them headed toward the opposite shore. Often when out in mid-stream the leaders would turn and go to milling in a circle. Once I was caught in the center of the milling herd, and to save myself from being jammed to death, I crawled up onto

the animals' backs, working my way from back to back until the edge of the herd was reached.

Often these milling bands would drift with the current a mile or two down the stream before we could get them strung out again. To make them string out, we would swim near the edge and splash water in the nearest animals' faces, at the same time yell and 'cuss.' In order to get the mess-wagon over these raging streams, a log raft had to be made to float it over.

On crossing the Cimarron River, at the mouth of Turkey Creek, we switched off from the Chisholm Trail and headed northwest for Dodge City, Kansas, via the United States Government Post of Camp Supply. The reason for leaving the Chisholm Trail was the fact that the 'fool hoe-men' were fast settling up the grazing country west of Wichita.

We arrived in Dodge City, Kansas, on the third day of July. The herd was to continue on up to Ogallala, Nebraska, and possibly farther north to Miles City, Montana — both great cattle towns. Therefore, I drew my pay and quit the job, to celebrate the glorious Fourth of July in the toughest cattle town on earth.

This celebration came near costing me my life in a free-for-all fight in the Lone Star dance hall, in charge of the noted Bat Masterson.

The hall was jammed full of free-and-easy girls, long-haired buffalo hunters, and wild and woolly cowboys. In the mix-up my cowboy chum, Wess Adams, was severely stabbed in the back by a buffalo hunter. Adams had started the fight to show the long-haired buffalo hunters that they were not in the cowboy class. We had previously taken our ponies out of the livery stable and tied them near the hall. I had promised Adams to stay with him till Hades froze up solid.

After mounting our ponies, Joe Mason, a town marshal,

tried to arrest us, but we ran him to cover in an alley, then went out of town yelling and shooting off our pistols. By daylight we had ridden eighteen miles to the D. T. Beals steer camp. Toward the last I had to hold Adams on his horse, he had become so weak from loss of blood. This wound laid him up for two weeks. This incident illustrates what fools some young cowboys were after long drives. .si

At this time the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad was building west from Dodge City, which filled the town full of cut-throats and bums, who follow up new railroads. The town was also the outfitting center for buffalo hunters within a radius of hundreds of miles, and that year of 1877 she became the great long-horn cattle center of the Universe. Wichita lost the trail drive through the 'fool hoe-man' settling up the cattle range to the westward.

The citizens of Dodge City seemed proud of their fat graveyard in the 'Boot Hill' Cemetery, where there were eighty-one graves, all the occupants except one having died with their boots on. Fort Dodge, a Government post, was located only five miles distant, and the soldier boys added merriment as well as devilment to the little yearling city.

During the seventies Miles City, Montana, Cheyenne, Wyoming, Ogallala and Sidney, Nebraska, were wild and woolly cattle centers. From these places large herds were driven to the open ranges, where new ranches were established. Most of these new ranches began improving the long-horn cattle by introducing short-horn bulls.

One of these new ranches afterward became noted as the Two-Bar 70 ranch. It was located on Snake River, near Soda Springs, Idaho. A wealthy citizen, by the name of Hawks, from Bennington, Vermont, established the ranch, and put his young son, William E. Hawks, Jr., in charge. Now, after the passing of over a quarter of a century, this man William

E. Hawks, Jr., has become the collector of the greatest store of cowboy literature and paraphernalia in the whole United States. At his fine home in Bennington, Vermont, he has what he proudly calls his 'Two-Bar 70 Tepee,' where these relics are displayed.

Soon after the Fourth of July I secured a job with the David T. Beals outfit to drive a herd of young steers to the Panhandle of Texas, where a new ranch was to be established. Bill Allen, of Corpus Christi, Texas, was the boss, and Owl-Head Johnson was the cook, and driver of the mess-wagon. 'Deacon' Bates, one of Mr. Beals's partners, a dyed-in-the-wool Yankee, accompanied us for the purpose of selecting the new range.

After crossing the Cimarron River into No-Man's-Land — now a part of the State of Oklahoma — we saw our first herd of buffaloes grazing a few miles to the southwest. Mr. Bates selected me to ride on ahead with him to get some fresh buffalo meat.

When within a mile of the herd, the ponies were tied in a gulch. Then we walked afoot out on the open flat, straight toward the woolly animals. When within about one hundred yards of them we raised our Sharp's 45 caliber rifles and fired. Two young animals, a bull and a heifer, dropped over dead. The whole herd then began bawling and milling around the fallen beasts.

I became frightened and wanted to run back to my pony, but Mr. Bates, who had ranched at Granada, Colorado, said buffaloes were harmless unless wounded, when they became vicious.

Still I felt timid and allowed the 'Deacon' to walk ahead. On reaching the edge of the milling herd, he pulled off his hat and began shooing them out of his way. At first they seemed to pay no attention to him, but finally they started away on

the run. This trait of buffalo nature made it easy for hunters to slaughter them by the thousands. They will stampede at the sight of a horseman, but pay no attention to a man afoot.

A day or two later I roped my first buffalo. We had pitched camp for the night when a herd of the woolly animals ran past the camp, headed west. I had just ridden out a few hundred yards to turn back some steers which were going into the sand-hills. At a breakneck pace I rode after the fleeing buffaloes, not realizing that my pistol and bowie-knife lay on the ground in camp, until I had overtaken the rear end of the herd. Down came my lasso and an eight-months-old heifer was roped by the neck. The bawling of the calf brought the mother cow on the run. She made a dive for my pony. The thirty-foot rope was tied hard and fast to my saddle horn, so that the rope couldn't be turned loose. By 'socking' spurs to the pony I managed to drag the calf and keep out of the cow's reach. She soon scampered off after the fleeing herd. By this time I was many miles from camp, and it was getting dark.

I tried to throw the calf hard enough so that she would lie still until I could reach her on foot. But the instant she struck the ground on her side she would be on her feet again. Finally becoming angry, I dismounted and went at her with all the strength in my make-up. She was soon hog-tied with my silk sash. Then with a dull pocket-knife I cut the throat and peeled the hide off. Then I tied a chunk of meat to my saddle and rode toward camp. It was now pitch dark.

After going east about a mile I concluded to ride south in the hope of finding a stream of water, as the pony and I were thirsty. The streams in that country all run from the west to the eastward — hence my hopes of finding water. About three o'clock in the morning, while sound asleep on my saddle blankets, with the saddle for a pillow, a herd of stampeded buffaloes came running by, a few hundred yards to the west-

ward. The loud roar and the shaking of the ground frightened my mount and I was dragged quite a distance, the end of the hackamore rope having been wrapped around my body on lying down.

There I was left afoot on the prairie, and dying for a drink of water, but thanks to kind providence I soon heard a faint snort off to the eastward. The pony had stopped, and I mounted and headed him toward the southeast. I knew by keeping this course we should strike the Bascom Trail, over which the herd was being driven.

About 10 A.M. water was struck at the head of Sharp's Creek, a tributary to the Beaver River, which was called the North Canadian farther downstream. About noon the cattle herd arrived on Sharp's Creek, and camp was pitched. The outfit had traveled about fifteen miles from where I left them. We had buffalo veal mixed with flour gravy for dinner. The boys complimented me on my skill as a meat rustler, with only a lasso as a weapon.

On arriving at the North Paladura Creek, we saw the first house since leaving Crooked Creek, twenty-five miles south of Dodge City, this being a buffalo hunters' trading store. When within fifty miles of the Canadian River, camp was established until 'Deacon' Bates and I could locate a range large enough for fifty thousand cattle. We started early one morning with a pack-horse loaded with grub and bedding. On the north bank of the South Canadian River we landed in Tascosa, which contained half a dozen Mexican families, and a store owned by Howard and Rinehart. From here we rode down the river. Finally Mr. Bates selected the site for the home ranch on a little creek about a mile east of Pitcher Creek. This was to be the center of the future LX cattle range, which was to extend twenty miles up the river and the same distance down the stream, and twenty miles

south to the foot of the Llano Estacado (Staked Plains), also twenty miles north to the foot of what was called the North Staked Plains. This constituted a free range forty miles square.

On our travels we had not seen a cow brute, and the grass was fine. Thousands of buffalo were roaming over this range, also deer and antelopes by the hundreds. We never ran short of wild meat to eat.

Finally we returned to the herd and moved it to the site of the home ranch, where the cattle were turned loose to fatten on the fine buffalo-grass.

Now Mr. Bates went to Granada, Colorado, to oversee the moving of their thousands of well-bred short-horn cattle to this new Panhandle ranch. Mr. David T. Beals and Erskine Clement — one of Mr. Beals's partners — were kept busy in Dodge City, Kansas, buying long-horn steers to put on this new range. By the time snow began to fall this grassy LX range contained thousands upon thousands of cattle.

Above Tascosa a Mr. Goodrich had a small cattle ranch, and down the river twenty-five to fifty miles Tom Bugby and Hank Creswell controlled the range. South of us there was not a cow brute this side of the Paladuro Canyon (head of Red River), a distance of about fifty miles, where Cattle King Charlie Goodnight had established a large cattle ranch the year previous.

Mr. Goodnight had the pick of the whole country when his ranch was selected. Nature had fenced his range down in the Paladuro Canyon. The valley down in the canyon was from one to five miles wide and about thirty miles in length, with walls on each side hundreds of feet high. There was only one place in the canyon where cattle could climb out, and a few rods of stone fencing fixed this. At the head of the canyon there was an abrupt wall. At its mouth Mr. Goodnight established his home ranch.

In the early winter Mr. Phelps White arrived with a herd of long-horns and established the L I T ranch above Tascosa. These cattle, and others which came later, were owned by Mr. White's uncle, Capt. George Littlefield. During the winter Lee & Reynolds established the L S ranch near Tascosa. Also Jim Kennedy — a son of the cattle king, of southern Texas — brought in a herd of steers and turned them loose above Tascosa. In the late fall Nick Chaffin established the Pollard ranch on lower Blue Creek, at the northeast edge of the LX range.

Early in the winter I started out alone down the Canadian River in search of some lost steers. I stopped at Adobe Walls to view the ruins of that noted place, where, in 1874, fourteen buffalo hunters — the notorious Bat Masterson being one of them — stood off a large band of Comanche Indians with their long-range buffalo guns for several days, until the United States soldiers arrived. Skulls and bones of dead Indians still lay on the ground near this old stockade.

On this trip I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bugby at their home ranch near Adobe Walls. I was told the history of their courtship, which sounds like a dime novel story.

In the fall of 1876 Mr. Bugby was driving through Kansas with a small herd of fine-blooded short-horn cattle, in search of a free range. In pitching camp one day, near a farmhouse, he discovered that they had lost their axe. He walked to the farmhouse to borrow one. The farmer's young daughter brought him the axe, and at the same time, from her bright eyes, shot his system full of Cupid's little arrows.

The next morning when Mr. Bugby returned the axe, he proposed marriage to this handsome young lady, and after papa and mamma were consulted, the deal was made. A Justice of the Peace tied the knot, and then the journey to the

wild Panhandle of Texas was continued, with a new girl cook to dish up the grub.

Farther down the river I stopped at the Cresswell cattle ranch, and formed the acquaintance of Cattle King Hank Cresswell, and his foreman, Tom McGee, the afterward sheriff who was murdered by express robbers at Canadian, Texas.

From there I rode down Sweetwater Creek, to the 'wild-and-woolly' town of Sweetwater. Here there were two large outfitting stores, run by McCamy and a Mr. Weed, also several saloons and dance-halls. She was a lively place at night when the cowboys and buffalo hunters turned themselves loose.

During my two days' stay in Sweetwater, I became chummy with a saloon proprietor, who showed me the fine silver-plated ivory-handled Colt's 45 caliber pistol willed to him a short time previous by the noted horse-thief, 'Chubby' Jones. The story of Chubby Jones' death was also told to me by this saloon keeper and others in the town. I was already familiar with the history of Jones and his boss, 'Dutch Henry,' whose right name was Henry Born. All cowboys in the Indian Nation and the Texas Panhandle knew of these two noted characters.

It was claimed that Dutch Henry was at the head of three hundred horse-thieves who operated between Venita, Indian Territory, and Pueblo, Colorado. The bands who stole horses in the Nation would meet a band with stolen horses from Colorado, at some point in No Man's Land, and swap herds — the Colorado thieves returning to that state, and the others back to the Nation.

The undoing of Chubby Jones, as told to me, happened as follows:

A company of soldiers from Fort Elliot rounded up Chubby

and eight of his gang, on lower Sweetwater Creek. In the fight the army captain was shot through the stomach. This angered the soldiers who hung the nine thieves to a tree that night. When they started to string up Jones he asked, as a last request, that his pistol be given to the saloon keeper, which request was carried out.

A ride of eighty miles brought me back to the LX ranch with a small bunch of lost steers. I found a new boss in charge of the ranch. Mr. Allen had returned to his home in Corpus Christi, and an outlaw by the name of William C. Moore had taken his place.

This man Moore, up to a short time previous, had been the manager of the large Swan Cattle Company, of Cheyenne, Wyoming. He had just shot and killed his negro coachman, and made his get-away from the law officers in Wyoming, landing at the LX ranch on a broken-down pony. Previous to this he had shot and killed his brother-in-law in the State of California, which brought him to Cheyenne, Wyoming, to begin life anew.

Bill Moore was a natural leader of men, and one of the best cowmen in the west. He could get more work out of a gang of cowboys than any man I ever knew. But while working so hard for the LX outfit he was feathering his own nest by stealing from them. He soon started a brand of his own, and established a ranch at Coldwater Springs, in No Man's Land. He had two of the LX cowboys in with him on these steals, and they tried to induce me to join them, but I refused.

A few years later Moore sold his ranch and cattle for \$70,000. Then he quit the LX outfit, and with this money established a cattle ranch in the American Valley, of western New Mexico. His stay in the American Valley was short, as he shot and killed two men, which placed a large reward on his head.



OUTLAW BILL MOORE
Manager of the LX ranch

After returning from Fort Elliot a young Texan by the name of John Roberson and I were put in a camp on the head of Amarillo Creek, at the foot of the Llano Estacado, about fifteen miles south of the home ranch. Our duty was to prevent cattle from drifting onto the Staked Plains. The cattle were in the habit of following bands of buffalo south onto the plains, and we experienced much hardship in cutting them off from the running buffalo herds. The cattle couldn't run fast enough to keep up with the woolly beasts, but they would stay on their trail until turned back. The company furnished us with free ammunition to shoot into these roving bands of buffaloes, in order to keep them off the range.

Soon after locating our camp on Amarillo Creek the main herd of buffaloes migrating from the north, passed a mile west of us. For three days and nights there was a solid string of them from a quarter to a half mile wide — sometimes in a walk and other times on the run. During daylight we could look to the northward, across the Canadian River breaks, a distance of about thirty miles, and see this black streak of living flesh coming down off the north plains. Their route was down Pitcher Creek, a mile west of our home ranch.

The next morning after this great string of woolly animals had crossed the Canadian River breaks, I trailed a bunch of cattle south onto the plains. It was an easy matter to distinguish the cattle tracks from those made by buffaloes. The former are sharp pointed while the latter are round pointed.

The cattle were found with the buffalo at Amarillo Lake — where the thriving little city of Amarillo, Texas, is now located.

I found the whole Llano Estacado one solid black mass of buffalo — just as far as the eye could reach, to the eastward, southward and westward. The great herd had scattered out

to graze on the thickly matted buffalo-grass, nearly a foot high. There must have been a million of the woolly beasts.

Shortly after this Moore had me accompany him to the head of Paladura Canyon, so as to learn the country. Here I saw my first expert lancing of buffalo, by Apache Indians on swift buffalo horses. I accompanied a band of these reds out to a grazing herd, about fifty thousand in number.

When within a mile of the herd the Indian chief lined us all up abreast — that is side by side — close together. This was done to fool the buffalo — as they would have stampeded at the sight of horsemen.

They paid no attention to us until we were within a few hundred yards of them. Then they began to bunch up. Now we made a charge as fast as the horses could run. This started a stampede, and the lancing began at the rear end of the herd. Steel and stone lances were attached to long poles. The lance was driven into a buffalo's loin, and down he would go, helpless, but not killed. Some of the Indians on the swiftest horses were almost in the center of the herd, lancing one buffalo after another as they ran.

I did nothing but watch them at their expert work. Just ahead of me a buck on a yellow horse reached over to the right to bury the sharp lance in a buffalo's loin when his weight on the slender wooden handle, about fourteen feet long, snapped it in two, and down went Mr. Indian rolling in the grass. Buffaloes were dodging all around him. When he sprang to his feet a cow jumped over his head and knocked him down. Then he sat still until the rear end of the herd had passed. While sitting there some of the beasts jumped over him. At the wind-up of this free show I shot a buffalo and tied his hump-loats to my saddle for supper.

For a mile or two back, the plain was covered with hundreds of buffaloes trying to rise to their feet. Soon hundreds of the

old bucks, squaws, and children arrived and butchered these struggling animals for their hides and meat.

About Christmas we had an exciting chase after thieves. Moore had sent a runner from the home ranch after Roberson and me to help round up eight Mexicans who had robbed Mr. Pitcher of everything he had. They had loaded all of his store goods into large freight wagons and headed across the plains in a southwesterly direction.

Nine of us rode night and day until they were overtaken, near the line of New Mexico. For a while they stood us off with their long-range buffalo guns. Finally Moore sent Jack Ryan to their barricaded wagons, under a flag of truce. They agreed to haul the stuff back and turn it over to Mr. Pitcher, who was one of the pursuing party, on our promise not to harm them.

This was agreed to, and we all started back toward Pitcher Creek. It had been promised that they could retain their firearms, but while camped for dinner we got the drop on them and took away their arms.

Now it was proposed to hang them all to a big cottonwood tree in the head of the gulch, where we were camped. But Dudley Pannell and I protested that this would be cowardly after giving our words of honor that they would not be harmed. As Pannell and I were well thought of, Moore decided in our favor, and several lives were saved.

Now Roberson and I returned to our camp at the foot of the South Plains. One morning I found cattle tracks among those of a large band of buffaloes. I went on their trail in a gallop on my blue pony. The trail continued up onto the plains past Amarillo Lake. A ride of about twenty miles brought me in sight of the buffalo herd, about fifty thousand in number. On reaching within a mile of them they stampeded toward the southwest. Now my misery began, trying to separate the dozen or more cattle from them.

It was almost night when my mount gave out completely and could hardly trot. Then I turned back toward camp, in a slow walk, for a night ride. Just as the sun was getting ready to go to roost I saw a band of Indians coming toward me from the west, on the run. Their steel lances were glistening in the sun. I thought of running, as they might be on the war-path, but despite the spurring, my mount couldn't be made to gallop.

Now my Winchester rifle and Colt's 45 caliber pistol were examined to see if they were in trim for war.

When the Indians galloped up to me I was standing facing them, with the rifle raised for action. The leader passed the time of day in the Mexican tongue, which I understood. Then he made inquiry as to whether I had seen any buffalo. Of course I told him about the herd which I had just left.

Seeing that my mount was played out this Apache chief invited me to go with them to their camp, a few miles west. The invitation was accepted, as I was hungrier than a wolf. After filling up in this Indian camp I went to sleep in a tepee filled with squaws and papooses.

By the latter part of January the buffalo had all gone south, with the exception of a few straggling bands. One of these bands, about one hundred head, made me think of the hereafter on the other side of the great divide, where Saint Peter lives.

Being out of meat, and seeing this band grazing at the head of a gulch, about a mile distant, I concluded to get some buffalo humps. In order to make sure of fresh meat I kept out of sight, by riding in the bed of the gulch.

When within a few hundred yards of the grazing band the pony was left with the bridle-reins hanging on the ground, to prevent his running away. Continuing the journey up the arroyo afoot, I came to the extreme head of it, a steep

embankment. Now standing on my tiptoes a grassy valley spread out before my eyes, and over its surface grazed the contented animals, all but one old bull, lying down chewing the cud of contentment, within twenty or thirty feet of my nose.

This being the only animal within sure gun-shot I concluded to make a death shot on him. Then the rifle barrel was raised gently up onto the level ground. But I was not tall enough, even by standing on my tiptoes, to keep the rifle butt pressed to my shoulder, and at the same time bring the sight down on the sleeping bull. Hence the rifle was fired off-hand like a pistol. Aim was taken under the hump, where the bullet strikes the lights, and causes death.

At the crack of the gun the bull was on his feet and jumping toward me. Ducking my head down he leaped over me and fell dying in the bed of the gulch, at my feet. I sweated blood through fear that he might regain his feet and discover me.

Now peeping over the edge of the embankment I discovered the whole band almost upon me. I squatted down and they leaped over my head onto the dying and struggling bull. In looking upwards all I could see was flying buffaloes. The dirt bank caved in around me, through some of the animals getting too near the edge before making the leap for the bottom of the arroyo.

I felt relieved when the last ones went over me, and went running down the gulch. No doubt this old bull was their leader, and seeing him, at the crack of the gun, go over this embankment they followed.

After getting the loose dirt out of my clothes, the hump-loins were cut out of the dead bull, and a start made for camp. My pony had stampeded on seeing the narrow gulch filled with woolly beasts running toward him. He was found trem-

bling with fright about a quarter of a mile from where I had left him.

Soon after this I had a different kind of buffalo experience. Seeing a lone bull grazing on a flat I rode to a round knoll, which hid me from his view. When within about one hundred yards of the small hill I left the pinto pony, with the bridlereins hanging on the ground. Then crawling to the top of the knoll I fired a bullet from my Winchester rifle at the bull. He dropped to the ground, and I foolishly stood up.

In an instant the bull jumped to his feet with one front leg as limber as a rag. The bullet had hit him in the shoulder. He saw me while standing in plain view, a distance of about one hundred and fifty yards. Here he came for me with his front leg dangling at his side. The broken leg seemed to have no effect upon his speed.

Instead of pumping more lead into him, as the lamented 'Teddy' Roosevelt would have done, I started for my mount on the run. The rifle went up in the air when I started. It was a case of my legs running away with me. Once I looked back. That was enough, the bull was coming down the knoll not fifty yards behind me. My hair rising on end threw my sombrero off my head.

My greatest fear was that Pinto would become frightened and run before I could leap into the saddle. But he stood still until I could make the leap — then he wheeled around and was off like a bullet, just in time to save my bacon. The bull's horns raked some of the hide off his rump before he could get out of reach.

Now I rode around to my rifle and Mr. Bull was killed, and his hump-loins taken to camp. That night 'Pinto' received a double feed of corn for saving my life.

CHAPTER V

A TRIP TO CHICAGO — MY FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH 'BILLY THE KID'

TOWARD spring Mr. Moore put a cowboy in my place, to camp with Roberson, and I was sent out with a scouting outfit to drift over the South Staked Plains in search of stray cattle. Our outfit consisted of a cook, Owl-head Johnson, and three riders, Jack Ryan, Van Duzen and myself. After starting on this trip we experienced a touch of hardship. Camp was pitched after dark one evening on the edge of a 'dry' lake, or basin. Enough buffalo-chips were gathered to cook supper. After retiring under our tarpaulins, spread over the beds on the ground, a severe snowstorm sprang up. By daylight our beds were covered with a foot of snow.

Crawling out of these warm beds into the deep snow was anything but pleasant. We had no buffalo-chips to build a fire — hence had to cut up the bed of the mess-wagon. There we were afoot on these snowy plains, as the pony staked out the evening before had pulled up the stake-pin and drifted south with the hobbled ponies. They were not found until late that evening, about ten miles from camp.

It was on this trip that I saw the piles of bones from thousands of ponies killed by orders from General McKinzie. They were at the head of Tule Canyon, which empties into Canyon Paliduro. It was here that General McKinzie and his United States soldiers rounded up the Comanche Indians, in 1874, when they broke away from Fort Sill, Indian Territory, on the war-path — killing hundreds of white men. The Indian ponies were shot and killed to prevent another

break on horseback, the reds being made to walk back to Fort Sill.

One forenoon three thousand Comanche Indians gave us a 'scaring up,' as we didn't know whether they were on the war-path or not. On Mulberry Creek they came pouring down the hills from the eastward, on a gallop. We were completely surrounded. The chief made inquiry about buffaloes to the westward. They were from Fort Sill, Indian Territory, on a big buffalo hunt. The chief showed us a letter from the commanding officer at Fort Sill stating that they were peaceable, and friendly toward the white men.

After an absence of several weeks we arrived back at the LX ranch with a small bunch of steers.

About the last of March all the cowboys were called in from the outside line-camps to prepare for the spring round-up. Moore hired every renegade outlaw and cowboy passing through the country for this big spring round-up.

One evening before bed-time the sky became red from a big prairie fire off to the south-eastward. The fire was being driven by a strong southeast wind, down into the Canadian River Breaks, from the Staked Plains.

Now the headquarter ranch became a busy place. Saddle ponies were rounded up and a start made for the big fire, by the dozens of cowboys. In a swift gallop Moore led the crowd in the pitchy darkness, over all kinds of rough places. A ride of about fifteen miles brought us to the fire. Then we became fire-fighters in dead earnest.

Large droves of cattle were running ahead of the fire. Some of these largest animals were shot and killed. Then the carcasses were split open. Now two cowboys would fasten their ropes to each hind leg of the dead animal, and by the saddle-horn drag it to the blaze.

If the fire was down in an arroyo, where the blue-stem grass

grows tall, it was allowed to burn its way onto a level flat covered with short buffalo grass. Here the two cowboys dragging a carcass would straddle the blaze — the one on the burnt side close up, with his rope shortened, while the other, on the hot smoky side, would be at the extreme end of his rope.

Now the wet carcass was dragged slowly along the blaze. This would put out the fire, all but small spots, these being whipped out by cowboys following afoot with wet saddle blankets or pieces of fresh cow-hide. A few miles of dragging in a hot blaze would wear a carcass into a frazzle. Then another animal was killed to take its place.

Without a bit to eat, except broiled beef without salt, this strenuous work was kept up until about three o'clock the following evening, when the fire was under control, and our range saved. We arrived back at the ranch about sundown — a smoky, dirty, tired and hungry crowd.

Soon after this fire excitement Mr. Moore lost nearly half of his crew of cowboys. They 'hit the trail for tall timber,' in New Mexico and Arizona — some on stolen ponies. The cause of this cowboy outlaw stampede was the arrival of E.W. Parker — now a respected citizen of El Paso, Texas — and his large, well-armed crew of Government Star-route mail surveyors. But they kept their mission a secret, hence the boys had them spotted as Texas Rangers in disguise.

A few months later the first mail route in the Panhandle of Texas was established. It ran from Fort Elliot, Texas, to Las Vegas, New Mexico, a distance of about three hundred miles. Our home ranch was made Wheeler post-office. Previous to this all our mail came from Fort Bascom, New Mexico, two hundred and twenty-five miles west, on the upper Canadian River. It came by private conveyance, and each letter sent, or received, cost us twenty-five cents — newspapers the same.

By the middle of April our range was crowded with buffaloes again. They were migrating north. But there was no great herd like the one going south in the early winter. Not over half of the woolly beasts that went south ever returned. They had been slaughtered for their hides, worth one dollar each, at the south edge of the Llano Estacado. It was estimated that, during the winter, there were seven thousand buffalo hunters along the Texas Pacific Railway — then building west to El Paso.

Now these buffaloes were going north through Kansas and Nebraska to their summer feeding ground in Dakota, to be killed by the northern hunters. The following fall only a few scattering herds passed through the Canadian River Breaks, on their way south. Most of these met their doom that winter by the southern hunters. Thus were the millions of buffaloes wiped from the face of the earth in a few years.

About the middle of April Moore took all his cowboys, about twenty-five with two well-filled mess-wagons, and went to Tascosa, there to meet other outfits from different parts of the country. Many of these cattle outfits came from the Arkansas River in southeastern Colorado, and southwestern Kansas. When we pulled out of Tascosa for the upper Canadian River, there were dozens of mess-wagons, and hundreds of riders.

This general round-up, the first ever pulled off in the Texas Panhandle, started work near Fort Bascom, New Mexico, and continued down the river almost to the Indian Territory line. During the winter thousands of northern cattle had drifted south and lodged in the Canadian River Breaks. These were all driven north after the general round-up.

While these round-up crews were at Tascosa, that little burg saw the need of saloons and dance-halls to relieve the cowboy of his loose change. The supply of liquors, sardines,

and crackers in Howard & Rinehart's store melted away like a snowball dropped into Hades.

In June, after the spring round-ups, our cattle were all shoved onto the summer range, on Blue Creek north of the river. I and another cowboy were placed at the extreme head of the Blue, to ride line. Our camp was pitched at a spring.

Every morning and evening I had to ride past a plum-thicket, which was a few miles west of our camp, at the edge of which lay the bodies of three murdered Mexican buffalo hunters. They were badly swollen, and the sight of them made me nervous. Strange to relate these corpses were never devoured by the many lobos and coyotes around them. This fact convinces me that there is truth in the theory that wolves won't eat a dead Mexican — possibly on account of his system being impregnated with chili (red peppers). A short time previous, these three men were murdered by Nelson and three companions, in order to get their ox-teams to haul buffalo hides to Dodge City, Kansas. These murderers were never arrested, as there was no law in the country — and not a law-officer nearer than Fort Elliot.

While camped at the head of the Blue, several herds of 'Jingle-bob' cattle passed near our camp. These thousands of cattle had belonged to Cattle King John Chisum, of the Pecos River, in New Mexico, until Colonel Hunter, of the firm of Hunter and Evans in southern Kansas, had played a dirty trick on him.

In the early seventies John Chisum had bought thousands of she cattle from the old battle-scarred Confederate soldiers in middle Texas, giving his notes as pay. These cattle were driven across the Staked Plains to the Horse-head crossing of the Pecos River — thence up the river over two hundred miles into New Mexico, where they were turned loose. Then Mr. Chisum introduced fine-blooded short-horn bulls to breed

out the long horns on these Texas cattle. The notes given by Chisum for these cattle were finally outlawed, as they couldn't be collected in New Mexico.

In the winter of 1877 and '78 Colonel Hunter and his flowing gray beard hiked from Medicine Lodge, Kansas, to middle Texas and bought up these outlawed notes for five or ten cents on the dollar. These notes were tucked into a satchel, and in the early spring of '78 taken to Las Vegas, New Mexico, and placed in a bank. Now Colonel Hunter went overland down the Pecos to South Spring River, where Mr. Chisum had established his 'Jingle-bob' headquarter ranch. There a deal was made for about twenty thousand head of his picked cattle, at a fancy price.

Now Jesse Evans, Colonel Hunter's partner, went to Dodge City, Kansas, and hired fifty fighting cowboys to go to New Mexico after these cattle. As soon as the Chisum outfit got a herd 'put up' they were turned over to the Hunter and Evans cowboys.

When the last herd was gathered, and headed northeastward, for the line of Texas, Colonel Hunter and John Chisum went overland to Las Vegas to settle up. Among cattle-men Colonel Hunter's word was as good as his bond, hence Mr. Chisum had no fear about getting his pay.

The curtain of this play goes down when, in the bank, the old satchel was opened and Mr. Chisum was paid for the cattle in his own notes, with the years of accumulated interest.

As fast as a team could travel, John Chisum went back to his ranch. Then he tried to make up a fighting crowd to follow up these Hunter and Evans herds, and recover them. He offered 'Billy the Kid' and his warriors big inducements to do the job, but they knew the Hunter and Evans cowboys were armed to the teeth, and being already over the line in Texas, they declined.

In the middle of June Mr. Moore sent for me to take charge of a herd of steers containing twenty-five hundred head. I was told to take them out onto the South Staked Plains and fatten them. My crew consisted of four riders, and a cook to drive the mess-wagon, with five ponies to the man. Soon after this three more herds of steers were sent to the South Plains and I was put in charge of the four herds. This made me feel of some importance. I had nothing to do but ride from one camp to the other — sometimes twenty miles apart — to see that the steers were kept on fresh range so as to put on fat by the time cold weather set in.

The summer of 1878 was a wet one — hence the 'dry' lakes, or basins, were full of rain water. During the summer Mr. David T. Beals paid me a visit. He brought a young man, Burkley Howe, from Massachusetts, and turned him over to me to be taught the cow business. The first lesson I dished out to Burkley Howe was on mustang meat.

I shot and killed a young mustang from a band of three hundred head. Then a young buffalo was killed. Some of the meat from each animal was taken to camp. I instructed the cook to prepare each kind the same, but to have it in separate vessels. When we squatted down on the grass to eat our supper, the cook pointed out the vessel containing the mustang meat, which in reality was the buffalo meat. Of course the other boys had been posted.

Burkley Howe could not be induced even to taste the horse meat. Instead he filled up on the supposed buffalo beef, which he declared was the finest he had ever eaten. When told of the trick, after supper, he was mad all over, and tried to vomit. This goes to show that the mind controls the taste.

About the first of October eight hundred fat steers were cut out of my four herds and started for Dodge City, Kansas, the balance of the steers being turned loose on the winter

range, along the Canadian River. Now I secured permission from Mr. Moore to overtake the fat steer herd and accompany them to Chicago.

Mounted on my own pony, Whiskey Pete, I started in company with a cowboy named John Ferris. We kept on the Bascom Trail. After crossing the Cimarron River we saw a band of about two hundred Indians, off to our left in a deep arroyo, traveling westward, single file. Being hungry we concluded to gallop over to them and get something to eat.

On seeing us coming they all bunched up and showed great excitement. This didn't look good to Ferris and me; so we galloped back to the Bascom Trail and continued north. About sundown we reached Mead City, a new town started a few months previous. Here there were a half dozen new frame buildings, their insides being turned 'topsy-turvy,' showing that the Indians had run the occupants off and ransacked the dwellings. There were Indian moccasin tracks everywhere.

Now we hurried on to the store, on Crooked Creek, arriving there after dark. Here we found the same conditions as at Mead City showing that the Indians had looted the store. Hearing some ox-bells down the creek we rode to them, about a mile distant. Here we found several yoke of oxen and a log cabin, the door of which was locked. Being hungry we broke the lock on the door and entered. A playful puppy inside gave us a hearty welcome. After the lamps were lighted we found sacks of grain for our tired ponies, and a cupboard full of nice food. Hanging over the still warm ashes in the fireplace was a pot of fresh beef stew. This proved a treat, and we filled up to the bursting point. About midnight we started on the last lap of our two hundred and twenty-five-mile journey.

、 A twenty-five-mile ride brought us to the toughest town on



COWBOYS AT DINNER IN INDIAN TERRITORY, 1883

This shows how a well-trained cow-horse will stand when the bridle-reins are thrown over his head

earth, Dodge City. It was now daylight, and the first man met on the main street was Cape Willingham, who at this writing is a prosperous cattle broker in El Paso, Texas. Cape gave us our first news of the great Indian outbreak. He told of the many murders committed by the reds south of Dodge City the day previous — one man being killed at Mead City, and two others near the Crooked Creek store.

Riding up the main street Ferris and I saw twenty-five mounted cowboys, holding rifles in their hands, and facing one of the half-dozen saloons, adjoining each other, on that side of the street. In passing this armed crowd one of them recognized me. Calling me by name he said: 'Fall in line quick, h—l is going to pop in a few minutes.'

We jerked our Winchester rifles from the scabbards and fell in line, like most any other fool cowboys would have done. In a moment Clay Allison, the man-killer, came out of one of the saloons holding a pistol in his hand. With him was Mr. McNulty, owner of the large Panhandle 'Turkey-track' cattle outfit. Clay was hunting for some of the town policemen, or the city marshal, so as to wipe them off the face of the earth. His twenty-five cowboy friends had promised to help him clean up Dodge City.

After all the saloons had been searched, Mr. McNulty succeeded in getting Clay to bed at the Bob Wright Hotel. Then we all dispersed. Soon after, the city law officers began to crawl out of their hiding-places, and appear on the streets.

I found Mr. Erskine Clement, a partner of Mr. Beals, at the Wright Hotel, greatly worried over the non-arrival of the steer herd, which Mr. Moore had written him had started two weeks before. He was surprised when told that I had seen no sign of them over the Bascom Trail.

Telegrams kept pouring in from the west, of the bloody deeds committed by the Indians, on their way to Dakota.

They were Northern Cheyennes, who had broken away from the Cheyenne Agency in the Indian Territory.

In passing through western Nebraska these Indians murdered many settlers. At one ranch-house they captured a widow woman and her two daughters. After a day's march they turned the mother loose on the prairie, stark naked, keeping her two daughters with them. After much hardship this woman found the cabin of a 'fool hoe-man,' who was living alone. He wrapped the robe of Charity and his overcoat around her, and took her to civilization.

About midnight my chum John Ferris was flat broke, and borrowed twenty-five dollars of my accumulated wages, amounting to over three hundred dollars. He had in this short time 'blown in' his one hundred and fourteen dollars. By morning he had borrowed fifty dollars from the livery man on his pony and saddle, and I had to get these out of 'soak' for him, before he could hit the road again. He went direct to Fort Sumner, New Mexico, where he was shot and killed by Barney Mason, one of 'Billy the Kid's' gang, and a brother-in-law of the fearless New Mexico sheriff, Pat Garrett.

The next morning after my arrival in Dodge City, Erskine Clement and I struck south to look up the lost herd of steers. We found the outfit traveling up Crooked Creek very slowly. They had quit the Bascom Trail to avoid long drives between watering places. This, no doubt, had saved them from running into the Indians.

In Dodge City the herd was split in two, four hundred head being put aboard of a train for Chicago. I went in charge of this first shipment, and Mr. Clement followed with the next. Two of the cowboys went with me, one of them being A. M. Melvin, who now, after forty years, lives with a happy family at Orient Heights, East Boston, Massachusetts.

Now for the first time in my life I became a cow-puncher,

carrying a lantern and a long pole with a spike in the end, to keep the steers punched up, when they got down in the crowded cars. In a few years the name, cow-puncher, became attached to all cowboys.

At Burlington, Iowa, we crossed the Mississippi River into Illinois, and there on the east bank of the great river unloaded to feed the steers.

During our two days' stay we three cow-punchers made a dozen or more trips on the ferry boat to Burlington, a swift city. Our trips were free, and everything in the way of liquor, cigars, meals, candy, etc., bought in Burlington was free. The fact that we wore our cowboy outfits, including pistols, may have had something to do with the people refusing to take money from us. But it was said that their object was to encourage cattle-men to ship by way of Burlington.

On the first night after leaving Burlington I came within an ace of being ground to death by the train. The thoughts of my narrow escape cause my flesh to creep, even to this day.

A sleet storm was raging. The train stopped to take on coal. We three cow-punchers left the caboose and ran up toward the engine, peeping through the cracks to see if any of the steers were down. About the time we reached the engine the train started. Then we climbed onto the first car and started back to the caboose, on the run. I was in the rear. In making a spring from the top of one car to the other — the space between being about two feet — my high-heeled boots slipped on the icy boards. There I lay flat on my back with my head and shoulders over the open space. I had grabbed the edge of the footplank with my right hand. This is all that saved me from sliding down between the cars.

Mr. Beals met us on our arrival in Chicago. After unloading at the stock yards he took me to dine with him at the Palmer House. He wanted me to take a room in his hotel, but I told

him that the food and price, five to ten dollars a day, were too rich for my blood. Therefore I went to the Irvine House where the price was only two dollars a day.

That night I turned myself loose in the toughest part of the city, spending all the money I had, about two hundred dollars. Toward daylight I managed to find my way back to the Irvine House, where a nap was taken. About ten o'clock I struck out for the Palmer House to borrow some money from Mr. Beals. On the way there, while gazing up at the signs, I saw the name of Dr. Bruer, Dentist. This put me in mind of the teeth which needed filling, so up the stairs I went, not realizing that my pockets were empty of cash.

In the dentist office I found Mr. Bruer and his handsome young lady assistant. After seating myself in the dentist chair, the doctor asked me what kind of filling I wanted for the two teeth. I told him to fill them with gold.

In those days the filling had to be done by hand. The doctor used the punch and the young lady the mallet. They didn't stop for lunch. It was three o'clock when the job was finished.

Now I got down off the chair, and for the first time realized that I didn't have a cent to pay for the work. I asked the amount of my bill, and was told that it was forty-five dollars. I told the doctor that I would drop around in the morning and pay him. He turned pale, and so did his assistant. The large pistol and bowie-knife buckled around my waist may have caused them to turn pale. Finally the doctor asked the name of my hotel. I told him. Then he said: 'Now you won't forget to come up in the morning and pay me?' I answered him that he could depend upon it.

I found Mr. David T. Beals at the Palmer House and borrowed a hundred dollars. Then I started out to see more of the sights of a great city. But I took the precaution to tuck the

dentist's forty-five dollars down in the watch-pocket of my pants, so that it wouldn't be spent. The next morning at nine o'clock I was in the dentist's office and paid over the forty-five dollars. The doctor and his assistant were happily surprised.

The doctor had me go to lunch with him. Then we spent the afternoon driving over the city in his buggy, drawn by a fine pair of black horses.

We visited the waterworks and climbed up to the top of the tall, rounded tower, from the inside. On reaching the top I looked over the edge, to the ground below, just once. That was enough. I was afraid the thing would topple over from my weight. The dentist laughed at me but he couldn't induce me to look over the edge again. After the drive was over, I hunted up Mr. Beals to get more money for the night's sight-seeing.

I can look back now and see that I was an 'easy mark' for the city people. Of course they knew at a glance by my bow-legs and high-heeled boots where I was from, and they charged accordingly for what was purchased.

After a few days' sight-seeing I boarded a train for Dodge City, Kansas. Mr. Beals and Erskine Clement accompanied me.

Arriving in Dodge City, Whiskey Pete was mounted early one morning for my two-hundred-and-twenty-five-mile lonely ride to the LX ranch. I arrived at the headquarters ranch late in the evening. A crowd of strangers were playing cards under a cottonwood tree near by. The cook informed me that they were Billy the Kid and his Lincoln County, New Mexico, warriors.

When the cook rang the supper bell, these strangers ran for the long table. After being introduced, I found myself seated by the side of good-natured Billy the Kid. Henry

Brown, Fred White and Tom O'Phalliard are the only names of this outlaw gang that I can recall.

When supper was over, I produced a box of fine Havana cigars, brought from Chicago as a treat for the boys on the ranch. They were passed around. Then one was stuck into my new ten-dollar meerschaum cigar-holder, and I began to puff smoke toward the ceiling.

Now Billy the Kid asked for a trial of my cigar-holder. This was granted. He liked it so well that he begged me to present it to him, which I did. In return he presented me with a finely bound novel which he had just finished reading. In it he wrote his autograph, giving the date that it was presented to me. During the next few weeks Billy the Kid and I became quite chummy. After selling out the band of ponies, which he and his gang had stolen from the Seven River warriors, in New Mexico, he left the Canadian River country, and I never saw him again. Two of his gang, Henry Brown and Fred Waite — a half-breed Chickasaw Indian — quit the outfit and headed for the Indian Territory.

During his long stay around the LX ranch and Tascosa, Billy the Kid made one portly old capitalist from Boston, Massachusetts, sweat blood for a few minutes. Mr. Torey owned a large cattle ranch above Tascosa. On arriving from the east he learned that Billy the Kid and gang had made themselves at home on his ranch for a few days — hence he gave the foreman orders not to feed them, if they should make another visit. This order reached the Kid's ears.

While in Tascosa Billy the Kid saw old man Torey ride up to the hitching-rack in front of Jack Ryan's saloon. He went out to meet him, and asked if he had ordered his foreman not to feed them.

Mr. Torey replied yes, that he didn't want to give his ranch a bad name by harboring outlaws.

Then the Kid jerked his Colt's pistol and jabbed the old man several times in his portly stomach, at the same time telling him to say his prayers, as he was going to pump him full of lead. With tears in his voice Mr. Torey promised to countermand the order. Then war was declared off.

Thus did Mr. Torey, a former sea captain, get his eye-teeth cut in the ways of the wild and woolly West.

This story was told to me by Billy the Kid and Steve Arnold, who was an eye-witness to the affair. But the Kid said he had no intention of shooting Mr. Torey — that he just wanted to teach him a lesson.

CHAPTER VI

DOWN THE CHISHOLM TRAIL AND BACK — I BOSS A HERD OF STEERS FROM TEXAS

AFTER lying around the home ranch a few weeks Mr. Moore put me in charge of a scouting outfit, to drift over the South Staked Plains, in search of any cattle which might have escaped from the line-riders.

While on this trip I went to church several times. A colony of Illinois Christians, under the leadership of the Reverend Mr. Cahart, had established the town of Clarendon, on the head of Salt Fork, a tributary of Red River, and there built a white church house among buffalo and wolves.

When spring came I was called in from the plains and put in charge of a round-up crew, consisting of a cook and twelve riders. Our first round-up was on the Goodnight range, at the mouth of Mulberry Creek. Here we had the pleasure of a genuine cattle-queen's presence. Mrs. Goodnight, a noble little woman, a dyed-in-the-wool Texan, attended these round-ups with her husband. Mrs. Goodnight touched a soft spot in my heart by filling me up on several occasions, with juicy berries which she had gathered with her own hands.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Goodnight are still alive, and living in the town of Goodnight, Texas, which has been made famous as the home of the largest herd of buffaloes in that State, and possibly the whole United States.

The foundation of this herd of buffaloes was started on this round-up in the spring of 1879. In the round-up at the head of Mulberry Creek was a lone buffalo bull. When ready to turn the round-up cattle loose Mr. Buffalo was roped and thrown,

and a cow-bell fastened to his neck. When turned loose he stampeded, and so did the thousands of cattle.

In the round-up the following spring the bell-buffalo was with the cattle, and had with him several female buffaloes. During that summer Mr. Goodnight fenced his summer range on Mulberry Creek, and this small herd of buffalo found themselves enclosed with a strong barbed wire fence.

We wound up this spring round-up on the Rocking Chair range, at the mouth of McClellan Creek, where I saw about fifty thousand cattle in one bunch — more than I had ever seen before in one band.

Now we returned to the home ranch with about five hundred LX cattle, which had drifted away from the range during the winter. Shortly after our return Moore had us help him brand some large long-horn steers, late arrivals from South Texas. We did the branding on the open plains, at Amarillo Lake. While roping and tying down these wild steers we had real sport in seeing 'center-fire' saddles jerked over sideways from the pony's back, the riders with them.

Moore had got his cowboy training in California, where they use 'center-fire,' high horn saddles, and riatas (ropes) which they wrap around the saddle-horn when roping on horseback. The cinchas on these saddles being broad, and in the center of the saddle, it is difficult to keep the saddle tight on the pony's back. Moore had persuaded many of his cowboys to use these saddles and the long rawhide riatas, and a large order had been sent to California in the early spring. In the order were many silver-mounted spurs and Spanish bridle-bits. I sent for one of these ten-dollar bridle-bits, and am still using it to ride with.

I must confess that Moore never got a fall from his center-fire saddle, as he had learned his lesson early in life. He was also an expert roper with his seventy-five-foot riata. He could

throw the large loop further and catch his animal oftener than any man in the crowd of about twenty-five riders.

Moore tried his best to persuade me, and such Texas-raised cowboys as Jim East, Steve Arnold and Lee Hall, not to tie our thirty-foot ropes hard and fast to the saddle horns when roping large steers. He argued that it was too dangerous. No doubt he was right, but we had been trained that way.

Later poor Lee Hall was gored to death by a wild steer, roped down in the Indian Territory. The steer had jerked his mount over backward, and one of his spurs caught in the flank cinch, preventing him from freeing himself until too late to save his life. The spur which hung in the cinch and caused his death, was one of the fine silver-mounted pair which Moore sent to California for. After his death I fell heir to Lee Hall's spurs and they are used by me to this day, over fifty years later.

In the latter part of June Moore put me in charge of eight hundred fat steers for the Chicago market. My outfit consisted of a well filled mess-wagon, a cook and five riders. Late in the fall we arrived in Nickerson, Kansas, and turned the steers over to 'Deacon' Bates.

Leaving Whiskey Pete and a Missouri mare, which I had traded for, with a 'fool hoe-man,' five miles south of town, 'Jingle-bob' Joe Hargraves and I started west across country to meet another herd of fat steers. As the snow had begun to fly it was thought best to turn this herd toward Dodge City, Kansas — hence we were sent to pilot the outfit to Dodge City.

We finally found the steer outfit and turned them toward Dodge City. There the fat steers were put aboard two trains, and I took charge of one train, thus taking my second lesson in cow-punching with a spiked pole and lantern.

On arriving in Chicago, Mr. Beals met us. Then at the Palmer House Mr. Beals settled up my wage and expense account. With a few hundred dollars in my pocket I started out to see the sights again.

I had told Mr. Beals of my intention to quit his outfit and spend the winter in Southern Texas. He agreed that if I concluded to go back to work for the LX Company in the spring, he would arrange for me to boss a herd of steers up the trail. He had already contracted with Charlie Word of Goliad, Texas, for two herds to be delivered on the LX ranch.

A couple of days and nights of sight-seeing put me almost out financially. Then a train was boarded for Nickerson, Kansas. Whiskey Pete and the bay mare were found hog fat. The 'fool hoe-man' had shoved corn to them with a scoop shovel.

After purchasing a pack-saddle, and some grub, I had just six dollars in cash left to make my eleven-hundred-mile journey down the Chisholm trail to the gulf coast of Texas. Puck was not far off when he said: 'What fools these mortals be.' For here was a fool cowboy starting out to ride eleven hundred miles, just to be in the saddle, and to get a pony back home.

On the way down the trail I kept myself supplied with cash by swapping saddles, pack pony and watches, and running races with Whiskey Pete, who was hard to beat in a three-hundred-yard race.

At one place in middle Texas I lay over a couple of days to rest my ponies, and to make a few dollars picking cotton. One morning I was sent out by the farmer, with a bunch of barefooted girls, to pick cotton in a field which had already been picked over. These young damsels gave me the 'horse-laugh' for my awkwardness in picking the snowy balls of cotton. When night came I had earned just thirty cents, while

the girls had made more than a dollar each. This was my last stunt as a cotton picker.

On Pecan Creek, near Denton, I put up one night at the home of old man Murphy — the father of Jim Murphy, who was a member of the Sam Bass gang of train robbers, and whose name is mentioned in the Sam Bass song, which was a favorite with trail cowboys.

The old Chisholm Trail was lined with negroes, headed for Topeka and Emporia, Kansas, to get a free farm and a span of mules from the State Government. Over my pack there was a large buffalo robe, and on my saddle hung a fine silver-mounted Winchester rifle. These attracted the attention of those green cotton-field negroes, who wore me out asking questions about them. Some of these negroes were afoot, while others drove donkeys and oxen. The shiny black children and half-starved dogs were plentiful. Many of the outfits turned back when I told them of the cold blizzards and deep snow in Kansas.

My eleven-hundred-mile journey ended at the old Rancho Grande headquarters ranch, after being on the trail one month and twelve days.

The balance of the winter was spent on hunting trips after deer and wild hogs, and visiting friends throughout the county of Matagorda.

Early in the spring I mounted Gotch, a pony traded for, and bidding Whiskey Pete good-bye, he being left with my chum, Horace Yeamans, we headed for Goliad to meet Charlie Word. He was found near Beeville, thirty miles west of Goliad, putting up a herd of long-horn steers for the LX Company. He had received a letter from Mr. David T. Beals telling him to put me in charge of one of the herds.

This first herd was to be bossed 'up the trail' by Liash Stevens.

The outfit was up to their ankles in sticky mud, in a large round corral, putting the road-brand on the steers, when I found them. I pitched in and helped and was soon covered with mud from head to feet. Each steer had to be roped and thrown afoot, which made it a disagreeable job in the cold drizzling rain. And to finish out the day's work, after my thirty-mile ride from Goliad, I stood guard over the steers until after midnight.

After the herd had been road-branded and turned over to Mr. Stevens and his crew of trail cowboys, Charlie Word asked me to help him get the herd started on the trail. Our first night out proved a strenuous one. Mr. Stevens had taken a fool notion to arm his cowboys with bull's-eye lanterns, so that they could see each other on dark nights. He had ordered a few extra ones and insisted on my trying one that night, which I did.

About ten o'clock a severe storm came up and we were all in the saddle ready for a stampede. While I was running at break-neck speed, to reach the lead of the herd, my pony went head over heels over a rail fence. The light from the lantern had blinded him, so that he failed to see it in time. The pony was caught and mounted, and the new-fangled bull's-eye lantern was left on the ground.

Strange to relate, this lantern is prized to-day as a souvenir of bygone days. It was picked up next day by a young rancher, who at this writing lives near Kingston, Sierra County, New Mexico.

I finally reached the lead of the herd, and from that time till daylight it was one stampede after another. Daylight found young Glass and me alone with about half the herd of thirty-seven hundred head. We were jammed into the foot of a lane, down which the cattle had drifted during the last hour of darkness. This lane was built with five strands of new

barbed wire, and was cut off by a cross fence. Here the herd was jammed together so tightly that it was impossible to ride to the rear.

There we had to wait and pray that another stampede wouldn't start while we were hemmed in on three sides by a high wire fence. A stampede would, no doubt, have sent us to the happy hunting ground. It required two days' hard work to gather up steers lost during the night. They had become mixed up with range cattle. In that camp the price of bull's-eye lanterns took a tumble. It was almost impossible to give one away.

After the herd was strung out again on the trail I went on to Goliad to meet Charlie Word. Here he made up a crew of twelve riders, a cook and mess-wagon, with five ponies to the rider, and turned them over to me. With this crew I drifted northwesterly to the crooked-street, straggling town of San Antonio — now one of the leading cities of Texas. In San Antonio we had all of our ponies shod as we were going into a rocky country. Charlie Word had bought twenty-five hundred head of cattle from Joe Taylor, and it was our duty to gather them from this range.

We finally got the herd broke in, and started 'up the trail,' but not up the Chisholm Trail, which lay to the eastward about a hundred miles.

During that spring of 1880 the Chisholm Trail was impassable for large herds, as 'fool hoe-men' had squatted all over it, and were turning its hard packed surface into ribbons with ploughs. When about fifty miles west of Fort Worth, Charlie Word, who had come around by rail, drove out in a buggy to see how we were getting along, and to supply me with more expense money. At Doan's store, on Red River, we found Liash Stevens waiting for us. We swapped herds, as it had been decided to drive the herd I was with up into Wyoming.

I arrived at the LX ranch with thirty-seven hundred head of steers on the first day of July. Now part of my crew were paid off, and with the balance, six riders, I took the herd onto the South Staked Plains to fatten the steers.

One of the first things I did after riding into Tascosa was to step into Mr. Turner's restaurant to see his pretty daughter, Miss Victoria. I was not hungry, but to have the pleasure of this pretty miss waiting on me I was ordering all the good things in the restaurant. Just then a gang of cowboys came charging through the main street shooting off pistols.

As this was no uncommon thing for a live cow-town, I didn't even get up from the table. In a moment Sheriff Willingham came running into the café with a double-barrel shot-gun in his hand. He asked me to help him arrest some drunken cowboys who had just dismounted and gone into Jack Ryan's saloon, near by.

Just as we reached the Ryan saloon, these cowboys came out. One of them sprang onto his horse, when the sheriff told him to throw up his hands. Instead of throwing up his hands, he drew his pistol. Then Willingham planted a charge of buck shot in his heart, and he tumbled to the ground dead.

The dead cowboy was the one the sheriff was after, as he had seen him empty his pistol at a flock of ducks, which a lady was feeding out of her hand, as she sat in a doorway. In galloping down the street this cowboy remarked to his companions: 'Watch me kill some of those ducks.' He killed them all right, and the woman fainted. These nine cowboys had just arrived 'up the trail' with a herd of long-horn cattle, and were headed for the north. For fear they might make a raid on him in the night, which they threatened to do, the sheriff had me stay with him till morning.

Thus did Tascosa bury her first man with his boots on, which gave her the reputation of being a genuine cow-town.

Before the court-house and jail were finished Tascosa had a bad murder case to try. The District Judge and attorney came from Mobeta to try the case. Jack Ryan was foreman of the jury, and the upstairs part of his saloon was selected as the jury-room.

When the prisoner's case was finished, the jury were locked up over the saloon. About midnight Jack Ryan and some of the jurymen were holding out for murder in the first degree. About that time Frank James, Ryan's gambling partner, got a ladder and climbed up to the outside window of the jury-room. He then called for Ryan, and told him that there was a big poker game going on in the saloon, and that he needed three hundred dollars. Jack gave him the money from the bank-roll which he carried in his pocket, at the same time telling him to keep the game going until he could get down there and take a hand.

Now Ryan called the jurymen together and told them about the big poker game down in the saloon. He said it was necessary for him to be there and help Frank James out; hence he had come to the conclusion that the prisoner was innocent, and had no evil intentions of murdering his victim.

In a few moments Ryan had the few stubborn jurymen on his side and the prisoner was declared innocent. At least this is the story told to me by men who claimed to know the facts of the case. This added another laurel to Tascosa's brow as a wide-open cow-town.

CHAPTER VII

BILLY THE KID'S CAPTURE — I ESCAPE ASSASSINATION BY A SCRATCH

ABOUT the first of September my steer herd was turned loose on the winter range. Then we started out to brand calves. When the branding season was over, Moore sent me onto the South Plains in charge of a scouting crew.

A month later a runner hunted me up to deliver a letter from Moore. In this letter I was instructed to turn the outfit over to James McClaugherty, and to bring three of my picked fighting cowboys with me to the headquarters ranch. I selected James H. East, Lee Hall, and Cal Polk as the fighting men.

On arriving at the ranch Moore outfitted me for a trip to New Mexico after Billy the Kid and LX cattle which he and his gang had been stealing.

I finally started up the river with four large mules hitched to a heavy mess-wagon, with Francisco as driver and cook. My fighting crew consisted of five men: Big-Foot Wallace (Frank Clifford), Jim East, Cal Polk, Lon Chambers, and Lee Hall. In Tascosa we were joined by the Littlefield crew, in charge of Bob Roberson. He had a mess-wagon, a cook, and five riders.

We started out with only one horse apiece, with the exception of myself; I had two. As corn was scarce, it was thought best to buy more horses if we should need them.

On reaching San Lorenzo, New Mexico, I boarded a buckboard to Las Vegas, to buy a supply of corn, grub and ammunition, giving the outfit instructions to lie over in Anton Chico, on the Pecos River, until I got there.

I found Las Vegas to be a swift dance-hall town, and the first night of my arrival I went broke, playing monte — a Mexican game. I blew in all my expense money, about three hundred dollars, and about a hundred dollars which Bob Roberson had given me to buy ammunition and grub. A big-hearted merchant by the name of Houton gave me the goods I needed, he taking orders on the LX Company for pay.

On reaching Anton Chico with the wagon load of supplies, I learned that Billy the Kid and gang had slipped into town one night and stolen some fresh horses. They had come from the White Oaks country, to the southwestward. We finally pulled out for White Oaks, and the next morning early Pat Garrett, the sheriff of Lincoln County, New Mexico, rode into our camp. He said he was making up a crowd to go down the Pecos River in search of Billy the Kid and gang.

After consulting together, Bob Roberson and I decided to furnish Garrett part of our crew. Hence I turned over to him Lee Hall, Jim East, and Lon Chambers. Roberson loaned him Tom Emory and Louis Bozeman. Frank Stewart also joined Pat Garrett, he being his own boss and not subject to Roberson's orders. In Anton Chico, Pat Garrett picked up a few of his own men, his brother-in-law, Barney Mason, being one of them. They then started down the Pecos River.

In the Mexican village of Puerto de Luna, Garrett proved his bravery. A drunken Mexican enemy fired a shot at him from the open door of a saloon. Garrett remarked that he didn't want to kill the fellow, so he would just break his right arm. This he did with a well-aimed shot.

Roberson and I struck out for White Oaks in a raging snow-storm. When within a day's ride of White Oaks we came to the still smoking ruins of the Jim Greathouse road-ranch, a saloon and store. Here a posse from White Oaks, under the leadership of deputy-sheriff Jim Carlyle, had fought a battle,

a few days previous, with Billy the Kid and his gang. While the posse had the gang surrounded in the Greathouse ranch, Jim Carlyle went in to have a talk with the Kid. For an hour or more the gang held Carlyle a prisoner, waiting for darkness to come so they could make their escape. They made him drink with them at the bar every time they took a drink.

Finally Jim Carlyle jumped through a window to make his escape. As he sprang through the window the Kid shot him. He fell on the outside and began crawling away. Then the Kid killed him with another shot from his pistol. In the darkest part of the night the gang made a break for liberty, and escaped.

The next day the posse set fire to the ranch, as it had become a rendezvous for outlaws. In following the gang's trail through the snow they came to the Spence ranch, where the gang had eaten breakfast. Now the posse burnt up Mr. Spence's buildings for feeding them.

By tramping all that day and part of the night the Kid gang reached Anton Chico, where they stole horses and saddles while my outfit was there waiting for me to return from Las Vegas.

We arrived in the new mining camp of White Oaks in a severe snowstorm. For a week we camped out in the open with the snow nearly two feet deep, then we rented a building to live in. Two of the leading merchants, Mr. Whiteman and Mr. Sweet, gave us unlimited credit for grub and horse feed. We concluded to make this our headquarters until Pat Garrett and crowd were heard from. He had felt sure that he would find Billy the Kid and gang down on the Pecos River.

White Oaks was only a year old, but she contained over a thousand population, mostly venturesome men from all parts of the land, who flocked there after the first find of rich gold ore.

An outlaw by the name of Wilson had put White Oaks on the map by stumbling onto a rich gold lead. He was making his get-away from Texas law officers, and cut across the county of Lincoln, New Mexico. At White Oaks Spring his pony played out, and seeing smoke from a cabin three miles down the gulch he headed for it.

This cabin proved to be the home of two old California placer miners, Jack Winters and John Wilson. They were washing gold out of the bed of Baxter Gulch, and hauling water on burros from White Oaks Spring. The ground was rich in gold, and they generally took the gold dust to Lincoln, the county seat of Lincoln County, every Saturday, returning to Baxter Gulch on Mondays. These two old prospectors gave the outlaw Wilson permission to make himself at home in their cabin until his pony rested.

On the day after his arrival, after eating dinner, Wilson started out to walk to the top of Baxter Mountain, to view the surrounding country. He took a pick on his shoulder, telling the old prospectors that he might find a gold mine. When half-way up the high mountain, Wilson sat down on a boulder to rest. While resting he began to chip pieces off this quartz boulder. When ready to proceed on his journey, he picked up a large chip from this boulder, and seeing specks of yellow in it, he stuck it in his pocket.

It was almost dark when he got back to the cabin. Jack Winters was cooking flap-jacks for supper, on the sheet-iron stove. As a joke he asked Wilson if he had found a gold mine. He replied that he had found a rock with specks of yellow in it. He then handed Winters the chip from his pocket. One glance at the rock sent Winters up in the air with a yell. This brought John Wilson out of his slumber; then he, too, became excited.

It required a lot of persuasion to get Wilson to go back up

the mountain, and show them the boulder from which this chip was broken, his argument being that he was worn out from his long tramp, and that the boulder would be there in the morning.

Finally the three started up the mountain-side with lantern and location stakes, the flap-jacks being left on the stove to burn up. On reaching the boulder, other similar quartz boulders were found farther up the mountain: finally, by the light of the lantern, the quartz lead about three feet wide was discovered. In picking into it wires of free gold were discovered.

Now the two old prospectors wrote out location notices on the stakes brought along. Wilson was asked his full name, so that he could be put in as a third owner. But he told them to locate it for themselves, as he had no use for a gold mine. Therefore two full claims, each fifteen hundred feet in length and six hundred feet in width, were located, running north and south, they being named the North Homestake, and the South Homestake, Winters claiming the former and John Wilson the latter.

It was midnight when the three tired and hungry men returned to the cabin, and finished the flap-jack operation. In a few days outlaw Wilson mounted his rested pony, and headed northwestward for the adobe village of Albuquerque, on the Rio Grande River, a distance of about one hundred and forty miles. He was presented with an old pistol and nine silver dollars, all the cash in camp, when he started. Shortly after his departure officers from Texas arrived on Wilson's trail, but whether they ever overtook him is a question, as he had several days the start. Shortly before our arrival in White Oaks, Jack Winters and John Wilson had sold the North and South Homestake to a Saint Louis Company — receiving \$300,000 each for their rich claims. During one of his sober spells Jack Winters told me the story as outlined above.

At midnight our crowd ushered in the new year of 1881, in front of our picket shack. Each man emptied a Winchester rifle and a six-shooter in rapid succession. This was done to frighten the citizens of White Oaks, as we figured that they would think Billy the Kid had struck town. He had shot up the town a short time previous.

Our guess was correct, for it caused a regular stampede out of the saloons and billiard-hall. The town marshal, Pinto Tom, was playing billiards when the shooting began. He dropped his cue and broke for the back door, and took to the tall timber on the side of Carrizozo Mountain. It was noon next day when he returned. We had a man watching Pinto Tom to see what his actions would be.

Bob Roberson and I kept the neighbors around our shack supplied with fresh beef. A large steer would be dressed and hung up in a tree near by. The neighbors would help themselves to this beef, so that we had to butcher a fresh one quite often. One of these beef-eating neighbors, William C. McDonald, then a young surveyor, was the first governor of the State of New Mexico. He had become a wealthy cattle-man, and was opposed to people eating stolen beef, but I reminded him of the time when he seemed to relish it. He made a splendid governor, and when he died, and was buried in White Oaks, a short time ago, I lost one of my dearest friends.

Roberson and I didn't consider that we were stealing, as in Texas it was the custom to kill any one's animals for beef. Most of the fat steers butchered by our crowd belonged to Tom Catron, later United States Senator, and his nephew, Mr. Waltz. They owned a cattle ranch at Carrizozo Springs.

The first word we had of Billy the Kid was when three of our boys, Lee Hall, Lon Chambers, and Louis Bozeman arrived from Fort Sumner, with the news that Billy the Kid and gang had been captured, two of the gang being killed.

They explained the fight as follows:

On arriving in Fort Sumner, Garrett learned that the Kid and his gang had been there and had ridden east for Portales Lake. Hence the sheriff surmised that they would soon return. Therefore camp was pitched in an old vacated adobe house, fronting the Fort Sumner and Los Portales road. In front of this house there was an adobe fence, behind which one man was put on guard every night to give the alarm if men were seen coming toward Fort Sumner.

Several nights later, while Lon Chambers was on duty behind the adobe fence, a crowd of men was seen coming down the road. Chambers at once gave the alarm to Garrett and the boys who were playing poker. Then all lined themselves along the adobe fence.

When the man in the lead was opposite, Garrett stood up and called to him to throw up his hands. Instead he drew his pistol, and received two bullets through the body. These shots scattered the gang like a flock of quail. Many shots were fired at them as they took the back-track from whence they had come. The dead man proved to be Tom O'Phalliard. He breathed a few times after being carried into the house.

Then Garrett and the posse took up the trail in the deep snow. Twelve miles out they came to a dead horse which had been wounded in the stomach the night previous.

From now on two of the gang were mounted on one pony, which made their progress slow. Toward midnight that night a one-room rock house loomed up ahead, and the trail in the snow ended there, showing that the gang were inside the cabin.

Now the posse rode behind a high hill and built a fire. Just before daylight Pat Garrett and Lee Hall lay down along the west wall, near the corner, from whence the door could be covered with their rifles. Outside of this door stood four

shivering ponies, the ropes around their necks being on the inside.

At the first peep of day one man walked out of the cabin, and the sheriff commanded him to throw up his hands. He jumped back toward the door, and received two bullets through the body. Then with his hands up, he walked to Garrett and Hall saying, 'I wish, I wish!' and fell over dead. This man proved to be Charlie Bowdre.

Now the gang inside began pulling one of the ponies inside through the doorway. When halfway in Garrett sent a bullet through the pony's heart. This blocked up the entrance.

Billy the Kid already had his little race mare inside, and it was their intention to pull the rest of the ponies inside, and then make a dash out of the doorway for liberty.

Now the sheriff and the Kid opened up a conversation, passing jokes back and forth. There were no windows in the cabin, and the gang tried to pick portholes through the thick stone walls, with their guns and knives, but this proved a failure.

All that day the gang held out without food, water, or fire.

They finally decided to surrender. Billy the Kid was the last to come out with hands up. There were only four of them left: Billy Wilson, Tom Picket, Rudabaugh, and the Kid.

On arrival in Fort Sumner the sheriff sent part of our boys to White Oaks, while he took Jim East, Tom Emory, and Frank Stewart with him to the railroad, at Las Vegas. There they boarded a train for Santa Fé, where the prisoners were put in the penitentiary for safe-keeping. In Las Vegas a mob was formed to hang Billy the Kid, but they were stood off until the train could pull out.

After the return of Tom Emory and Jim East, Bob Roberson decided, as the Kid was behind prison walls, to return

home. I had concluded to stay until spring, and gather up any LX cattle that might be in the country.

As Jim East wished to return to Tascosa, and run for sheriff of Oldham County, Texas, I allowed him to go back with the Roberson crowd. I also let Lee Hall and Cal Polk go. As Tom Emory wished to stay with me, Roberson gave his consent.

I finally received several hundred dollars of expense money from Mr. Moore, with orders to stay in the country as long as I wished. We continued to feed our neighbors stolen beef — not exactly stolen, but butchered according to the Texas custom.

Well do I remember 'Shanghai' Pierce once riding into our camp, when one of his animals was being butchered; he said: 'Boys, the day is coming when every man will have to eat his own beef.' That day came before we old-time cowboys had time to realize it.

About the first of February I took Tom Emory with me and rode to Fort Stanton to examine the hides in Pat Coghlin's slaughter house there, he having the contract to furnish the soldiers with beef. Emory was mounted on his gray horse, while I rode one of the work mules, a dandy saddle animal.

We went first to the town of Lincoln and secured the services of Johnny Hurley — afterward killed by outlaws — as a witness in case we found any LX hides at Fort Stanton.

In searching the Coghlin slaughter house, in charge of 'Old Papen,' we found many LX hides — some freshly butchered. These were taken and stored.

Now I decided to see the 'King of Tularosa,' as Pat Coghlin was called, and warn him not to kill any more LX cattle. Arriving in Las Cruces I found Coghlin. He was a large, fine-looking old Irishman, with the 'ould sod' love for red 'licker.' On telling him of finding the LX hides in his

slaughter house, and of my plan to search his range for LX cattle on my return, he promised not to butcher any more, if I would wait until April the first before rounding up his cattle, as he didn't want them disturbed until the grass became green in the spring. I promised, not realizing he was playing a dirty trick on me.

One night was spent in Tularosa. The next morning I started for the Pat Coghlin cattle ranch on Three Rivers — now the property of former Secretary of the Interior A. B. Fall — a distance of twenty miles.

On the way there I met a lone horseman. He introduced himself to me as Johnny Reily. Thirty-five years later I was reading a magazine on the front porch of the De Vargas Hotel, in Santa Fé, when an old gentleman passed me on his way into the hotel. I looked up, and our eyes met. He said: 'Didn't I meet you in 1881 on the road between Tularosa and Three Rivers?' And Johnny Reily, the wealthy cattle man residing in the El Paso Club at Colorado Springs, Colorado, sat down beside me to 'hark back' to the bloody Lincoln County War, in which he took a prominent part.

He told of one incident to show the cheap regard for human life in that noted war. He said he and Jimmie Dolan owned a store near Fort Stanton, and had been at war with Billy the Kid and his crowd. One night the Kid and some of his warriors pitched camp in the hills near their store. Early the next morning the Kid sent one of his men to the store with a peace treaty to be signed by Reily and Dolan.

After the paper was signed, they all went across the road to a saloon to take a drink. A drummer from the East, who had just sold them a bill of goods, accompanied them to the saloon. While filling the glasses to take a drink the traveling man criticized Billy the Kid and his lawless bunch. Here Billy the Kid's man told him to keep quiet, as he was not in the civi-

lized East. He replied that as an American citizen he had a right to criticize lawlessness.

He hadn't more than finished the sentence when the Kid's man shot him dead. Reily said he and Dolan started to run to the door, but the fellow leveled his pistol at them saying: 'Finish your drink, boys, don't let a little thing like this excite you.' They finished the drink, and were glad to get back to the store alive.

At the Pat Coghlin ranch I put up for the night, and was royally treated by Mr. and Mrs. George Nesbeth, the couple who looked after the cooking and ranch work. A Mexican was in charge of the live stock. During the evening Mr. and Mrs. Nesbeth told me how they were present when Pat Coghlin made a deal with Billy the Kid to buy all the Panhandle, Texas, cattle that he could steal and deliver to him at Three Rivers.

The next morning when ready to start for White Oaks, by way of the wagon road, around the mountains, the Mexican foreman told me that I could save ten miles by taking a trail over the high mountain range. He agreed to send one of his Mexican cowboys to put me on the right trail.

Accepting his kind offer we started. When about five miles up the mountain-side a plain trail was struck, and the pilot returned toward home. About an hour later the trail made a bend to the left, and, to save time, I cut across to strike it farther up the mountain. This move, no doubt, saved my life, as assassins were 'laying' for me a short distance ahead on the trail.

Finally three shots were fired in quick succession, and my mule lunged forward, slipping on the ice-covered ground. She fell on her side throwing me over an eight-foot cliff. My pistol was hanging to the saddle horn, but I grabbed it and pulled it out of the scabbard as I went off the saddle. With

the pistol ready for action, I lay quiet for a few moments, thinking the would-be assassins might show up. I then crawled up the cliff just in time to see two men running over a ridge, a few hundred yards distant. They were afoot and in sight only a minute. No doubt they thought I was killed, and were running back to where their mounts had been left.

The mule was found a couple of hundred yards up the mountain with her front leg fast in the bridle-rein. The ground was covered with blood, which had flowed from the wound in her breast. On investigation I found that one bullet had ploughed a furrow through the hind tree of my saddle, and another went through a blanket tied behind the saddle. The mule was not badly wounded, hence I reached White Oaks at dark, after an absence of about two weeks.

Over thirty years later my cowboy friend, John P. Meadows, of Tularosa, New Mexico, told me the secret of this attempted assassination. He had learned the facts in the case from Mexicans living at Three Rivers. Pat Coghlin had paid them to kill me, to prevent prosecution for the LX hides found in his slaughter house.

For the next month we took life easy in the lively town of White Oaks and continued to eat fresh beef. The only brand we looked for, in selecting an animal for slaughter, was fat. The town supported a weekly newspaper, the 'Golden Era,' hence we kept posted on local affairs. One of the boys then on the 'Golden Era' force, Emerson Hough, afterward attained a world-wide reputation as a writer.

Soon after my return to camp 'Big-Foot Wallace' (Frank Clifford) and I rode out in the hills to get a steer for slaughter. We butchered one on the edge of town, and the cook, Francisco, hauled the meat to our quarters in the mess-wagon.

On entering our picket shack, one of the boys told Wallace

that the town schoolmaster, Sheldon, was hunting him with a gun, to settle a difficulty they had got into that morning.

'Big-Foot' had just sat down to eat his supper. Jumping up he remarked: 'Well, I will go and hunt him!' So saying he pulled his Colt's pistol out of the scabbard lying on the floor, and stuck it in his right boot. Then he started downtown. I tried to persuade him to wait until after supper, when I would go with him, but he was too angry to wait.

Soon we heard six shots fired in quick succession, and a moment later, two louder shots. Jumping on my pony bare-back I ran downtown. Finding 'Big-Foot' surrounded by a big crowd of men, I advised him to jump on behind me on the pony's back and return to camp, which he did.

He explained matters by saying that he met Sheldon and another man walking up the street toward him. On meeting, he asked Sheldon if he was hunting for him. Sheldon at once drew a pocket pistol and opened fire. 'Big-Foot' reached down to his boot-top to get his gun, but found that the leg of his pants had slipped down over the gun. By the time he got the pants leg up, and the pistol out, Sheldon had emptied his pistol and was running down the street. Just as he turned a corner 'Big-Foot' fired two shots at him, one of them knocking a button off his coat, and putting a hole in it. None of Sheldon's bullets had hit the target.

The next morning 'Big-Foot' received a summons from Justice of the Peace Frank Lea, to appear in his court at 10 A.M. on the charge of attempted murder. We all mounted and rode downtown. I employed lawyer John Y. Hewett — still a resident of White Oaks — to defend 'Big-Foot.' There were five of us in the crowd, and we wore our six-shooters and bowie-knives into the courtroom.

Pinto Tom, the town marshal, demanded that we take off

our firearms while court was in session. This request was refused; then he called on Judge Lea to make us put up the guns.

Now I called Pinto Tom to step outside with me, which he did. There I told him that he was committing suicide, as the boys were ready to fill him full of holes if he persisted any further. This settled the matter, and the case proceeded. 'Big-Foot' was cleared of the charge.

Sheldon was never arrested for his part in the shooting scrape — possibly because he did such poor shooting, which convinced Judge Lea that he was harmless.

I received a confidential letter from Mr. George Nesbeth, on the Pat Coghlin ranch, stating that Mr. Coghlin was not keeping the promise made to me, not to butcher any more LX cattle. The letter went on to state that he was trying to get them all butchered before the first of April.

Now I got busy and sent Emory and Chambers to Three Rivers with the mess-wagon, while 'Big-Foot' and I rode to Fort Stanton to search the Coghlin slaughter house. We found five freshly butchered LX hides. The ones previously butchered had evidently been hauled off and hidden.

From Fort Stanton we made a hard ride over the White Mountains for the Coghlin ranch, arriving there in the night. Mr. and Mrs. Nesbeth got up out of bed and cooked us a warm meal.

Early the next morning the rest of my outfit arrived; then we cut out five LX steers from Bill Gentry's herd. Gentry, the foreman, refused to give them up without orders from Pat Coghlin. But we told him that if he wanted war we were ready. He had seven Mexican cowboys with him.

Now we spent three days rounding up the Coghlin range, only finding three more LX steers. Then we returned to White Oaks, taking with us one of Coghlin's fattest steers, which

was butchered in White Oaks for the benefit of our meat-loving friends there.

We started toward home, rounding up cattle on small ranches through the Patos Mountains, then the Van Sickle range, now the large Block ranch, on the north side of Captian Mountains. On our way down the Pecos River we camped for dinner one day, on the west bank of the stream. The river was bank-full from melted snow at its head. We were sitting on the ground near the water's edge, with plates on our laps, eating dinner, when a man rode up on a black horse; he said, 'Boys, did you hear the news?'

When I replied 'No,' he continued:

'Billy the Kid has killed his two guards in Lincoln and escaped.'

At that moment Big-Foot Wallace gave a Comanche Indian yell, saying: 'Hurrah for Billy the Kid!' Then he dived headlong into the muddy water of the Pecos. He had on his boots, spurs, leather leggins, and six-shooter, with a belt of cartridges. When he came to the surface he yelled again: 'Hurrah for the Kid.' Then he swam ashore and wrung the water from his clothes.

This stranger didn't know the full particulars of the Kid's escape, but on our return to Roswell, two weeks later, we found out all about it.

We finally started up the river with our ten LX steers, having found two near the Chisum home ranch. Six miles above the abandoned post of Fort Sumner, at Sunnyside, I went ahead with the mess-wagon to buy horse-feed and grub.

On riding up to the platform, in front of the store, I dismounted, and, pulling my Winchester rifle out of the saddle scabbard, I walked into the open door. I had lost a screw out of the rifle, and wanted to buy another that would fit. As I entered the door several men went running out of the rear

entrance. There was no one left in the store but the proprietor, who seemed greatly excited. He said: 'Well, I'll be d——d! We thought you was Billy the Kid. You look just like him.' Then the store man went to the rear entrance and called out: 'Come back, boys, it's a false alarm.'

Others had previously told me that I looked like Billy the Kid. Now I felt convinced that it must be true. These men had heard of Billy the Kid's escape, after killing his two guards.

I then returned to Fort Sumner and lay over to attend a Mexican dance that night.

Mrs. Charlie Bowdre — whose husband was killed by Pat Garrett and Lee Hall — attended this dance. She was a good-looking young Mexican woman and I danced with her often. When the dance broke up before daylight, I accompanied Mrs. Bowdre to her two-room adobe house. I tried to persuade her to allow me to go inside and talk awhile. Then I bade her good-night. On meeting her the next fall she told me the reason for her not letting me enter the house. Billy the Kid was in hiding there at the time.

Now we struck out east for Portales Lake, on the west edge of the Staked Plains. We camped one night at Stinking Springs, and slept in the rock house where Billy the Kid and his gang held out without fire, food, or water. Lon Chambers and Tom Emory pointed out to 'Big-Foot' and me the spot where Charlie Bowdre fell, when hit by bullets from Garrett's and Hall's rifles. The stone walls inside showed the marks of where the gang tried to pick portholes.

Arriving at Los Portales Lake — near where the thriving county-seat town of Portales, New Mexico, is now located — we pitched camp at Billy the Kid's 'cave.' It was here at a large fresh-water spring — the lake being salty — that the Kid and gang made their headquarters while stealing LX

steers. This 'cave' was not a cave — just an overhanging rock cliff, with a stone corral around it, on three sides.

From now on our misery began, gathering Canadian River cattle which in past winters had strayed away, drifting south with the buffaloes. They had become as wild as deer. Being short of horses we had to press the four work mules into service, to stand night-watch over the cattle. Farther east there was a chain of fresh-water lakes, on the head draws of the Yellow-House Canyon, a tributary of the Brazos River, and around them we found many cattle.

After leaving these lakes we were two days and nights without water. The first habitation we struck, after leaving Fort Sumner, was Walter Dyer's log house on the head of Paladuro Canyon, a distance of about two hundred miles.

Now over that same stretch of country dwell thousands of prosperous 'fool hoe-men,' and their happy families.

We arrived at the LX ranch on the twenty-second day of June, with twenty-five hundred head of cattle, after an absence of seven months.

CHAPTER VIII

A THREE-THOUSAND-MILE HORSEBACK RIDE — A TRUE ACCOUNT OF BILLY THE KID'S ESCAPE AND DEATH

ON returning to the ranch I found that we had no boss, as Mr. Moore had quit to look after his own cattle. Mr. David T. Beals, who was at the ranch, complimented me on my seven months' work. He said, on the strength of my letters, they had sent John W. Poe to Lincoln County, New Mexico, to prosecute Pat Coghlin.

Mr. Beals presented me with a fine-blooded colt, which I afterward sold for two hundred dollars. He also promised me that when his company met to select a new manager for the LX ranch, he would present my name and recommend me for the position.

John Hollicott, a slow, easy-going Scotch cowboy, was selected as general manager of the ranch, to take Moore's place, a few months later. Mr. Beals told me that other members of his company objected to me, as being too wild and reckless for such a responsible position.

As the 'fool hoe-men' were settling the country around Mobeta, Mr. Beals began buying up all land on the LX range, which bordered on streams, or took in watering places, such as lakes and springs. But he was only allowed to purchase every two sections of land out of three. Every third section was State school land, which could only be taken up by actual settlers. The State lands and the Gunter and Munson sections were for sale, and these constituted his purchases.

In the early seventies the State of Texas had made a deal with Gunter and Munson, of Sherman, Texas, to survey most

of the Texas Panhandle, their pay being a deed to every third section (six hundred and forty acres) of land. There being about twenty-five counties in the Panhandle, you can imagine the number of sections these two Sherman lawyers owned after the survey was finished.

In the early eighties the State deeded three million acres of land, adjoining New Mexico, to the merchant J. V. Farwell, and his Chicago associates, as pay for the erection of a new capitol building in Austin. On this large tract of land the Capitol Syndicate established the XIT cattle ranch, which became one of the largest in the Panhandle. When the hoe-men began to flock into the Panhandle, and land could be sold for twenty dollars and more per acre, the Capitol Syndicate cut up their large holdings into small farms, cutting down the number of cattle accordingly.

I spent the balance of the summer in charge of a branding crew. During the middle part of October a letter was received from John W. Poe, for Lon Chambers and me to be in Lincoln, New Mexico, to appear as witnesses against Pat Coghlin, on the 7th of November. We had to hurry, as it meant a horse-back ride of about six hundred miles.

I was instructed by Mr. Erskine Clement, who was in charge of outside matters, to put in the coming winter scouting along the Texas Pacific railroad, at the foot of the South Staked Plains, in search of stray LX cattle.

After a hard ride across country, part of the time without water, we reached Lincoln in the night, as per Mr. Poe's instructions, so that Pat Coghlin wouldn't know we were to appear as witnesses against him. Mr. Poe had arranged for us to board with a Mr. Cline, twelve miles down the Hondo River, and keep in hiding until we were called as witnesses.

On arriving at the Cline ranch, about daylight, we received a hearty welcome from Mr. Cline and his Mexican family.

After being in hiding twelve days Mr. Poe rode down to tell us that Pat Coghlin had been granted a change of venue to Doña Ana County. He instructed me to be in La Mesilla, on the Rio Grande, the first Monday in April, 1882, to attend court. He told Lon Chambers that he could return home, as he would not be needed, which he did.

Now, mounted on 'Croppy' — a milk-white horse with both ears frozen off close to his head — with 'Buckshot' for a pack animal, I started for Roswell. On arriving I rode out a short distance to Sheriff Pat Garrett's ranch, but found out that Garrett had gone to Dallas. Old man Ash Upson, who was living with the sheriff and his Mexican family, informed me that he had just received a letter from Garrett, with instructions to meet him at Pecos Station, on the Texas Pacific Railroad, with the covered hack on a certain day.

Mr. Upson and I decided to make this nearly two-hundred-miles trip together. He drove ahead with his covered rig and I followed with my pack outfit. But we pitched camp together at night. In riding along one day I passed a covered hack by the side of the road and heard my name called. Then I rode over to the camp, a few rods distant, and found my friend, Clay Allison, the man-killer. He introduced me to his new wife, a young corn-fed Missouri girl. Of course I had to lie over for the noonday lunch, so as to sample this Missouri girl's cooking.

Allison was in search of a new location to settle down. He selected a ranch near Seven Rivers, and started a small cattle ranch. Several years later, while intoxicated, he fell off a wagon and broke his neck. Thus did the killer of eighteen men die with his boots on.

On Christmas Eve, Ash and I put up for the night at the Jones ranch on Seven Rivers. Mr. and Mrs. Jones were warm friends of Mr. Upson's — hence they invited us to lie over

Christmas and eat turkey dinner with them, which we did. We certainly enjoyed the turkey, sweet potatoes, pumpkin pie, and egg-nog.

On this trip Ash Upson told me the history of Billy the Kid — whom he had known from childhood.

His true name was Billy Bonney; he was born on the 23d of November, 1859, in New York City. After his father's death, his mother married a Mr. Antrim, who soon after moved to Santa Fé, New Mexico, where Ash Upson was in the newspaper business. In Santa Fé Mr. and Mrs. Antrim opened a restaurant, and had Mr. Upson as a boarder. The Kid was then only five years old. A few years later, Ash Upson and Mr. Antrim moved to Silver City.

Soon after Billy the Kid went on a trip to Fort Union, and killed his first man, a negro soldier. On the LX ranch, in the fall of '78, the Kid told me that his first killing was a negro soldier, in Fort Union.

On returning to Silver City he killed a blacksmith in a personal encounter. He skipped out for Old Mexico to avoid arrest. In the city of Chihuahua, Mexico, he killed and robbed a Mexican monte dealer. He then 'hit the high places' for Texas, finally arriving in Lincoln County, New Mexico, where he went to work for an Englishman by the name of Tunstall.

In the winter of 1877 a mob, headed by Morton, from the Rio Pecos, shot and killed Tunstall. Now Billy swore that he would kill every man who had a hand in the murder of his friend Tunstall. He made up a crowd of warriors consisting of Tom O'Phalliard, Henry Brown, Fred Wyatt, Sam Smith, Jim French, John Middleton, R. M. Bruer, J. G. Shurlock, Charlie Bowdre, Frank McNab, and a fellow named McClosky, and started out to kill the murderers of Tunstall. This was the starting of the bloody Lincoln County War. Before the war ended, Morton and his crowd were killed.

Sheriff Brady undertook the job of breaking up the Kid's gang, and was killed by Billy, who shot him from behind an adobe wall, as he rode down the main street of Lincoln. As the sheriff lay in the road badly wounded, Billy ran out from behind the adobe wall and shot him through the head.

Now the whole country became a battle-ground, many good citizens joining the Kid's gang.

During this war Billy and a dozen of his men took refuge in lawyer McSween's residence in Lincoln. In the night they were surrounded by thirty-five 'Seven River Warriors,' and two companies of United States soldiers, under command of Colonel Dudley, of the Ninth Cavalry. The McSween-residence was set afire. When the fire became too hot the Kid and his party dashed out of the kitchen door, shooting as they ran. Billy the Kid and Tom O'Phalliard were the only ones who escaped without a scratch. Lawyer McSween lay dead with nine bullets in his body. Ash Upson had previously moved from Silver City to Lincoln County, hence he knew all about this local war.

Ash and I arrived at Pecos Station at three o'clock on New Year's Eve. We had been traveling slowly, as Pat Garrett was not due to arrive at Pecos until after New Year's. There being no accommodations at Pecos Station Ash and I concluded to board the evening west-bound train for Toyah, twenty miles distant. Our horses were left in charge of a wolf-hunter. In Toyah we put up at the Alvarado Hotel, owned by a Mr. Newell.

After supper Ash took in the town, while I remained at the hotel to enjoy the company of Mr. Newell's daughter, Miss Beulah.

On New Year's morning a big shooting match for turkeys was to take place on the edge of the town. Miss Beulah expressed a wish that some one bring her a fat bird. Of course



BILLY THE KID

The Kid (from an old photograph); Lincoln Court-House, where he killed his two guards; Indian woman who fed him in hiding; house in which he was killed (the room marked with a cross).

Josco Texas

*Thursday Oct 24th
1887*

*Know all persons by these presents
that I do hereby Sell and deliver
to Henry F. Hoyt one Sorrel
Horse Branded BB on left hip
and other indistinct Branded on
Shoulders for the sum of Seventyfive
(\$ dollars. in hand received*

*Witness
Jas E. McMaslin
Geo J. Howard*

W H Boney

BILL OF SALE GIVEN BY BILLY THE KID TO DR. HENRY F. HOYT
TO ESTABLISH HIS OWNERSHIP OF A HORSE GIVEN TO HIM BY
THE KID

that meant me, so I promised that she should have a few turkeys. The Justice of the Peace, Mr. Miller, had sent to Dallas for the turkeys, which had cost him three dollars each.

When the shooting match started, a fat gobbler was put in an iron box, with only his head visible. The shooting was to be done with pistols, offhand, at a distance of thirty-five yards. Each shooter paid twenty-five cents a shot, with a free shot to follow if he killed the turkey. I paid my twenty-five cents and was put down as number eleven.

Ten men fired, but the gobbler was still alive. Now my Colt's forty-five pistol was raised and off went the bird's head. Then another was put into the iron box, and his head went off, or at least fell over on the box.

Here Judge Miller said he would have to bar me out from shooting any more. He explained that he had a large family to support, and that he ought, at least, to get his money back for his flock of turkeys.

With the two gobblers on my shoulder, I returned to the hotel and laid them at Miss Beulah's feet. Of course she thanked me.

From now on I was known as the 'turkey shooter.' Many times in riding along the railroad I was recognized by men on passing trains and hailed as the 'turkey shooter.' They knew my crop-eared horse.

That night we had a big turkey supper at the Alvarado Hotel, and a dance afterward. There were only two young ladies at the dance -- Miss Beulah and a Miss Lee. The rest were married ladies.

During the whole night shots could be heard downtown, fired by hilarious cowboys and railroaders. Much of this shooting was over the heads of frightened Chinamen, there being about a dozen in town. They left for El Paso on the

first train, and it was said that Pig-tails steered clear of Toyah ever afterward.

From Toyah I drifted east along the Texas Pacific Railway onto the southern edge of the Staked Plains, leaving the railroad at Sand Hill Station and circling around to the north-eastward, to buffalo-hunters' camps. It had been reported that as buffaloes were getting scarce, stray cattle were being killed for their hides. But I satisfied myself that these reports were false.

I finally landed in Colorado City, at the head of the Colorado River, flat broke. Walking into the largest store in town, I introduced myself to the proprietor, Mr. Peter Snyder, for whom the now prosperous town of Snyder, Texas, was named. I asked for a loan of fifty dollars until money from the LX ranch could reach me. Without any 'hums or haws' he pulled out the amount and handed it to me. This shows the broad-gauge spirit of these old-time Westerners. When my two-hundred-dollar post-office money-order, from Erskine Clement, arrived, I repaid Mr. Snyder.

Now my face was turned westward for a five-hundred-mile ride to La Mesilla, New Mexico, to attend court. In Big Springs I lay two days with a burning fever. Realizing the importance of my presence in court, I got up out of a sick-bed and continued my journey.

After dark, just as a cold norther and sleet storm had sprung up, I rode up to a section house, and called, 'Hello!' A man came out to the gate, and I told him that I was sick, and wanted to stay there for the night. He kindly told me to go into the house, that he would put up my horses and feed them.

On entering the door the blazing fire in the fireplace put new life into me. The lady sitting by the fire looked up, then gave a scream, which brought her husband on the run. She

told him that I had smallpox. Looking at my face he discovered that it was really covered with fresh smallpox sores. Smallpox was raging in Colorado City, but I never dreamt that I had contracted the dreaded disease.

Now the section man told me that I would have to leave, although he hated to drive me out in the cold storm, then raging.

My journey was continued, but on riding about five miles I could stand it no longer. The ponies were tied to a telegraph pole and I lay down with my saddle for a pillow. At daylight my journey was continued to the next section house, they being ten miles apart, along the railroad.

Before riding up to the section house my face was tied up with silk handkerchiefs, so that the sores couldn't be seen. The section crew had just gone to work, and the man cook gave me a warm meal, which was carried upstairs to be eaten alone, for fear the cook would discover the sores on my face, and run me away. No doubt the cook thought I was an outlaw, trying to keep my face hidden from view. I continued the trick of keeping my face tied up at every section house stopped at *en route*. Hard rides were made to reach a doctor in Toyah.

On reaching that town I rode up to Dr. Roberson's office and entered. The doctor pronounced it a case of smallpox, but said the danger had passed, as my pulse was only slightly above normal. He gave me some salve to dry up the sores on my face and shoulders, the only places on my body where they had broken out. He also assured me that no one could contract the disease from me, as the fever had gone down.

With my face covered with handkerchiefs, I rode up to the Alvarado Hotel, and was greeted by Miss Beulah, who was out on the front porch. She wanted to know what was the

matter with my face. I told her that my mouth was covered with fever blisters.

I hired a boy to care for my horses, and then went to bed. Miss Beulah brought my meals, but I put off eating them until after she left, so that she could not see the sores. The doctor had told me that I would be taken to the pest-house, where there were already several patients, if it was discovered that I had smallpox.

A few days in bed at the Alvarado Hotel and my journey to El Paso was continued, after bidding Miss Beulah a last farewell. I have never seen this pretty little tender-hearted girl since, although I have heard of her many times. She is now the wife of a well-to-do Texas cattle man. I still keep and cherish the leather pocketbook she presented to me on New Year's Day, 1882. Her name and address are written on the inside.

A ride of one hundred miles brought me to the Rio Grande River. That night I camped with a Mexican and his family, *en route* to El Paso from Laredo. Before retiring I moved my ponies to fresh grass, a few hundred yards from camp, Buckshot being staked out, and Croppy hobbled.

Early next morning I discovered both of my horses gone. I tracked them to the river. On the opposite shore, in Old Mexico, I found moccasin tracks in the sand where the thieves had dismounted to get a drink of water from the river.

Now I returned to camp and hired the Mexican's only saddle pony, his covered wagon being hauled by a yoke of oxen. I agreed to give him ten dollars a day for the use of the pony. The tracks of my two ponies were followed west to a range of mountains about thirty-five miles distant. In places I had to ride slowly in order to see the tracks.

It was nearly sundown when I came in sight of a spring, near which were my ponies. Buckshot was staked out to grass

and Croppy hobbled, just as I had left them the night before. For a while I hid behind a hill, thinking the thieves would soon show themselves. Finally a shot was heard to the westward, about half a mile distant. I concluded the thieves had gone into the rough mountains to kill game for their supper. I took a drink from the cool spring and headed east, mounted on Croppy. It seemed plain to me that two prowling Indians, or Mexicans, afoot, had discovered my ponies and ridden them into Mexico.

It was daylight when I arrived in camp. After breakfast I gave the Mexican ten dollars for the use of his pony, then struck out up the Rio Grande River to El Paso.

Detective George Harold, whom I met in El Paso, is, no doubt, the slayer of the notorious Sam Bass, although a Mr. Ware got the credit for it. Ware has the reputation of killing this outlaw, as he was the leader of the posse who rounded up the gang in Round Rock, Texas. In this battle Sam Bass and his chum, Barnes, were killed. Dad Jackson and Underwood escaped. On the officers' side Grimes was killed and Morris wounded.

Sam Bass was the hero of more young Texas cowboys than any other 'bad' man, and the song about him was the most popular. It started out thus:

'Sam Bass was born in Indiana,
It was called his native home.
And at the age of seventeen,
Young Sam began to roam.
He first went out to Texas,
A cowboy for to be;
And a kinder hearted fellow
You'd scarcely ever see.'

This song seemed to have a quieting effect on a herd of long-horns during thunder-storms. Possibly the sweet, musical tune had something to do with it.

On the first Monday in April I appeared in Judge Bristol's court in La Mesilla, three miles from Las Cruces. John W. Poe and Pat Garrett were there, and so were Mr. and Mrs. George Nesbeth.

Pat Coghlin had employed Colonel Ryerson and Thornton to defend him in the court. Mr. Poe had secured Attorney A. J. Fountain to assist Prosecuting Attorney Newcomb. Several years later A. J. Fountain was murdered at the White Sands, between Tularosa and Las Cruces.

When the Pat Coghlin case came up for trial, that foxy gentleman pleaded guilty to butchering stolen cattle, after being warned by me not to. The Judge fined him two hundred and fifty dollars, along with the costs of the court. Thus did he dodge the penitentiary gates. Mr. Poe brought a ten-thousand-dollar damage suit against him. I have never learned how that damage case terminated.

Now I was free to ride back to the LX ranch in the Panhandle of Texas, a distance of about eight hundred miles. In bidding Mr. and Mrs. George Nesbeth good-bye they told me that they were afraid to travel over the White Sands road, for fear that Pat Coghlin would have them waylaid and murdered for appearing against him as witnesses. Hence they intended to stay in Las Cruces a month or two, and slip away when Coghlin got over his angry spell. They had taken up a homestead above Tularosa, near Blazier's sawmill, on Tularosa River, and intended to make their home there the rest of their lives.

At the point of the White Sands they were murdered. In a later chapter I will give the facts of this murder, and the trial of the two Mexicans, who confessed to committing the crime for one thousand dollars.

While in Las Cruces I contracted a severe case of heart trouble over a pretty little wealthy Mexican girl by the name

of Magdalena Ochoa. Therefore I concluded to start a small cattle ranch in this, Doña Ana County, so as to be near the little miss.

Cowboy Charlie Wall told me of a place that would suit me for a ranch, this being Dog Canyon, the rendezvous of that murdering old renegade Indian Chief, Victoria. As Charlie Wall had to return to Fort Stanton, he agreed to go with me to Dog Canyon, to examine the water supply.

We started early one morning from the Montezuma Hotel. I threw a farewell kiss at Miss Magdalena, who sat in a window full of pretty flowers and roses, opposite the hotel. As I rode away, mounted on Croppy, she threw a kiss back at me which raised the temperature of my heart.

A telegram had been received in Las Cruces that morning, stating that old Victoria and his band of warriors had crossed the Rio Grande River at Colorow — above Las Cruces — during the night, and killed three white men. They were headed toward Dog Canyon, but this news didn't prevent Wall and me from making the trip. We decided, though, not to camp overnight at Dog Canyon.

After passing through San Augustine Pass, twenty-five miles out of Las Cruces, we left the wagon road and turned to the right, cutting across the desert for Dog Canyon, at the foot of the Sacramento Mountains. On the second day out of Las Cruces we ate dinner in Dog Canyon. It was a lovely spot, though the stream of sparkling water flowing out of the mountains through the canyon was small. I couldn't fully make up my mind to enter a Government homestead at this rendezvous of old Victoria.

After making a hurried examination of the land and water up next to the steep mountains, we rode north to La Luz, a Mexican village, where we put up for the night.

From La Luz Charlie Wall and I rode north to Tularosa,

then turned east, up Tularosa Creek. After crossing over the line of Doña Ana County into Lincoln County, we came to an alfalfa field to our left, where Charlie Wall had the year previous fought a battle with a crowd of Tularosa Mexicans who objected to his using water to irrigate this alfalfa field. When the smoke of battle cleared away four Mexicans lay dead upon the ground, and young Wall had two bullet holes in his body.

To prevent being mobbed by the angry Tularosa Mexicans, Wall and his companions made a run for Lincoln, to surrender to Sheriff Pat Garrett. The sheriff allowed them to wear their pistols and to sleep in the jail.

After continuing our journey up the river, young Wall, who was a modest, truthful fellow, gave me the full account of Billy the Kid's escape, the year before.

Charlie Wall, not being seriously wounded, did his loafing in the upstairs room of the Lincoln Court-House, where Billy was being guarded. In La Mesilla the Kid had been convicted for the murder of Sheriff Brady, and Judge Bristol had sentenced him to be hanged in Lincoln, on May 13, 1881.

On the morning of April 28th, while young Wall was present in the room, Pat Garrett, who was preparing to leave for White Oaks to have a scaffold made, remarked to the Kid's two guards: 'Watch him carefully, boys, for he has only a few days to live, and might make a break.'

Bob Ollinger, who had fought against Billy the Kid in the Lincoln County War, stepped to a closet, against the wall, and got his double-barrel shotgun. Looking over toward the Kid, sitting on a stool, shackled and handcuffed, Ollinger said: 'There are nine buckshot in each barrel and I reckon the man who gets them will feel it. You needn't worry, Pat, we will catch him like a goat.'

With one of his good-natured smiles the Kid remarked, 'You might be the one to get them yourself.'

Now Ollinger put the gun back in the closet and locked the door, putting the key in his pocket.

About five o'clock that evening Bob Ollinger took Charlie Wall and the other four armed prisoners across the wide street to the hotel for supper, leaving J. W. Bell alone to guard the Kid.

While eating supper, Wall says they heard a shot fired in the court-house. They all ran out on the sidewalk. Ollinger ran toward the court-house. In the middle of the street he met the frightened jailor, who said: 'Bell has killed the Kid.'

Ollinger quit running and walked to the court-house. He had to go around to a side stairs, as there was no upstairs entrance from the front. When passing underneath an upstairs window, which was open, the Kid called out: 'Hello, Bob!' Ollinger looked up and saw the Kid, and the shotgun pointed toward him. Then he said, loud enough to be heard by Wall and the other prisoners across the street, 'Yes, he has killed me, too!'

These words were hardly out of the guard's mouth when a charge of buckshot went through his heart.

A moment later Billy the Kid hobbled out on the small front porch. Around his waist were two belts of cartridges and two pistols. In his hands was the shotgun. This he had secured by kicking open the door to the gun-closet. The Kid took aim at the dead body of Ollinger and fired. He then broke the gun in two and threw the pieces at the corpse.

By this time the sidewalk on the opposite side of the street was lined with people who had run out of their houses, on hearing the shots. Billy the Kid called to a Mexican, whom he knew, telling him to throw up a file. This was done, and the shackle chain was filed apart in the center, leaving a shackle and piece of chain on each leg.

Now the Kid told the Mexican to put a saddle and bridle

on the deputy county clerk's black pony — which had formerly been owned by the Kid — and bring him out on the street. This order was carried out.

The Kid now, after dancing a jig on the front porch, went to the side stairs, thence to the street, where the Mexican was holding the black pony. In trying to mount him, encumbered with the heavy load of guns and ammunition, the pony got loose and ran back to the stable in the court-house yard.

While waiting for the Mexican to bring the pony back, the Kid stood in the street. He would have been an easy target had it not been that most of the men watching him were sympathizers. Wall says he could have killed him, but he wanted to see him escape.

When the pony was brought back, the Kid gave the Mexican his rifle to hold, while he mounted.

Now the Kid galloped west, waving his hat and shouting: 'Three cheers for Billy the Kid.'

When the excitement was over, Charlie Wall says he helped the crowd care for the bodies of the two guards. Bell was found at the foot of the stairs with a bullet in his dead body.

The Kid told friends the secret of his escape. He said Bell was sitting in a chair reading. The Kid slipped his left hand out of the handcuffs and made a spring for the guard, striking him on the head with the iron cuff. Instead of pulling his pistol, which was buckled around his waist, Bell threw both hands up to protect his head from another blow.

Now the Kid grabbed the pistol from the holster. Then Bell ran toward the head of the stairs, and as he went to go down, the Kid fired. The body went tumbling down the stairs, falling onto the jailor, who was sitting at the foot of the stairs. This stampeded the jailor, who ran out on the street where he met Ollinger, telling him that Bell had killed the Kid.

After his escape Billy the Kid told his friends that he had starved himself, so that the handcuff could be slipped over his left hand. The guards supposed he had lost his appetite over the worry of his approaching doom. He said while in bed he used to slip the handcuff off to make sure it could be done easily.

In killing Bob Ollinger the Kid only gave him a dose of his own kind of medicine. While the Lincoln County War was raging, an acquaintance, who was in sympathy with Billy the Kid's crowd, stepped up to shake hands with Ollinger, who grabbed the extended right hand with his left. Then with his right hand he drew his pistol and shot the fellow to death.

On arriving in Fort Stanton, Charlie Wall and I separated. I continued on to Lincoln, where I lay over a few days. Pat Garrett and Mr. Poe had already arrived in Lincoln from Las Cruces.

The next day after my arrival the sheriff held an auction to sell Billy the Kid's saddle and pistol. The deputy county clerk and I were the only bidders for the Colt's forty-one caliber, double-action pistol, which the Kid held in his hand at the time of his death. My last bid was \$13, what I thought it was actually worth. The deputy clerk bid \$13.50 and got it. I heard that he afterward sold it for \$250 on the strength of its past history.

While lying over in Lincoln I learned the true account of Billy the Kid's death from the three men who had a hand in the affair. These men were Pat Garrett, John W. Poe, and Kip McKinnie. Many stories have been circulated about the underhanded manner in which Garrett murdered the Kid. Therefore I will here give the true account of it.

About July 1, 1881 Pat Garrett received a letter from a Mr. Brazil stating that the Kid had been seen lately around Fort

Sumner. The sheriff answered the letter telling Mr. Brazil to meet him at the mouth of the Tayban Arroyo, on the Pecos River, after dark on July 13th.

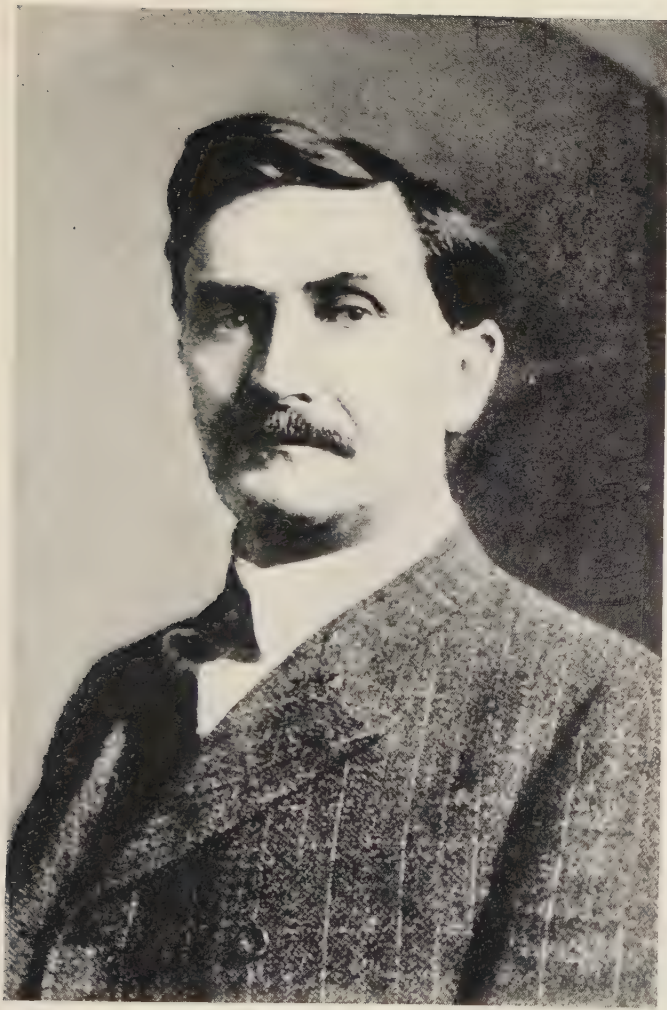
Now Garrett took his two deputies, John Poe and Kip McKinnie, and started, horseback, for the meeting place. These three officers watched and waited during the whole night of July 13th, but Brazil failed to show up. On the morning of the 14th they rode up the Pecos River. When opposite Fort Sumner the sheriff sent Poe into that abandoned fort, where lived many Mexican families, to see if anything could be learned about the Kid. Then Garrett and McKinnie rode six miles up the river to Sunnyside, to keep in hiding until the arrival of Poe.

About night John Poe reached Sunnyside and reported to Garrett that he couldn't find out a thing of importance about the Kid. Then the sheriff said they would ride into Fort Sumner, after dark, and see Pete Maxwell, a wealthy sheep man, and the son of the famous Land Grant Maxwell. The Kid was in love with Pete Maxwell's sister, hence Garrett thought that Pete might have seen him hanging around their home.

It was dark when the three officers started on their six-mile journey. Arriving in Fort Sumner their horses were tied in an old orchard. Then they walked into Pete Maxwell's large, grassy yard. The residence was a long adobe building fronting south, with a covered porch the full length of the adobe house. Garrett knew the room in which Pete generally slept. The door of this room was open. The sheriff told his two deputies to lie down in the grass, while he went in to talk with Pete.

The sheriff lay over on Mr. Maxwell's bed and began questioning him about the Kid. No one besides Garrett was to know what Pete told him.

In the rear of the Maxwell dwelling lived an old Mexican



PAT GARRETT
Slayer of Billy the Kid

servant, who was a warm friend to the Kid. Previous to the arrival of the sheriff and his deputies, Billy the Kid had entered this old servant's adobe cabin. The old man had gone to bed. Billy lit the lamp; then he pulled off his boots and coat and began reading the newspapers, which had been brought there for his special benefit.

After glancing over the papers the Kid told the old man to get up and cook him some supper, as he was very hungry, having just walked in from the sheep camp. The old servant told him that he didn't have any meat in the house. Then the Kid replied: 'I'll go and see Pete and get some.' Now he picked up a butcher knife from the table and started, barefooted and bareheaded. As he walked along the porch to Pete's room, Kip McKinnie saw him coming, but supposed he was one of the servants.

When nearly opposite Pete's room, Kip raised up and his spur rattled, which attracted the Kid's attention. Pulling his pistol he asked in Spanish: 'Quien es? Quien es?' (Who's there? Who's there?) Not getting an answer he backed into Pete's room and asked: 'Pete, who's out there?'

Maxwell didn't reply. Now the Kid saw strange movements in the bed and asked: 'Who in the h—l is in here?'

With the pistol raised in his right hand and the butcher knife in his left, he began backing across the room. Pete whispered in the sheriff's ear: 'That's him, Pat.'

By this time the Kid had backed to the dim moonlight coming through the south window, which shone directly on him, making him an easy target for the sheriff. Bang! went Garrett's Colt's pistol, and down went a once mother's darling, shot through the heart.

After the first shot, the sheriff cocked the pistol and it went off accidentally, putting a hole in the ceiling.

The next day Billy Bonney, alias 'Billy the Kid,' was buried

by the side of his chum, Tom O'Phalliard, in the old military cemetery.

A few months later Pat Garrett had the body dug up to see if the Kid's trigger finger had been cut off, but it had not. A man in the East was showing the first finger of a man, preserved in alcohol. He claimed it was Billy the Kid's trigger finger. The newspapers had sensational accounts of it.

Years later when the United States Government employed Will Griffin to remove all dead bodies of soldiers in the Fort Sumner Graveyard, to the National Cemetery in Santa Fé, the graves of Billy the Kid and Tom O'Phalliard were the only ones left.

Mr. Griffin, who is still a resident of Santa Fé, says at the time he moved the soldiers' bodies there was a board slab marking the Kid's grave. Now that old cemetery is an alfalfa field, and those two outlaw graves may have become obliterated.

Before leaving Lincoln, I bade Pat Garrett and John W. Poe good-bye, and never met them again for many years.

On my way home I stopped a few days to visit friends in White Oaks. I finally arrived at the LX ranch in the Texas Panhandle, after an absence of eight months, and after having ridden horseback about three thousand miles.

CHAPTER IX

I BECAME A MERCHANT IN CALDWELL, KANSAS — HOW OKLAHOMA WAS OPENED TO SETTLEMENT

SHORTLY after my return from New Mexico, Mr. Hollicot put me in charge of eight hundred fat steers to be driven slowly to Caldwell, Kansas, on the southern boundary of that State. My outfit consisted of a cook and five riders, with six horses for each cowboy.

The fourth day of July we were on the North Staked Plains, and lay over to celebrate the glorious Fourth by resting. During the forenoon I killed my last buffalo. A small herd passed our camp and I roped a fat heifer calf, with the intention of taking it to Caldwell with us, but Lon Chambers and some of the boys begged that she be butchered for supper. Their wish was complied with, and we enjoyed buffalo calf-meat for several days.

The next morning while hunting lost horses I rode by a bleached buffalo carcass. On one horn initials had been cut. Through curiosity I dismounted to make an examination. Imagine my surprise on finding my own initials, C. A. S., and the year 1877 cut into the horn.

Now the killing of this buffalo bull came back to my memory. In the early winter of 1877 I was caught on these plains in a severe blizzard and snowstorm. Seeing a lone buffalo bull ahead of me, I made a dash for him, planting a bullet under his hump before he had time to escape. My pony being hungry and tired, I pulled the bridle off to let him graze, tying the end of the rope to the bull's hind leg.

Now to shield myself from the cold north wind I lay down

on the south side of the dead animal, with my head near his horns. While waiting for the pony to fill up, I cut my initials and the year on one horn. In order to get these horns to camp I had to drag the head at the end of a rope, as they couldn't be separated from the skull. Now, after the passing of forty-six years, this pair of buffalo horns are hanging on the wall of my bedroom to remind me of the days when millions of buffaloes roamed over the Staked Plains.

The bleached carcasses of these woolly beasts became a God-send to the wise 'hoe-men' who later settled on these plains. Buffalo bones almost became legal tender, after railroads were built. A wagon load of bones would purchase a good supply of food and clothing.

These new settlers who got the first grab at the pile of bones on the head of Tule Canyon, where General McKinzie, in 1874, killed the thousands of Comanche ponies, had a snap.

I once found a pile of human bones on the north Staked Plains. They were in a round pile, and bleached white. Many buffalo carcasses were near by. Whoever piled up these bones into a round mound must have known the gentleman who once carried them around with him. On top of the pile was the bleached shoulder blade of a buffalo, on which was carved:

'Here lies the bones of poor Kid Cones,
Whose greatest sin was the love of gin.'

We arrived in Caldwell, the 'Queen City of the border,' about the first of September. Soon after our arrival our herd of steers were turned loose on the new steer ranch on Turkey Creek, in the Indian Territory, which the LX Company had lately established.

Now with my outfit I attended the cattle round-ups in the western part of the Indian Territory, gathering lost LX steers. It was the last part of November when our work was finished.

Then we went to Caldwell, where Mr. David T. Beals was awaiting my return. He had purchased a farm on the Indian Territory line, two miles southeast of Caldwell, on which to winter the LX cow-ponies. I was given charge of this farm, and the more than one hundred head of cow-ponies.

Now I bought some town lots and contracted for the building of a new frame residence. Then I boarded a train for southern Texas to get Mother. I went by way of Saint Louis to visit my sister, Mrs. George W. Wines, and her family. While in that city I dropped into the Planter's Hotel to note the changes since I was bell-boy in that swell hostelry.

The red-headed bell-boy, Jimmy Byron, with whom I had the fight which caused me to throw up the job as 'bell-hop,' was now owner of the news-stand. We buried the hatchet of past hatred and shook hands. The former steward was now the proprietor, and 'Old Mike' was still the watchman. The chief clerk, Cunningham, who had slapped me for fighting while on duty, was still holding down his job, but I didn't shake hands with him.

My railroad journey was continued to the city of Galveston, in order to visit my Uncle Nick White and his family. Then a Morgan steamship was boarded for what was left of Indianola, since the great storm of 1875 had washed it away.

My boyhood playmates, Johnny and Jimmie Williams, were in Indianola with their sail-boat, and they took me to Matagorda.

In Matagorda I lay over a few days visiting my hundreds of friends. Then Jim Keller loaned me a horse and saddle and I rode to Mother on Cash's Creek.

Now I hired Fred Cornelius to take Mother and me over to the Sunset railroad, fifty miles north. Mother and I arrived in Caldwell, Kansas, a few days before Christmas. Furniture was bought and a 'Home, sweet home' established in my new

house. I took charge of the horse ranch, southeast of town, and put in a pleasant winter.

About the first of March I received a letter from Mr. Beals, in Boston, Massachusetts, ordering me to take my crew of cowboys and cow-ponies back to the LX ranch in the Texas Panhandle. That night after receiving the orders, I attended church with Miss May Beals, a niece of David T. Beals. When church was over she introduced me to her pretty little fifteen-year-old, black-eyed chum, Mamie Lloyd.

Now I was a sure-enough locoed cowboy — up to my ears in love.

Six days later, in the Phillips Hotel, in Wellington, the county seat of Sumner County, Kansas, I was married to Mamie Lloyd — the only daughter of H. Clay Lloyd, of Shelbyville, Illinois. In nailing this pretty little miss to the matrimonial cross I 'shore' won a prize. But the poor girl lived only six years after our marriage, dying in my arms in Denver, Colorado. She left a five-year-old daughter, Viola, nearly to cry her eyes out over the loss of a fond mother.

Three days after marrying, I started for the Panhandle of Texas in charge of twenty-five cowboys, one hundred cow-ponies and six mess-wagons. A journey of eighteen days brought us to the LX ranch. After a few days' rest Mr. Hollicot sent me in charge of a crew to attend round-ups on Red River and Peas River, in the southeastern part of the Panhandle. We arrived at the LX ranch on July 1st with about three thousand head of cattle, which had strayed off during the winter. I started back to Caldwell with eight hundred fat steers, arriving there about September 1st.

Mr. Beals ordered me to take my outfit back to the Panhandle at once and get another herd of fat steers. This I started to do, but after Mr. Beals had taken the train for the East, I suddenly changed my mind. I then turned the outfit



MAMIE AND VIOLA, 1889

over to one of my cowboys, Charlie Sprague, who started for the Panhandle after the other herd. Then I swore off being a cowboy. I hated to quit the LX outfit, as Mr. David T. Beals was the best man I had ever worked for. He was an honest, broad-gauge cattle man.

Many years afterward I visited him in Kansas City, not knowing that he was almost at the point of death. On arrival in Kansas City, I dropped into the Union National Bank, of which Mr. Beals was president. The cashier, Mr. Neal, informed me that Mr. Beals was very sick, but would, no doubt, like to see me.

Arriving at the residence, 25 Independence Avenue, which, along with the grounds, covered half a city block, I rang the doorbell. The young lady servant informed me that the doctor had given orders that no one be allowed to see Mr. Beals. Writing a note to the sick man on a card, I departed. Before reaching the street, Mrs. Beals called me back. She said Mr. Beals would never forgive me if I left without seeing him.

When I reached the sick chamber Mr. Beals sat up, propped against pillows, and gave me a hearty welcome. He said my presence made him feel better. We 'harked back' to the good old cattle days until the five o'clock dinner was ready, then, strange to relate, the old gentleman accompanied me down to the dining-room and ate a hearty meal — the first for a long time.

Their son was David T. Beals, Jr. — almost grown to manhood. As a baby he had cost his father five thousand dollars in hard cash.

When about six weeks old he was kidnaped. Mr. Beals put advertisements in the city papers offering a reward of five thousand dollars for the return of the baby, and no questions would be asked. That money would be in the house ready to be handed over when the baby was returned. Two days

later, after dark, a rap brought the cook to the kitchen door. There stood a man and woman, who told the cook to tell Mr. Beals to come and get this baby boy. Putting the infant in its mother's arms, Mr. Beals got the bag of money and gave it to the kidnapers, who departed.

After the death of Mr. Beals, young David T. Beals stepped into his father's shoes, and is now a successful banker, with a happy family of his own.

I rented a store room on Main Street and opened a tobacco and cigar store, with confectioneries as a side issue. I scraped together a few hundred dollars, in order to get started. After that the sailing was easy, as my credit was unlimited. Finally I rented an adjoining store room, and cut an archway between the two. In this I opened up an ice-cream and oyster parlor. Soon I had five clerks and attendants in my employ.

About this time there was great excitement over the opening of Oklahoma to settlement. Soldiers were kept on the border of the Indian Territory to keep the 'Oklahoma boomers' out of the 'promised land.' Still the 'boomers' would slip by the soldiers in the night. Many were arrested and jailed in Wichita.

While the soldiers were napping several hundred 'boomers' stole a march on them in the night. The next day the 'Oklahoma War Chief,' with Samuel Crocker as editor-in-chief, was issued in its new home, a frame shack hauled over the line from Kansas. This, the first newspaper ever published in Oklahoma, was issued several miles south of the line, on Chikaskia Creek, southeast of Hunnewell, Kansas.

Of course the United States soldiers, stationed at Caldwell, finally woke up and captured the 'Oklahoma War Chief' and its editor, burning the shack, and marching the big and little 'boomers' back over the line into Kansas.

Owing to the fact that their bitter enemies, the United

States soldiers and the Indian Territory cattle men, made Caldwell their headquarters, the 'boomers' left, and established headquarters in Arkansas City, Kansas, thirty-five miles east. This didn't suit the citizens and business men of Caldwell, so one night we held a mass meeting to remedy the matter. It was Saturday night. A collection of six hundred dollars in cash was taken up and a Mr. Miller and I were appointed a committee to visit Arkansas City, on the quiet, and induce the 'boomers' to reestablish headquarters in Caldwell.

Bright and early Sunday morning Mr. Miller and I started east in a buggy, drawn by a spirited pair of sorrels. We arrived in the 'boomers' camp, in the outskirts of Arkansas City, in time to eat dinner with Captain Bill Couch, his secretary, John A. Blackburn, and Samuel Crocker, who had brought the 'Oklahoma War Chief' back to life.

Mr. Miller and I explained our business, and showed the six hundred dollars collected the night before. And we promised that more money would be produced to feed the little hungry 'boomers' when needed.

There were many poverty-stricken 'boomers' with large families, who needed free grub and clothing. After dinner Captain Couch called the people together, and in a speech, told them of our mission. A vote was taken, and carried, to reestablish headquarters in Caldwell.

Mr. Miller and I paid over the six hundred dollars, and returned home. Early the next morning the road along the Kansas border was lined with the six hundred big and little 'boomers,' some afoot and others in vehicles. Arkansas City was angry when she awoke to the fact that Caldwell had stolen a march on her while she slept.

Soon after this I became the 'Oklahoma Border' Cigar King. One hundred thousand cigars were ordered from an

Eastern factory, put up in my own special brand, called 'The Oklahoma Boomer.' They sold like hot cakes.

In order to catch the cowboy trade, coming to town from the Indian Territory, I had a large oil painting locked with iron chains to the overhead framework of the iron bridge across Bluff Creek. The painting showed a mounted cowboy with a long-horn steer at the end of his rope. Over this was my 'Oklahoma Boomer' cigar advertisement. Cowboys leaving town were in the habit of shooting this nice oil painting full of holes. The last time I saw it, about twenty years later, it was riddled with bullet holes.

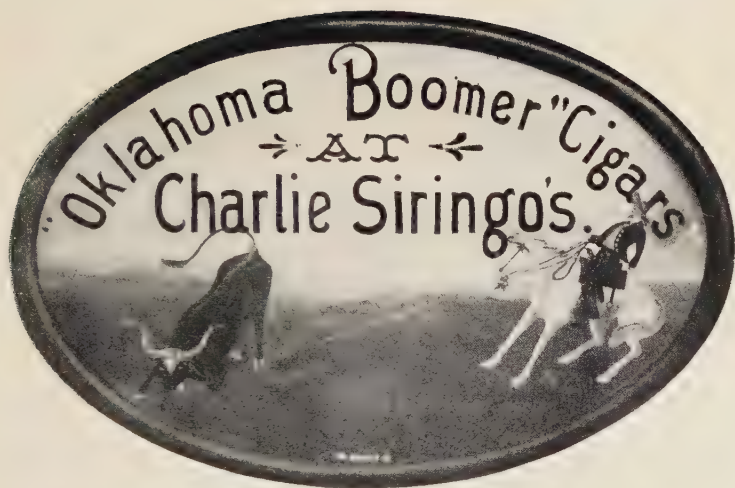
On the first day of May, 1885, Caldwell put on her Sunday clothes and held a grand cowboy tournament at the fair grounds. Cowboys and cattle men from all over the Indian Territory were there to witness the sport.

One of the games was catching small rings with a long pole, while the pony was running his best, the prize being a fine ladies' gold ring. I had promised my sixteen-year-old wife that she should wear the ring, and the promise was fulfilled, as I won against the dozens of competitors.

In the steer-roping match I won a fine silver cup, hog-tying the steer in forty-four seconds. The first time I threw him, he jumped to his feet after I had dismounted. Then, springing back into the saddle, I had to throw him again. Even with all this lost time the silver cup was awarded to me, and it is kept as a relic of bygone days. My mount was a 'cracker-jack,' a black pony borrowed from Cattle King John Blair.

While running my store I wore high-heel cowboy boots and red silk sash around my waist. Finally my silk sash disappeared, and another couldn't be purchased in this northern country. There was nothing to do but wear suspenders to keep my pants up, and this almost broke my heart.

Several months later 'Shanghai' Pierce stopped off in



CHARLIE SIRINGO'S STORE AND ICE-CREAM AND OYSTER
PARLOR IN CALDWELL

Above: The Sign that Hung over the Bridge across Bluff Creek

Caldwell and took dinner with us. While at the dinner table Mr. Pierce expressed surprise at my wearing suspenders instead of a silk sash. Here Mamie, my girl wife, confessed that she had burnt my silk sash, so that I would have to wear suspenders. Of course I forgave her before she died.

The 'Oklahoma boomers' increased in numbers, and kept the soldiers busy running them out of the milk and honey land. Finally Congress passed a bill opening Oklahoma to settlement.

In the spring of 1889, when the grand rush was made for free homes in Oklahoma, it became the greatest human stampede ever pulled off. The rush was made from all sides, but the greatest crowd was on the Kansas border, where a large force of United States soldiers held the crowds back until the word was given to 'go.'

Two years and a half as a successful business man swelled my head, so that I thought I was a natural born financier. Caldwell became too small for a man of my caliber. Therefore, the store and other interests were sold, and in the early spring of 1886, I moved to the city of Chicago, a place more fitting for the expansion of my financial abilities.

A few months in that great city convinced me that the proper place for me to shine was in the saddle!

CHAPTER X

WHERE THE COWBOY CAME FROM

FOLLOWING the Civil War the market for Texas longhorn cattle was north of 36, but it was south of 36 that the bad-man cowboys of the early West held sway.

The four years of rebellion between the North and South had left the ranges filled with unbranded cattle, called 'mavericks,' in honor of Mr. Maverick, of San Antonio, who, before the war, kept a bunch of cattle which had no brands or ear-marks on them. He considered it cruel to cut the ears or use the iron on any of his critters. Whenever a neighboring ranchman found an unbranded animal over a year old on his range, he considered it as one of Mr. Maverick's critters which had strayed from home. Not so after the four years of war, when people were too busy fighting 'Yankees' to bother with cattle which had no market value. When the battle-scarred Confederates came limping home from the war, they found the prairies of Texas overrun with Mr. Maverick's unbranded cattle. They at once got the young boys together and formed branding crews, to brand and earmark these thousands upon thousands of mavericks one to four years old.

While these branding crews were in the field in the late sixties and early seventies, the first crop of dare-devil cowboys sprang into existence. It seems the use of the word 'cowboy' started during the first couple of years of the Civil War, when an attempt was made by boys, not old enough to enlist in the army, to hold their cattle on the home range and keep the calves branded. When boys of sixteen and eighteen were sent to the front to fight the hated 'Yankees,' all interest in

the cattle ceased, as they had no value, and the smaller boys would rather play mumblepeg or shoot at marks with a powder-and-ball Colt's or Remington pistol than bother with cattle. In fact, their young minds were on gunpowder and the shooting of human beings.

In order to illustrate the environment of these young cowboys throughout the State of Texas from whence sprang the first cowboys, I will devote this chapter to my own young life and thoughts.

While I may have smelled more gunpowder than some of the other boys who didn't enlist in the Confederate army, they all had more or less experience in the use of firearms. When the Civil War started in 1861, I was only six years old and had never smelled gunpowder, nor had I ever given the matter of shooting down human beings a thought. It was forcibly impressed on my young mind one sunny day in June, 1861.

With my widowed mother and older sister, I was living on the Peninsula of Matagorda, a strip of grassy land a mile or two wide and seventy-five miles long, bordered by the Gulf of Mexico on the south and the Bay of Matagorda on the north.

My mother had about a hundred head of cattle with the brand 'C S' on the left hip, and an underbit cut out of each ear. They ranged miles up and down the Peninsula. The only benefit we derived from them was beef to eat and milk to drink. We generally milked about a dozen head during the summer season, to get a few quarts of milk. My job was lassoing the calf and holding it away from the cow until my mother finished the milking act. Some of the cows with the largest calves gave only a few spoonfuls of the white fluid. Riding the calves taught me to be an expert rider at a very tender age. The time came when I was able to stand up on a gentle horse and make him gallop, without falling off. Then I was a happy boy.

On the sunny morning above mentioned, I went out on the Gulf beach to gather an armful of driftwood for my mother. She needed it to keep the water boiling in the big black kettle in the yard, as it was wash-day. While gathering the wood I saw a rabbit run under a log. I began digging away the sand with my bare hands to reach the bunny. When I had dug a hole large enough to admit the upper part of my body, I fell asleep with my bare legs sticking out in the hot sun. I had on only a white canvas shirt which reached to my knees.

While asleep I dreamed that I died and went to heaven. It was a beautiful place. God was sitting on a throne on top of a round hill covered with green grass. He pointed out a pile of fence rails at the foot of the hill and told me to carry them all up to his throne. I had made several trips with one heavy rail on my shoulder. Then I heard an unearthly noise which chilled my blood. I thought it came from the devil, who was supposed to have his home over the hill from heaven. Then I woke up and found I had been dreaming, but I couldn't open my eyes, as they were full of sand.

The loud noise continued and was drawing nearer and nearer. I backed out of the hole and scraped some of the sand from my eyes. What I saw marching toward me was a large crowd of men. One was beating on something that looked like a barrel, while others were blowing into shiny-looking horns. Most of them carried rifles equipped with bayonets. The men had come within a couple of hundred yards of me, but the distance between us soon widened when I stampeded for home, a distance of a quarter of a mile. Checkers could have been played on my shirt-tail, it stuck out so straight behind. This was my first peep behind the curtains of what was to be a bloody war.

Early next morning I ventured out to the range of sand-hills standing a few hundred yards back of the water's edge,

to see what had become of the strange men. They were camped at the foot of the sand-hills, half a mile east. Keeping the sand-hills between me and them, I worked my way toward the camp. Seeing that the seventy-five or a hundred men were eating breakfast, and being hungry myself, I walked up to one of the camp-fires. The captain motioned for me to come over to him. He asked if I was the boy who had made such a record run the day before. I was then invited to share Captain Pierson's good meal. It was different from the plain food that I had been brought up on. Captain Pierson explained to me that he was training his company for the war. I asked to join them, but he said I was too young.

After breakfast a lot of empty barrels were shoved out into the Gulf. They floated around in the still water between the beach and the first sand-bar, which prevented the breakers coming ashore. The breakers were small, as there was no wind blowing.

Before placing his men in line, facing the water, to shoot at the barrels, the Captain gave me an umbrella handle with a snap on it, to be used as an imaginary rifle. Whenever the Captain shouted, 'Ready! Take aim! Fire!' my umbrella stick did everything but shoot. This shooting continued until the floating barrels were almost riddled with bullets. For the next few weeks I smelled much gunpowder. I virtually lived in Captain Pierson's camp, taking very few meals at home. I felt lonesome when this company of soldiers marched away to join the army of about three thousand men at the mouth of Caney Creek, where the Peninsula joins the mainland, a distance of forty miles from my home.

At Deckrow's Point, the extreme western end of the Peninsula, where it butts up against Salury Pass, a few thousand Federal soldiers had a permanent camp. Only once during the war did a pitched battle take place between the opposing

armies. The Federals marched up to the mouth of the Caney and engaged the Confederates in battle. The fight raged for a couple of days. The Federal warships in the Gulf and the Confederate gunboats in the shallow bay took part in the fierce battle. We could hear the roar of the cannon in the 'Dutch Settlement' where I lived.

On the way to the Confederate camp, the few thousand Federal soldiers camped one night near my home. After they had pitched camp, four soldiers, who were returning from a scouting trip on ahead, rode up to our yard fence and called to me to bring them some water to drink. I ran into the house and got the bucket and a gourd dipper, then went to the well and filled the bucket with fresh water. The long-handled dipper was filled many times and handed to the soldiers through cracks in the fence. When all had satisfied their thirst, I climbed up on the fence. One of the soldiers asked me which were the best-looking men, the 'Yankees' or the 'Rebels.'

I had already learned that 'truth is mighty and will prevail.' Therefore I replied that the 'Yankees' were the best-looking. This brought a laugh from the soldiers, and I was told to come to camp and get some good things to eat. The 'Yankees' were the best-looking, for they were well-fed, clean-shaven, and wore clean blue uniforms with bright brass buttons. The Confederates whom I had seen were shabbily dressed, unshaven, and poorly fed.

I went to the main camp and was loaded down with hard-tack biscuit, 'good' coffee, and loaf sugar, the first I had ever seen. We used corn and sweet potato 'coffee' and brown sugar. Early next morning I went to the camp and watched how the horses were fed from piles of oats on the ground. There was enough grain left on the prairie after camp was broken to have fed double the number of horses in this cav-

alry band. I had to make several trips to the vacated campground to get all the food given to me by kind-hearted soldiers. From that time on I felt kindly toward the 'Yankees.' Previously I had wanted to hurry and grow up so as to kill a few of them. They had been pictured to me as brutes who burnt out the eyes of prisoners with hot irons.

After the big battle, these 'Yankee' soldier boys came marching home, a dirty and worn-out bunch of men. They had found more than their match in the Confederate camp. I sat on the fence and watched them pass our house. Part of the time I was singing the popular neighborhood song:

'Jeff Davis is our President,
While Lincoln is a fool;
Jeff Davis rides a big gray horse,
And Lincoln rides a mule.'

From then on, only skirmishes took place between scouting parties from each camp. In one of these fights at the 'Dutch Settlement,' the Confederates had to quit their mounts and hide in the tall rushes on the Bay shore. Some were in water up to their necks. A cold sleet storm was raging, and many froze to death in the night. During this skirmish I looked into the muzzles of many loaded pistols, pointed in the direction of my head.

Mr. John Williams had just landed in a bayou with his small sloop. He had taken a load of Confederates to an island in the Bay, there to hide. As soon as the sloop landed, a band of 'bluecoats' came charging toward us on their swift horses. Mr. Williams stood his ground, facing the oncoming band with drawn pistols. His son Billy got behind him for protection, while I got behind a post which stood in line with Mr. Williams, and was peeping around the post which was not large enough to hide my body. The commanding officer of the Federals was in the lead. His horse was checked within a

few feet of Mr. Williams, and several pistols were leveled at his breast. The officer accused him of taking 'Rebels' out to the island. He didn't deny it, but merely said: 'There is the boat; search it. You won't find any one aboard.' The officer replied: 'You ought to be killed.' Mr. Williams bared his breast and said: 'Shoot, if you are the cowards I think you are.' With a smile the good-looking officer said: 'If we ever catch you this far from home again, we will kill you.' They then rode away. Mr. Williams then lowered the sails on the boat and started for home, a distance of half a mile, Billy and I with him.

In addition to the skirmishes between scouting cavalrymen, battles were fought between the Federal warships in the Gulf and the Confederate gunboats in the Bay. Several times the fighting was over the 'Dutch Settlement.' Many of the cannon balls and bombshells fell short and dropped on the prairie, where they would plough up deep trenches. One powerful 'Yankee' shell split the ground open near Mr. Williams, his son Billy, and me. We were returning from the Gulf beach with a load of driftwood. Mr. Williams was driving the yoke of oxen. He and the oxen were almost buried with sand. Billy and I received our share, but were not knocked down as Mr. Williams was.

That night the red-hot shells passing over our heads made a beautiful sight. They looked like balls of fire. The lights on the warships and on the gunboats could be seen, and these were the targets shot at until late in the night. The first dead soldier I saw frightened me, but soon I became hardened to the sight of dead men, as it was a common occurrence for dead soldiers to be washed up on the Gulf beach.

After the close of the war, in 1866, I was compelled to eat powder smoke for a few seconds to keep from choking. John Williams had brought home a bombshell about a foot and a

half long, which he had picked up on the prairie. It had evidently been fired by a 'Yankee' warship, at long range, and dropped before reaching the target, a 'Rebel' gunboat in the Bay, which last was too shallow for warships to enter. This shell was made of cast iron and had a lead screw in the large end. Taking out this lead screw, Mr. Williams poured out a few quarts of black powder. He thought there was no more of it, but in truth the lower half was full of powder and hidden from view by the partition. He, his wife, and eleven children had just eaten supper and were sitting out on the front porch of the large frame residence. The sun had set, but it was not yet dark. Mr. Williams concluded he would treat the children to a free show of fireworks. A bit of powder was sticking to the inside of the bombshell, and it was thought this would make a flash of light in the approaching darkness.

A hole was dug in the front yard and the small end of the shell placed in it. Mr. Williams then ordered his oldest son, Jimmie, to bring him a coal of fire in the tongs, but Jimmie refused. Then Billy brought a live coal.

I was present and concluded to find a safe place to see the fireworks. Going through the picket fence in the front yard, I got down on my knees and peeped between the wooden pickets, several feet from the shell. Mr. Williams reached over and dropped the coal of fire into the small opening, through which he had poured the powder.

My eyes were on the coal of fire. I would be willing to take an oath that the explosion occurred before it reached the opening in the bombshell. The chances are that a spark had dropped down into the hole, ahead of the coal. The noise was deafening, and the earth trembled. I was frightened out of a year's growth. When the dense cloud of powder smoke, some of which I breathed into my open mouth, had cleared away, the whole sky above was a beautiful reddish purple — the

prettiest sight I had ever seen. A piece of shell had cut one of the gate pickets in two, only a few inches above my head.

Mr. Williams lived two days in great agony. A chunk of the shell had struck him on the side of the head, tearing off one of his ears. Another piece had cut off half of one foot, and a third tore off the calf of one leg. Many pieces of the iron shell had gone through the house, breaking dishes on the table and in the cupboard. One piece was found sticking in a vacant house nearly a mile away. A large dog named Bulger had one front leg torn off. Minnie Williams was standing near by with one arm around the dog's neck, when the shell burst into fragments. After this, the many cannon balls and bombshells scattered over the prairie were safe from molestation, as no one cared to 'monkey' with them.

Mr. John Williams was missed by the people in the 'Dutch Settlement,' as he was a kind father to all. He was as brave as a lion. One act of his during the war required genuine bravery. One dark night he slipped over the lines into the 'Yankee' camp at Deckrow's Point and stole a band of horses. These he drove to his home and secreted in a marshy field on the Bay shore. There they were kept for two weeks, then driven to the 'Rebel' camp at the mouth of the Caney and turned over to the officers. On his way home, mounted on old Kate, a gentle mule, he was captured by soldiers from a man-of-war in the Gulf. They took him aboard the ship and were going to hang him for stealing the horses. Scouting parties had tracked the horses. When the commanding officer of the ship found that he had a wife and eleven children to support, he offered to liberate him if he would promise not to favor the 'Rebels' in the future. He refused to make such a promise. Then a rope was placed around his neck and thrown over a yardarm of the ship. He was given a last chance to make the promise, but still he refused. The commanding officer, he said afterward,

told him that he was the bravest man he had ever met, and for that reason he would allow him to return home and look after his large brood of youngsters.

One of the horses Mr. Williams stole from the 'Yankees' caused me to get an awful whipping from my mother. During the time that these horses were kept in hiding on the Bay shore, the Williams boys and I used to slip down to the field and each catch a mount. They were all beauties, and the first shod horses any of us had ever seen. We would ride them bareback, with a hitch on their noses. One day we rode out of the field and took a long ride. In going through the field fence, we took down all but the top bar at the opening in the road. On the way back we ran a race. My pretty bay ran away with me. When he came to the opening in the fence I stooped over to duck under the top bar. He stopped suddenly, and I sailed forward, striking the bar with my seven-year-old head. I was carried home unconscious and put to bed. When I came to my senses next day, my mother said she was going to whip me when I got well; but it was a week before she could carry out her threat, as I was flat on my back that long. Do you wonder that those pretty 'Yankee' horses are still impressed on my memory after the lapse of over sixty years?

While on the subject of gunpowder, I will explain the result of the first shot fired out of a gun by me. It 'brought home the bacon,' to use an old saying.

Just after peace was declared between the North and South, an old muzzle-loading musket was found in an abandoned 'Rebel' camp on the Gulf beach. Here were also bushels of Confederate paper money, many twenty-dollar and fifty-dollar bills among them, which had been thrown away as worthless. I carried an armful home, thinking I was rich. One day the musket was loaded with small nails and some scraps of lead. I shouldered the gun and marched to the Gulf beach

to kill game. Seeing a curlew at the water's edge, I slipped up within about a hundred feet of this bird with a long bill. The musket was too heavy to hold at arm's length, so the muzzle was placed on a log and aim taken while lying on my stomach. Not being satisfied with the uncomfortable position in which I was lying, my eyes were taken off the sights while a change was being made. My finger accidentally pressed the trigger, and, bang! went the gun, knocking me over and scaring me out of a month's growth. When I found that the shot had killed the curlew, I was a surprised and happy barefoot boy. When the bird was stewed with vegetables, it made fine eating.

I now considered myself a mighty hunter. None of the thousands of shots fired since that first one has given me the same satisfaction, although many of them have 'brought home the bacon' in larger amounts.

When the war first started, the thousands of longhorn cattle on the Peninsula had been driven to the mainland and turned loose, to prevent the 'Yankees' at Deckrow's Point from having free beef to eat. In the spring of 1866 all the young men and the boys old enough went to the mainland on Bay Prairie, to gather the cattle turned loose four years before. They had, of course, become mixed with the hordes of other cattle and were as wild as deer. Their increase had become mavericks without brands or earmarks. During the summer and fall about a thousand head were returned to the Peninsula. Among them were sixty head belonging to my mother. These were later sold for a dollar a head, considered the market price at that time.

In the spring of 1867, as I have already related, Mr. Henry Faldien hired me at a wage of ten dollars a month, with a gift of suitable clothes, including sombrero, spurs, and star-top, high-heeled boots, to be one of his crew of cowboys, to brand

only three- and four-year-old mavericks, on the mainland around Lake Austin. I was already a fair rider and roper, so I made a full hand in helping to round up and brand these wild cattle. The only things I lacked to make me happy were a pistol and a bowie-knife to swing around my waist. The dozen or more cowboys had pistols, and some of them had bowie-knives as well.

But the time came when I had both pistol and bowie-knife. It was not until 1875, on my first start up the great Chisholm cattle trail to Kansas, that my Colt's powder-and-ball pistol was discarded, and one of the first Colt's 45 caliber cartridge pistols on the market was purchased. On my other three trips up the Chisholm Trail, I had a saddle rifle in addition to pistol and bowie-knife. This meant the top notch of happiness to a young cowboy.

In 1867, all along the hundreds of miles of coast country, west to the Rio Grande and north to the Indian frontier, beyond which there were very few cattle, hundreds of crews were put into the field branding mavericks. There were other outfits in the field branding calves, but the greatest rush was made to brand all the mavericks possible, while they lasted.

By the time the large mavericks were branded, the driving of steers six to twenty years old up the Chisholm Trail to Kansas became the order of the day. The herds contained from a thousand to four thousand head. From a dozen to twenty-five cowboys, with a cook to drive the mess wagon, were required with each herd; the time on the trail being from three to four months, beginning with the middle of March or the first of April.

In the spring of 1869 the driving of steers and stock cattle started, continuing up to 1884, by which time close to ten million head had been driven over this Chisholm Trail, which from Austin, Texas, on the Colorado River, all the way through

the Indian Territory, was beaten into a solid roadway several hundred yards wide.

The great numbers of stock cattle and Spanish brood mares driven up the Chisholm Trail were for the stocking of new ranges in the States and Territories to the north and north-west.

Now, dear reader, you have a bird's-eye view of the material from which the first cowboys sprang, also of their environments. The only wonder is that more of them didn't turn out to be 'bad' men, when you consider the shooting scrapes that were forced on these boys by the robber gamblers and saloon men in the tough cow-towns of Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Dakota, and Montana. Be it said to the credit of these unsophisticated trail cowboys that they sometimes 'brought home the bacon' by killing their opponents. Still, many of them 'bit the dust' and died with their boots on, to be buried in unhonored graves, far from loved ones in Texas.

While the majority of these trail cowboys were Texans, many had been brought up in other Southern States, and a few in the Northern States. On the new cattle ranges of the Northwest, the majority of the cowboys were of Northern origin. The trail boys who never went back to their old homes in Texas to live — the writer being one of them — taught this second crop of cowboys how to shoot and to throw a lasso.

In late years a third crop of cowboys has sprung up to be trained for the Wild West shows and the moving-picture studios.

There is very little need nowadays for the working cowboy, as the Western cattle ranges are mostly fenced and the cattle so tame that one has to shoo them out of the way to prevent being stepped on.

In closing this chapter, I will state that my boyhood chum, Billy Williams, with whom I have corresponded for more than

half a century, drove long-horns up the Chisholm Trail, and was one among the thousands of trail boys who didn't turn out 'bad.' He still lives in southern Texas with the girl he married in 1876. I was only one among the many young men in that neighborhood who considered Martha the prettiest Miss in seven States. Billy stole a march on me while I was herding fat steers on the grassy plains of central Kansas, dreaming of the early day when my heart would be laid at the feet of Miss Martha Franz, to be accepted or kicked into the discard.

Should any romantic boys who hanker to be 'bad' cowboys read these pages, I would advise them to forget it. Death by violence is nearly always the reward dealt out by some unseen power. If you cannot get the idea of being a 'bad' cowboy out of your system, go to Hollywood, California, and join Bill Hart in the movies. This will give you the exciting kick, without the danger of having your eye shot out by the other fellow.

CHAPTER XI

JOHN WESLEY HARDEN, CHIEF OF THE BAD-MAN COWBOYS — BUFFALO BILL'S SISTER TELLS THE STORY OF WILD BILL HICKOK

IN Fannin County, Texas, on the 26th day of May, in the year 1853, there was born to Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Harden a baby boy. The proud father was a Methodist preacher and circuit rider. This dark-eyed boy was christened John Wesley Harden. When he grew up he was sent to an academy with an older brother, Joe, in the town of Sumter, Trinity County, where the family had established a home.

John Wesley Harden was too young to go to war; therefore he grew up as other boys in that country, learning to ride and to shoot, in anticipation of the near future, when he would be old enough to enter the Confederate army. When the war ended, young Wesley became a cowboy, branding mavericks as I did.

In the year 1868, three years after peace was declared between the North and South, Wesley killed his first man, 'Maze,' a big 'free nigger' who was trying to club him to death. This happened at a time when Texas was overrun with former slaves who tried to lord it over the whites, because they were backed up by unscrupulous 'carpet-baggers' who ruled the new courts of justice, established after peace was declared. Not caring to trust his life in the hands of a negro-ruled court, young Harden became an outlaw and visited among his many relatives in different parts of the State. The 'Yankee' State police kept on Wesley's trail until they found him in Navarro County. He got a tip that two white officers and a negro were coming to his place of hiding to arrest him. He waylaid them

in a deep arroyo, burying their bodies in the sand. That was before he was sixteen years old.

In 1869 Wesley killed his fifth man, a white officer, and in the fall of that year he shot and killed Jim Bradley, a white man, in a gambling dispute. These two killings took place in Hill County. By this time man-killing had become a fixed habit with the young cowboy.

'Wess,' as he was called by his companions, started the new year of 1870 by killing a circus man in Horn Hill, near Brenham, on the Brazos River. They had quarreled over a trivial matter, and the circus man threatened to smash the boy's face. Had he known with whom he was 'monkeying,' he would have kept quiet. In making his getaway from Horn Hill, Wess stopped in a small town, Kosse, and met a girl whom he liked. He called on her one night, and while they were talking a man stepped into the room and demanded a hundred dollars from the boy. The girl said this man was her sweetheart. He fell with a bullet between his eyes. In haste Wess rode to Brenham and remained in hiding at his Uncle Bob Harden's home. Here he led a reckless life, gambling and horse-racing. Finally he received a letter from his brother Joe, who was going to school in Round Rock, begging him to come there and finish his education. He went, and put in one day at school, then rode to Mount Calm to visit his father, who had moved there, and was studying law. From Mount Calm Wess set out for Shreveport, Louisiana, to visit relatives there. On the way he stopped in Longview and was arrested for killing a Mr. Hoffman in Waco. This was a case of mistaken identity, but the boy couldn't make the officers believe it.

After spending a time in the jail, the captain of the State police started for Waco, a distance of two hundred and twenty-five miles, with the prisoner. He was accompanied by a deputy, Jim Smalley, who was a half-breed negro. Wess was

tied hard and fast to the bare back of a pony, which was led by Jim Smalley. After crossing the Trinity River one evening, camp was pitched near a farmhouse. Wess was untied from the pony's back and Smalley was left to guard him, while Captain Stokes went to the farmhouse to purchase grain and food.

Under his left arm young Harden had a powder-and-ball pistol, in what afterwards became famous as the 'Wess Harden shoulder scabbard.' The writer still has one of those shoulder scabbards, to be worn under the clothing, out of sight, which he has had for over forty years. At that time very few knew of these shoulder scabbards, therefore Wess had not been searched above the waist for firearms. When Captain Stokes returned to the camp, he found his deputy cold in death and the prisoner gone on the dead officer's mount.

From here Wess went back to Mount Calm and remained in hiding in and around his father's home. The killing of Smalley had taken place in the month of January, 1871. A short time later Wess started for Old Mexico by way of Belton and San Antonio. After riding out of Belton he was arrested by State police. That night three of the officers were detailed to guard him, their names being Davis, Jones, and Smith. They had a supply of whiskey and drank freely before going to bed. Smith was detailed to remain awake and guard the prisoner. When he began snoring with his head resting on his knee, Wess crawled over to the two sleeping deputies and secured a shot-gun and a pistol. The contents of one barrel of the shot-gun went into Smith's head and the other into Jones's body. The contents of two chambers of the pistol were turned loose at Davis. He fell over dead. This added three more notches to the handle of John Wesley Harden's gun, to be bragged about in the years to come.

Wess then selected the best horse in camp and returned to

Mount Calm to tell his father of his new trouble. In order to get Wess started for Mexico again, his father rode with him as far as Belton, where they separated, the boy riding alone to Austin, the State Capital, thence to Gonzales, where lived his first cousins, Joe, Gip, and Manning Clements. The Clements boys persuaded Wess to give up the trip to Old Mexico and go with them up the Chisholm Trail to Kansas, with a herd of steers. The early spring of 1871 was spent in gathering trail steers for Jake Johnson and Columbus Carroll. One night Wess went to a Mexican monte game, where he got into a fight and wounded two Mexicans with bullets from his pistol — one in the arm and the other in the breast.

In March young Harden and his cousin, Jim Clements, were put in charge of twelve hundred old steers, and started up the Chisholm Trail for Abilene, Kansas. In passing through the Indian Nation (now Oklahoma), the wild Indians gave the boys much trouble in demanding steers for beef. The hundreds of crews along the trail prevented the Indians from going to extremes. One day Wess killed his first Indian, and concealed the body by covering it with dry leaves in the timber bordering the stream. Wess had just shot a turkey gobbler, and discovered the Indian behind a tree aiming an arrow at him.

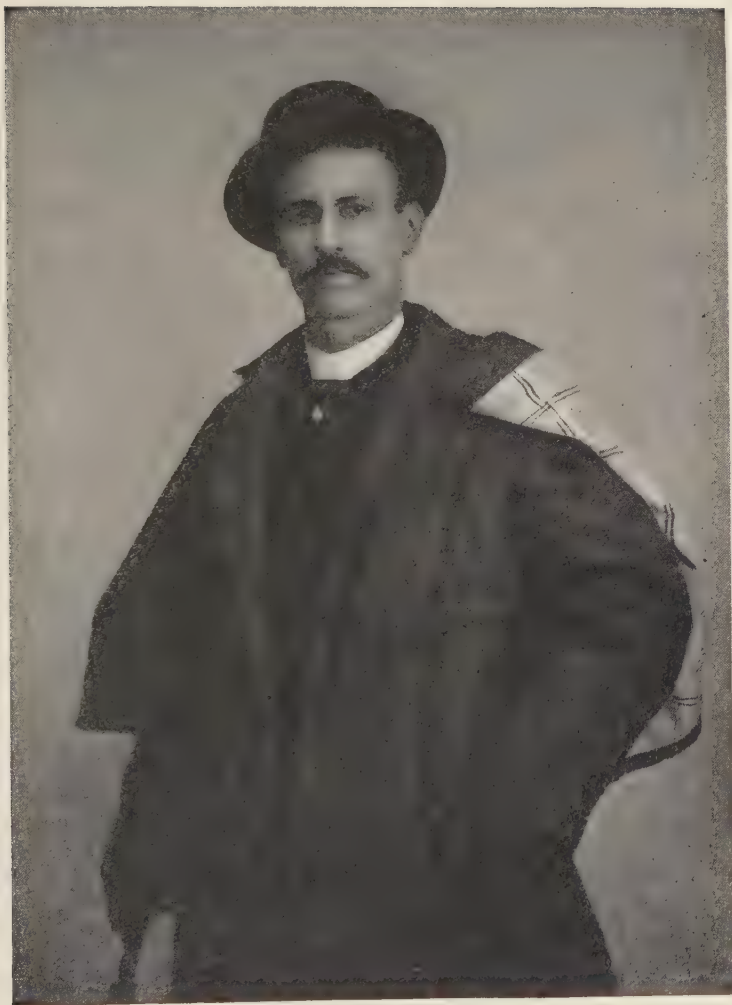
When near the line of Kansas, Wess killed his second Indian. A band of twenty Osages rode up to the herd and demanded a steer for beef. Wess refused to comply with their request. Then one of the reds pulled his gun and shot a steer dead. Wess shot this Indian off his horse. The others ran away. The dead Indian was tied to the steer's carcass and the herd was hurried over the line of the Nation, at Bluff City, Kansas. On the Newton Prairie, north of Wichita, Wess had a row with the Mexican boss of a herd, whose first name was José. In the fight which followed Wess killed five Mexicans,

and Jim Clements one. This gave young Harden a record of seventeen men killed.

The outfit arrived in Abilene the latter part of June. Carroll and Johnson, owners of the steers, were there to meet them, having come around by rail through the States of Arkansas and Missouri. Jim Clements and the other cowboys were paid off and received free transportation by rail to their homes in southern Texas, as was the custom in those days. Owing to the many warrants out for his arrest in Texas, Wess concluded to remain in Kansas. He made a deal with Columbus Carroll to gather steers lost from other herds at a hundred and fifty dollars a month.

Abilene was a live cow-town full of gamblers and cut-throats of the worst kind. Wild Bill Hickok was the town marshal, and was noted as a killer of men, being quick on the draw and a dead shot. Two gunmen from Austin, Texas, Phil Coe and Ben Thompson, owned the Bull's Head Saloon in Abilene. They knew John Wesley Harden's reputation as a man-killer, and gave Wild Bill Hickok warning to watch him.

One night in a dance-hall Columbus Carroll had trouble with a police officer named Carson. Wess sprang forward and pointed his pistol at the officer's head, telling him to leave the hall and to tell his long-haired chief, Wild Bill, to come in and he would be treated the same way. Later that night Wess met Wild Bill on the street. Throwing his pistol down on young Harden, Hickok demanded that he hand over his pistols. Pulling both pistols from the belt scabbards Wess handed them to the marshal, with the muzzles toward himself. Wild Bill lowered the gun from the direction of the boy's head and reached out to take hold of the pistol handles. In a jiffy both guns turned somersaults and were pointed at the marshal's head. He was told to put up his pistol and behave himself, which he did.



THE AUTHOR IN 1891

This twirling pistols on the trigger-finger by keeping the finger inside the trigger guard was a trick studied out by young Harden, after he became a hunted outlaw. Soon, many of the Texas boys, the writer being one of them, could do the trick almost as well as young Harden. They had practiced it to fool Northern law officers in case of a showdown. It cost hundreds of lives before the officers got wise, and made the would-be bad-man throw his pistol or pistols onto the ground, then back away out of reach.

Seeing their chief covered by two pistols in the hands of a young cowboy, two policemen rushed up with drawn guns. The marshal ordered them away. He then told Wess Harden that he was the coolest boy he had ever met, and for that reason he was going to be his friend, so long as he didn't get too wild. Then he invited Wess to take a drink with him. While in the saloon drinking, Wild Bill showed the boy a warrant for his arrest, which had just come from the capital city of Texas. He said he would not serve it so long as they remained friends. Thus did the bad-man cowboy and the bravest peace officer of the West become warm friends.

During the gold rush to the Black Hills, in Dakota Territory, in the year 1876, James Butler Hickok, better known as Wild Bill, met his fate. He was seated at a table in a gambling-hall connected with Nuttall and Mann's saloon, in Deadwood, when Jack McCall stepped up behind him and sent a pistol bullet into his brain. For this cowardly act Jack McCall was hanged in Yankton, Dakota, March 1, 1877.

At the time of his death Wild Bill Hickok was thirty-seven years of age. He had won fame as the running mate of Buffalo Bill Cody, in the late sixties and early seventies, while killing buffaloes to feed the grading crews on the Kansas Pacific and Union Pacific Railroads, building across the plains from the Missouri River to Denver, Colorado, and Cheyenne,

Wyoming. From the lips of Mrs. Cody Goodman, now a resident of Los Angeles, California, she being the oldest sister of Buffalo Bill Cody, I gained some true side-lights in the life of Wild Bill Hickok.

As Mrs. Goodman is past the eighty-year milepost of life, it might be well to digress and record a few facts on the life of Wild Bill. The stories written about this man-killer are conflicting, so that the average person doesn't know what to believe. One writer claims that Hickok killed only two of the McCandlas gang, and that he shot both of them in the back, in a cowardly manner, while other writers claim he killed fifteen of that gang.

Wishing to get the true facts in the case, I had my friend William B. Sleeper — a former prominent cattleman and State official of Wyoming — arrange to give us a turkey dinner at his home in Hollywood. For a dozen years Mr. Sleeper and his wife, who seems to be a born actress, lived in New York City and were prominently connected with the legitimate stage. Now one of their two daughters, Martha Sleeper, is winning fame as a comic actress in the Hal Roach Studio, where she and her mother are employed. Martha is only fourteen years of age and 'Bill' Sleeper thinks she is a prize 'kid' — although she has an older sister that any father and mother should be proud of. Still, my mind may be a little warped in her favor, as she bossed the job of cooking Mr. Turkey Gobbler to a chestnut brown.

I had previously met Mrs. Cody Goodman at her home in one of the beach towns of Los Angeles County. There she lives with her young son — there being six sons in the family — 'Fin' Goodman, who traveled with Buffalo Bill's Show as a shooting cowboy, and for many years was a rider in the sagebrush country around Cody, Wyoming. For eight years Fin's mother managed the Irma Inn, the big hotel built in

Cody by Buffalo Bill, and named in honor of his daughter, Irma. It was in this popular hotel that Bill Sleeper and Mrs. Goodman became warm friends.

After the turkey gobbler's bones had been picked, I corralled Mrs. Julia Cody Goodman in the Sleeper parlor, and proceeded to get facts about Wild Bill Hickok. Her son, Fin, verified the story, as he had got it from his uncle, Buffalo Bill.

To start with, Mrs. Goodman confessed that she was the sweetheart of Wild Bill Hickok when she was still in her teens. She says he expressed undying love for her and proposed marriage, but that she didn't love him, and refused to marry him. Still he persisted in calling on her and claiming her as his sweetheart. She says he came direct to her father's home near Leavenworth, Kansas, after killing the seven members of the McCandlas gang on the Little Blue in Nebraska. Hickok didn't know until later just how many men he had killed, as he had sent his bullets through a board door at the gang, who were trying to force the door open, so as to get his payroll, he being one of the pony express riders at that time. The true number killed, she says, came out at his trial for murder, at which he was exonerated by the court. The exact number killed was seven.

Mrs. Goodman says she cannot even guess at the number of white men killed by Wild Bill during his long reign as scout, pony express rider, and marshal of Hays City and Abilene, Kansas. But from what she was told the number would run into the dozens. John Hays Hammond, in his story of 'Strong Men of the Wild West,' in 'Scribner's Magazine' for February, 1925, gives the total number of Hickok's killings as eighty-five. This does not include the ones killed in the Civil War when acting as a spy in the Federal army.

Mrs. Goodman tells how her brother, Bill Cody, played the

part of a Union spy, not knowing that his friend, Wild Bill, was doing the same until one day they met by accident in a house in the South, while both wore the Confederate uniform. She says after the war was ended, Wild Bill and her brother met at her father's home in Kansas and discussed their accidental meeting. They said that when the lady of the house seated Cody in the parlor, while she went to the kitchen to prepare a meal, he recognized his old friend, who winked at him. Both sat at the table to eat the meal prepared by the hostess, pretending to be strangers to each other.

One night Wess Harden was in a saloon drinking with a one-armed man named Paine. A crowd of toughs came in and made slurring remarks about Texans. Wess said, 'I am a Texan.' Then the shooting started. Paine was shot through the only arm he had, and the leader of the toughs fell dead with a bullet from Harden's pistol in his body, which was jammed in the doorway. Wess jumped over the body to run to his horse. In running for his mount, the young outlaw had to hold off a policeman. Securing his horse, a thirty-five-mile run was made to a friendly cow-camp on Cottonwood Creek. While in hiding there, news came that a 'bad' Mexican cowboy had shot and killed Billy Coran, who had come up the trail with Wess Harden. Coran was in charge of a steer herd being fattened for the fall market. Some prominent cattlemen persuaded Wess to go on trail of this Mexican. They secured commissions as deputy sheriffs for him and a cowboy named Jim Rodgers; also letters of recommendation to be shown to peace officers in southern Kansas, and to cattlemen, so that free changes of horses could be secured for the chase. At Newton, fifty miles south of Cottonwood Creek, the trailer stopped in a cow-camp where a brother to the murdered Billy Coran was working. On leaving this camp next morning, there were four cowboys on the Mexican's trail. Young Coran

and Anderson had joined in the chase. In Wichita the trailers learned that the Mexican, Bideño, had traded for a fresh mount in one of the cow-camps. In Bluff City, Kansas, on the line of the Indian Nation, the saloons and restaurants were searched for the fleeing Mexican, whose trail had become hot as the line of the Nation drew nearer.

Young Harden stepped into a restaurant and recognized Bideño sitting at a table eating breakfast, he having just reached the town after an all-night ride. Wess told the Mexican to throw up his hands. Instead of doing so, Bideño dropped the knife and fork and pulled his pistol, but too late to save his life. Hearing the shot, John Coran, who was searching an adjoining saloon, rushed into the restaurant and fired a bullet into the Mexican's body, to get even for the murder of his brother. He then took the fine silver-and-gold-decorated sombrero from the Mexican's head to keep as a relic.

On the return trip to Abilene, a distance of about a hundred and fifty miles, Wess and his companions stopped over in Wichita and Newton, and 'shot up' those woolly and wild cow-towns in genuine cowboy fashion. In Abilene Wess was wine and dined by the cattlemen, even the marshal, Wild Bill, showering praises on his head. Here was the worst outlaw of Texas wearing a deputy sheriff's badge and being made a hero of! The cattlemen raised a purse of a thousand dollars and presented it to Wess to repay him for the hard night rides made while trailing the Mexican murderer.

One night in the American Hotel, a sneak-thief entered Wess's room and was carrying away a pair of pants hanging on a chair. In a pocket of these pants was a lot of money. Wess awoke just in time. He pulled the pistol from the shoulder scabbard under his left arm and saved his money. The thief fell with four bullets in his body. This killing

raised young Harden's record to twenty men killed by him, and he was still in his teens.

Gip Clements was in bed on this occasion with Wess. Their clothes were put on in a hurry, as they feared arrest for this killing. They decided that it might be hard to convince the officers that the man had entered the room as a robber. The shooting created great excitement in the hotel. Wild Bill and two deputies drove up to the front door in a hack. They jumped out and rushed into the hotel. Wess and Gip jumped off the upstairs front porch onto the officers' vehicle and escaped in the darkness. Gip walked to a friend's house and Wess started out of town afoot. Meeting a cowboy coming to town, young Harden put him afoot and mounted his dun horse for a thirty-five-mile run to North Cottonwood Creek, to a friendly cow-camp. Here his mount was secreted and a Winchester rifle and two loaded pistols were 'borrowed' from the cook, who was alone in the camp-house. Soon, Tom Carson and two of Wild Bill's deputies rode up and asked the cook if Wess Harden was there. He replied yes, that he had just ridden out to the herd. As dinner was on the table, the cook invited the officers to eat a bite before riding on.

While the three officers were sitting at the table eating, Wess stepped into the back door of the shack and leveled his Winchester rifle at Tom Carson's head. He told him to finish his dinner. Wess then sat down on a box and kept the officers covered with the rifle. When through eating, all were disarmed. Then they were ordered to pull off their boots and outer clothing and hit the road back to Abilene, afoot, in the hot sun.

Finally, Gip Clements arrived on the North Cottonwood, and he and Wess started south for the long ride through the Indian Nation to southern Texas. It was in the late fall of 1871 when the two tired cowboys rode up to the home of

Manning Clements, near Gonzales. Here, for the first time, it was learned that Manning Clements had become an outlaw after killing the Shadden brothers, while driving up the Chisholm Trail that season.

Shortly after his return, the news spread over the country that John Wesley Harden was back in Gonzales County. One day Wess was sitting in a small country store when a negro State policeman, named Green Paramore, rode up to the back door and dismounted. He slipped up at Wess's back and leveled a pistol at the boy, demanding that he turn over his pistol. Wess turned around and faced the black officer. Then he pulled the gun from the scabbard at his waist and handed it to Paramore, as usual, with the muzzle toward himself. When the officer reached out to take hold of the handle, the pistol suddenly turned a somersault and a dead negro lay stretched out on the floor.

Wess then discovered another negro officer, John Lackey by name, sitting on a white mule outside the back door. He fired a shot and the negro fell from the mule. Harden supposed the man was dead, but a moment later he saw him running afoot to a lake near by. Several shots were fired at him from a long distance. Later, this officer told how he had secreted himself in the rushes in the lake, with only his nose above water.

This killing created a sensation in Gonzales County, so that Harden had to leave for his old haunts in Brenham. The news soon leaked out that the notorious young outlaw was in hiding near Brenham. Then a posse of negro officers was sent from the capital of the State, to search for him. Wess was warned of their coming, and lay in ambush with a Winchester rifle. The result was three more dead men to the outlaw's credit. The rest of the officers flew back toward Austin on imaginary wings. Then Wess pulled out for Mount Calm, in Limestone County, to spend Christmas with his parents. They were

glad to see him back alive and in good health. After spending the holidays with his parents, he returned to Gonzales County to attend the wedding of Gip Clements.

In the Clements neighborhood lived Neal Bowen, who had several pretty daughters. Wess on a previous visit had fallen in love with Jane Bowen. Soon after the wedding of Gip Clements, Jane Bowen became the bride of John Wesley Harden. After two months of wedded bliss, Wess went to Corpus Christi on the Gulf coast. Leaving there, he started for Captain King's ranch on the San Gertrudas. One day he camped for dinner and two Mexicans rode into his camp demanding his money under threat of death. They supposed he was a green country boy. One of them was killed and the other wounded before he could escape on his swift mount. Then Wess returned to his young bride and remained with her awhile.

In June, 1872, Wess gathered a herd of wild Spanish ponies and started them toward Louisiana to be sold there. He put John and Jesse Harper in charge of the herd, while he rode on ahead to eastern Texas. He agreed to wait for the Harper brothers in Hemphill, where their father was sheriff of Sabine County. While waiting for the horse herd, Wess and Billy Harper put in their time gambling and horse-racing. Finally Harden had a row with Sonny Spites and shot him in the shoulder. For this crime against the law, Wess had to mount his little race-horse Joe at Sheriff Harper's home. The sheriff commanded him to halt. He paid no attention to the command and jumped the pony over a pair of bars and made his getaway. Two of the sheriff's bullets struck the pony in the neck, but didn't check its speed.

At Frank Lewis's home Wess remained in hiding until the horse herd arrived. He then sold the horses to the Harper brothers and started back to his young wife in Gonzales

County. On the way he stopped at his uncle Barnett Harden's ranch in Polk County, to hunt and fish for a week and to rest his tired pony. From here the boy went to Trinity City to visit relatives.

At a store in Trinity City Wess got into trouble with Phil Sublet, who fired two barrels of a shot-gun at him, then ran for his life. A bullet from the young outlaw's pistol wounded Sublet as he dodged into a near-by drygoods store. A cousin, Barnett Jones, took young Harden to Dr. Carrington's office where two buckshot were cut out of his back. They had entered his stomach at the naval. One had gone through a kidney. The rest of the shot had struck a silver belt buckle and glanced off. Wess's relatives kept the telephone wires cut, so that the news could not be sent to the State police in Austin, while the boy was lying in a hotel at the point of death.

About the middle of August the State police learned that Harden was in hiding at a hotel in Trinity City. Then he was moved in a covered hack to Sumpter, a distance of twenty miles, and kept in the home of Dr. Teagarden. On the 27th day of August, 1872, it was learned that the State police were going to make a raid on Dr. Teagarden's home. In the night a horse was brought to the back door, and Wess was placed on its back, then Billy and Charlie Teagarden rode with him to the home of Dave Harrel, in Angelina County, Texas. The writer became acquainted with Harrel and his good wife, in later years, and a finer couple never lived.

Two days after Wess arrived at Harrel's, two State policemen rode up and searched the house against Mrs. Harrel's protest that Harden was not there. Mr. Harrel was out in the field hoeing cotton. When the officers entered the back door, Winchester rifles in hand, Wess met them with a double-barreled shot-gun in his hands. The meeting resulted in one

dead officer, another badly wounded, and young Harden with a rifle bullet in one hip.

An inquest was held next day over the body of the dead officer. A verdict was rendered that he had come to his death from a shotgun fired by unknown parties.

Having a fresh wound, and being almost helpless, Wess decided to surrender to Dick Reagan, the sheriff of Cherokee County. Dave Harrel was sent to Rusk to tell Sheriff Reagan that Harden would surrender to him for half the reward money offered by the State of Texas for his arrest, dead or alive. He also requested that the sheriff bring a doctor. When the sheriff arrived, he had three deputies with him. He told the deputies to remain on the front porch while he went inside to arrest Harden. He didn't tell them that a deal had been made with the young outlaw. The sheriff walked up to the bed on which lay the wounded outlaw.

'My name is Dick Reagan,' he said, 'and Harrel says you want to surrender.'

'I will surrender for half the reward money,' Wess replied.

'That's agreeable,' said the sheriff; 'hand over your pistols.'

When Wess grabbed the two pistols lying near his head, one of the deputies saw him through the open door. In order to save the life of the sheriff, as he thought, he fired at Wess, the bullet striking him in the right knee. The wounded outlaw was placed on a soft bed in a covered hack, and taken to Rusk. On arriving in Rusk, Wess was taken to a private home and a doctor sent for. Later, he was moved to a hotel owned by the sheriff.

On September 22d, the sheriff and a deputy, John Taylor, started for Austin with the prisoner. On arrival there he was placed in jail. In a few days four State policemen started overland with the prisoner for Gonzales, where he was to be tried for murder. Reaching Gonzales, Wess was turned over

to Sheriff W. E. Jones, who placed him in jail. The citizens made complaint about the cruelty of keeping irons on the wounded boy, so they were cut off. During the month of October, tools were smuggled into the jail and Wess Harden, with the help of the jailer, sawed the bars and gained his freedom.

Manning Clements and Bud McFadden were at the jail to see Wess off on a swift gray horse owned by Anderson. He rode to Neal Bowen's ranch, and was nursed back to health by his heartbroken young wife. By January, 1873, Wess Harden was well, and began driving steers to the port of Indianola on the west coast of Matagorda Bay, there to be put aboard Morgan steamships for the New Orleans market. During that same fall, as I have related, I was driving and shipping longhorn steers for the New Orleans market from the port of Indianola. I was employed by the great and only 'Shanghai' (Abel) Pierce, who stood six feet four inches in his stocking feet, and had a loud voice equal to a fog-horn on a river steamboat. His brother-in-law, Wiley Kuykendall, was my boss. Harden put up one night in our camp. He was jovial and full of fun. None of the cowboys knew who he was until after he had ridden away next morning. Then our boss, who was a friend of his, told us who he was. Harden was trying to keep from being known, for fear the State police would get on his trail.

Soon after this, in the wild cow-town of Cuero, in De Witt County, Wess Harden planted a pistol bullet over the left eye of J. B. Morgan, who dropped dead. At that time Cuero was the seat of war between the Sutton and Taylor factions, in what was known as the Sutton-Taylor feud. One night in Cuero nine men were shot and killed.

A cowboy bad-man named Jack Helms was the sheriff of De Witt County, Clinton being the county seat. He was fear-

less and a dead shot. You can judge how good he could shoot when I describe one shot he made while riding along the road on his horse. He stopped to talk to Horace Yeamans, a Mexican War veteran, who lived on Caches Creek, a tributary to the Trespacios, where Shanghai Pierce had his big Rancho Grande cattle headquarters.

At that time the 'free niggers' were 'sassy' and wanted to show off to the 'po' white trash.' Mr. Yeamans had a 'free nigger' ploughing corn in a field. He had come to the end of the row with his yoke of oxen, when he saw Jack Helms ride away from the Yeamans ranch. He climbed upon the rail fence and seated himself on the top rail, facing the road. As Jack Helms rode by, the negro began whistling 'Yankee Doodle.' Of course he didn't know who the approaching horseman was. If he had, he would have whistled 'Mustang Gray' or some other favorite Texas tune.

The bullet from Jack Helms's powder-and-ball Colt's pistol struck the negro square between the eyes. The body lay where it fell, until nothing but the bones were left. In 1874 I put the skull in the forks of a live-oak tree, and saw it there in the spring of 1880. By that time it had become bleached white, and the bullet hole showed plainly from a distance. The tree stood by the side of the road, and, by looking up while riding along, this skull could be seen, with the round hole in it.

On May 17, 1873, Wess Harden and Jim Taylor rode to Alburkirk, in Wilson County. There Sheriff Jack Helms was met on the street. He drew a bowie-knife and was advancing on his enemy, Jim Taylor. Wess Harden planted a charge of buckshot in his breast, which ended the career of one bad-man cowboy.

The next day fifty men formed themselves into a vigilance committee under the leadership of Joe Tomlinson, to

avenge the killing of Sheriff Helms. They gathered at the home of Joe Tomlinson. The news reached the ears of Harden and Taylor, and they made up a crowd of thirteen men and rode the fifteen miles to the Tomlinson ranch, reaching there at two o'clock in the morning. Leaving their mounts, the Harden party crawled afoot toward the house, where the vigilantes were asleep on the front porch and on the grass in the yard. Wess had planned to reach the sleeping men before firing a shot, but the barking of the dogs upset the plan and a retreat was made to the horses.

Three runners were sent after more warriors. At daylight Deputy Sheriff Dave Blair and four men appeared on the scene and were captured by the Harden crowd. Before night the Harden crowd had been increased to seventy-five warriors. Among them were many peace-loving citizens. They argued for a peace treaty to be signed by both parties. This plan was carried out, the treaty was signed in the town of Clinton, and placed on record in the county court-house.

Later, the Sutton crowd broke the treaty of peace, and Wess Harden and Jim Taylor decided to kill Bill Sutton and thereby put an end to the feud. In April, 1874, Bill Sutton started his herds of longhorn steers up the Chisholm Trail for Kansas. Then he rode to Indianola, there to take a steamship to New Orleans, and go thence by rail to Kansas to meet his trail crews when they arrived there. As Wess was busy putting up a trail herd, he sent his brother Joe to Indianola to help Jim Taylor kill Sutton.

After Sutton and his companion, Gabe Slaughter, had boarded the steamer Clinton, they were shot dead by Billy and Jim Taylor. Then the killers and their friends made their getaway on the swift mounts which had been left at the foot of the wharf, and rode into Harden's cow-camp. Wess and his crew were putting the road brand on the trail herd. After see-

ing the herd off, Harden and Jim Taylor bought another herd of steers and started them to Wichita, Kansas, in charge of J. B. Brosius.

On bidding his wife in Gonzales good-bye, Wess rode with Jim Taylor to Comanche, there to visit Harden's relatives. While there they attended a big horse-race, and Wess won three thousand dollars, fifty head of cattle, fifteen cowponies, and a covered wagon rigged up for the trail. Knowing that Harden would be at this big horse-race in Comanche, Deputy Sheriff Charlie Webb, of Brown County, owing to the large reward offered by the State of Texas, went there with fifteen deputies to arrest the young outlaw.

After the horse-racing Wess and Taylor began drinking in town. During the night John Kearns, the sheriff of Comanche County, who was a friend of both outlaws, introduced them to Charlie Webb, the deputy sheriff from Brown County. He drew his gun to arrest Harden. This resulted in his death, as a bullet from Wess's pistol had struck a vital spot. A mob began to form to hang Wess and Taylor for the murder of this popular deputy sheriff. Sheriff Kearns told them to hide out, as he would be unable to protect them against the angry mob then forming. Then the most exciting time of John Wesley Harden's lively career started. The sheriff was overpowered and disarmed. Taylor and Harden made their escape on fast race-horses. Wess rode away from Comanche with a record of twenty-nine dead men. Charlie Webb's shot, fired as he was falling, had ploughed a furrow in the young outlaw's side. It gave him much pain while making his getaway.

A company of Texas rangers was stationed in Comanche under Captain Bill Waller, and they joined in the hunt for Wess, whose father and two brothers, Joe and Jeff, were put under guard to prevent their giving aid to the young outlaws.

On June 1, 1874, Captain Waller and his rangers surrounded

Wess and Taylor one night in a canyon. Harden and his companion escaped, however, on their swift horses amidst a flying hail of bullets. Wess's mount was slightly wounded, and the saddles and clothes of both men showed bullet marks when daylight came. The two outlaws made their way to the home of 'Fancy Jim' Taylor, a relative to the outlaw Taylor. He lived in the cedar brakes, six miles north of Austin, the State capital. Here a much-needed rest was taken and the wound in Wess's side was doctored. One night two of young Harden's cowboys, Alf and Charlie Day, came to Fancy Taylor's ranch, and told how the mob in Comanche had hanged Wess's brother, Joe Harden, and his cousins, Tom and Bud Dixon, and shot his friends, Ham Anderson and Alex Barrickman. Wess decided to return to Comanche and get revenge.

In company with a friend named Rodgers, young Harden rode toward Comanche, while Jim Taylor with his cousin, Alf Day, went to the Taylor home in Gonzales County. On reaching his father's ranch in the night, Wess learned from the hired man all the happenings which had taken place since he had left so suddenly to escape the wrath of the angry mob.

Dick Ware, the hired man, told Wess how his father, mother, and wife were still under guard in Comanche. He showed him the newly made mound over the body of his brother Joe, who was a promising young lawyer before being strung up by the mob.

With bowed head and tears flowing from his eyes, John Wesley Harden swore vengeance against those who had killed his brother. The next day Wess sent Dick Ware to town to tell his father that he wished to speak a few words to him if that were possible. The father sent word back by Ware that Captain Waller had threatened to kill the whole family if Wess ever returned to the county. For that reason he begged that his son leave at once. That night Wess pulled out for

Lampasas, mounted on his race-horse 'Frank,' while Rodgers rode a mule. When near Lampasas young Harden stole an iron-gray horse from a farmer, then sent Rodgers with the race-horse back to Fancy Jim Taylor's ranch.

On reaching the ranch of a friend Wess sent the iron-gray horse back to its owner. He then bought a fine stallion for two hundred and fifty dollars from Mr. Nix. He told Wess to give the money to his wife, while he went after the stallion. Mrs. Nix refused to accept the money, as she said she wanted all the murderers of Joe Harden put out of the way, and that she would furnish the swift stallion, which belonged to her, free, as her share in the running-down of the villains. Wess told the good woman that he had plenty of gold and made her take the money. But later, after he had left there, he found the gold in his saddle pocket, where it had been secretly placed by Mrs. Nix.

When Mr. Nix came with the stallion, Wess put his saddle and bridle on him. Then Mr. Nix called to him to come into the kitchen and eat breakfast, which was on the table, before starting on his journey. While he was eating, several strangers rode up to the ranch. They looked like State police. This brought Wess to an open window, with rifle in hand. He fired one shot, and a man tumbled from his horse, dead. The others split the air getting away.

After finishing his meal, young Harden bade his hosts good-bye, and mounted the stallion for a fast ride to his old haunts in Gonzales County. On reaching the home of his father-in-law, Neal Bowen, on Elm Creek, he was surrounded by twenty friends who were ready to give up their lives to protect his liberty.

Finally, word came that Ranger Captain Waller had arrested four of Wess's cowboys, sent with the trail herd to Wichita, Kansas. Their names were Dr. J. B. Brosius, Scrap

Taylor, Tuggle, and White. They were taken to De Witt County to be tried for murder. Dr. Brosius made his escape and the other three were hanged by Tomlinson's vigilantes.

Wesley Harden went to Hempstead with the intention of taking the train to Wichita, Kansas, to sell his trail steers. But instead of making the trip to Kansas, he sent Neal Bowen and his brother, J. D. Harden. When they returned to Gonzales County with the money, Wess went there to obtain the money for the trail cattle. Young Harden then took his wife and baby to Brenham. There his wife joined Harry Swain, the marshal of Brenham, and his wife, and together they went to New Orleans, Louisiana, by rail, to await the arrival of the young outlaw, who, in company with Mac Young, was making the trip on horseback.

From New Orleans Wess and his wife went to Gainesville, Florida, where he settled down under the assumed name of Harry Swain. There he bought a saloon. He had been in the saloon business only three days when the city marshal, Wilson, deputized him to arrest some 'bad niggers,' one of whom Wess killed.

In January, 1875, Wess sold his place in Gainesville, and moved to Miconopy, Florida, where he opened a saloon and began trading in horses and cattle. Finally, the young outlaw opened a butcher's shop in Jacksonville. Here he made friends with the sheriff and the city marshal. They warned him that his identity had become known and that a detective had just arrived to arrest him. The result was that Wess sent his wife and two children, Mollie and John Wesley Harden, Jr., to Pollard, Alabama, where they had relatives. Wess then slipped away, with the intention of going to Old Mexico. A policeman friend, Gus Kennedy, accompanied him. On the line of Florida and Georgia, two officers overtook them and attempted to arrest Wess. He killed both of them and

made his getaway with Gus Kennedy, landing in Mobile, Alabama.

It was a presidential year, 1876, and things were lively in Mobile. In a gambling game the outlaw won thirty-five hundred dollars. One night he and Kennedy had trouble in one of the saloons. Both ran outside in the dark and were followed by two toughs, who were shot dead. Then Wess and Kennedy hid their pistols for fear of being searched by the officers. No one but themselves knew who had fired the two shots out on the dark street.

In the course of time Harden joined his wife and children in Polland, Alabama. There his wife's brother, Brown Bowen, joined them from his home in Gonzales County, Texas. Brown Bowen wrote home to his sisters, stating that their sister sent love to all. Neal Bowen answered this letter, addressing it to J. H. Swain, in care of Neal McMellon, sheriff of Escambia County, Alabama. This sheriff was related to Wess's wife.

On Elm Creek, in Gonzales County, Texas, a man who needed the reward offered by the State of Texas for John Wesley Harden, dead or alive, had bought a small store from Neal Bowen. He was then appointed postmaster, in order to examine all letters which were sent, or received, by the Bowen family. He read the letter sent by Brown Bowen to his sister; also the one sent by Neal Bowen to J. H. Swain, in Polland, Alabama.

Soon after, an officer went to Austin, the State Capital, and secured extradition papers to bring John Wesley Harden back to Texas from Alabama. He was accompanied there by Lieutenant Armstrong, of the State rangers. Governor Richard Hubbard had issued the papers.

In July, 1877, Lieutenant Armstrong and the officer found J. H. Swain in Pensacola, Florida, purchasing supplies to be

shipped to Polland, Alabama. The sheriff and his deputies agreed to help the Texas officers arrest the bad-man cowboy from the wild and woolly West. When Wess Harden took a seat in the smoking-car on the train to return home, he was pounced upon from behind. In the struggle in the aisle or passageway of the car, a nineteen-year-old boy named Mann became frightened and ran for the door. One of the excited officers shot him. After Wess was securely tied, the sheriff searched him for firearms, but none were found. The officer, who knew about the 'Wess Harden shoulder scabbard,' made a search. From under the left arm a Colt's 44 caliber powder-and-ball pistol was brought forth.

Then the notorious John Wesley Harden was taken to Comanche, Texas, and tried for the murder of Deputy Sheriff Charlie Webb. He was convicted and received a sentence of twenty-five years in the Huntsville, Texas, penitentiary. It was in September, 1878, when the State Supreme Court confirmed the lower court's decision. On reaching the penitentiary, Wess was put to work in the wheelwright shop, but he was like the I.W.W.'s, he wouldn't work. All kinds of schemes were tried to make him labor with his hands, without success. He was whipped with cat-o'-nine tails and placed in a dark cell to live on bread and water. The last plan tried was putting him in a vat, to keep the water pumped out or drown. When the pump handle was placed in his hand he turned it loose. Then the water was turned on. When it was over his head and bubbles appeared on the surface of the water, the tank was emptied and the stubborn young outlaw was placed in a dark cell. In 1879, Wess decided that he would accept a job as cutter and fitter in the shoe shop. At this work he became an expert and had time to study law.

While Harden was lying in the Austin jail in 1878, his brother-in-law, Brown Bowen, was hanged in Cuero, De Witt

County, for the murder of Tom Haldeman, a few years previous. He insisted that Wess was the real murderer. Wess's wife and sister went to the Austin jail to plead with the prisoner to save their brother's life by acknowledging that he committed the crime. He replied that he had enough crimes to answer for, without confessing to a murder he didn't commit.

On March 16, 1894, after serving sixteen years of his sentence, Harden was pardoned by Governor J. S. Hogg. He at once went to his two children, their mother having recently died, in Gonzales, Texas. Early in 1895, Wess married Miss Callie Lewis, of London, Texas, and soon after moved to El Paso, to practice law, which he had learned while in prison. In the latter part of April, he tried his first case in the Criminal Court in El Paso. He was criticized by two men, McRose, and Queen, who lived in Juarez, Mexico. Wess went across the Rio Grande to Juarez and slapped the faces of both men, in public.

On the night of August 20, 1895, Harden was in the Acme Saloon in El Paso, shaking dice with Henry Brown. John Sellman, who was on the city police force, stepped into the saloon. He had had trouble with Wess earlier that night. He pulled a Colt's 45 pistol, and with a well-aimed shot the brains of John Wesley Harden, one of the worst bad-man cowboys the State of Texas ever produced, were scattered over the floor.

John Sellman was evidently jealous of Wesley Harden because he had killed more men in cold blood than he had. I knew Sellman back in the late seventies, and in a later chapter will tell more about him.

At the coroner's inquest, the barkeeper testified as follows:

My name is Frank Patterson. I am a bartender at present at the Acme Saloon. This evening about 11 o'clock, J. W. Harden was



HENRY BROWN, MARSHAL OF CALDWELL



BEN WHEELER, DEPUTY MARSHAL OF CALDWELL

standing with Henry Brown shaking dice, and Mr. Sellman walked in at the door and shot him. Mr. G. L. Shackelford was also in the saloon at the same time the shooting took place. Mr. Sellman said something as he came in at the door. Harden was standing with his back to Mr. Sellman. I did not see him face around before he fell or make any motion. All I saw was that Mr. Sellman came in the door, said something and shot and Harden fell. Don't think Harden ever spoke. The first shot was in the head. (Signed) F. F. PATTERSON.

Here is the sworn testimony of Henry Brown:

My name is H. S. Brown. I am in the grocery business in El Paso with Mr. Lambert. I dropped into the Acme Saloon last night a little before 11 o'clock and met Mr. Harden and several other parties in there, and Mr. Harden offered to shake with me. I agreed, and shook first; he shook back, and said he'd bet me a quarter on the side that he could beat me. We had our quarters up and he and I were shaking dice. I heard a shot fired and Mr. Harden fell at my feet at my left side. I heard three or four shots fired. I then left, went out the back door, and don't know what occurred afterwards. When the shot was fired Mr. Harden was against the bar, facing it, as near as I can say, and his back was towards the direction the shot came from. I did not see him make any effort to get his six-shooter. The last words he spoke before the first shot was fired were, 'Four sixes to beat,' and they were addressed to me. For a moment or two before this he had not spoken to any one but me, to the best of my recollection. I had not the slightest idea that any one was quarreling there from anything I heard. (Signed) H. S. BROWN.

CHAPTER XII

WAS BILL LONGLEY HANGED? — BEN THOMPSON AND KING FISHER

BILL LONGLEY had a record of having killed nearly as many men as had John Wesley Harden. Most of his killings were of a brutal nature. He was a cowboy of the old school, during and after the Civil War. He was a good-looking man with dark hair and mustache. The last man Bill Longley shot was Wilson Anderson. For this murder he lay in jail in the city of Galveston, Texas, for eighteen months. At his trial he was sentenced to be hanged.

There is a doubt in my mind as to his being hanged in Giddings, Texas, on October 11, 1879, when the large crowd saw him drop to the end of the rope. The wife of Wilson Anderson was one of the witnesses to the supposed, or real, execution. Warm friends of mine, who claim to have known the facts, say he was not hanged — that under an assumed name he went to South America and became wealthy.

Here is the story. You can digest it for what it is worth.

On the day of the big celebration in honor of the hanging of this bad-man cowboy, Sheriff Jim Brown, who was a noted race-horse man, later killed in Chicago by policemen, put a harness on him next to his skin. This harness consisted of an iron band around the neck, with strong rubbers attached, which extended down each side and fastened around the instep of each foot. The iron band around the neck prevented Longley from choking, and the rubber bands broke the fall, causing the body to bounce upward the instant the weight came onto the feet.

When Bill Longley was pronounced dead by the doctor, he

was lowered to the ground and placed in a coffin, along with the rope, which was not taken from his neck. The coffin was then taken away by the weeping relatives.

At the hanging Longley's brother Jim sat on his horse and threatened to shoot the man who undertook to cut the rope. Friends had said they would cut the rope. Jim Longley claimed that he wanted to see Bill's neck broken, but in reality, if it was a fake hanging, he may have been afraid that the cutting of the rope might have spoiled the scheme by showing the concealed harness.

Sheriff Jim Brown was himself a cowboy of the old school and was not afraid of man or devil. He proved it later in Chicago, when his string of race-horses were barred from racing on a track, owing to a crooked deal. This resulted in a fight. Brown crawled up on a stable shed, and with a pistol in each hand shot down several officers before he was killed.

With plenty of money to spend, it might have been possible to carry out the scheme as outlined above. I know of one case where to this day a fine marble monument stands over the empty coffin of a bad-man cowboy. The lively young corpse, who had been indicted for murder, rode night and day until he reached the wilds of the Texas Panhandle in the year 1877. He went to work as a cowboy on the L X cattle ranch, where I was then running cattle for wages. On the L X ranch this man had a boyhood chum, Cape Willingham, who knew the secret of the false execution. The secret was told to me by Cape Willingham, a fearless wild-horse rider, and afterwards sheriff of thirteen Panhandle counties, with Tascosa as the county seat.

This same Cape Willingham is alive to-day and a respected citizen of northern Texas. As a young cowboy he taught an Irish lord a lesson in cow-camp etiquette. In the spring of 1878, I attended a big round-up on Charlie Goodnight's range

on the South Paladuro, which is virtually the head of Red River. The cattle on this range were owned by Charlie Goodnight and Lord Adair of Ireland, the brand being 'J. A.' Lord Adair and his wife had just come from Ireland to take a peep at the cattle business to see if their large investment was being safely managed.

One day Charlie Goodnight sent Cape Willingham to the home ranch to get the mail. Cape was dirty and greasy from work in the branding-pen. Riding up to the front door of the log-house, at the mouth of Paladuro Canyon, Cape dismounted and stepped into the open door leading into the large dining-room. Seated at the long table were Mrs. Goodnight and Lord and Lady Adair, eating their noonday lunch.

Hat in hand and with leather chaps on his legs, Cape faced the diners. Mrs. Goodnight, a fine little dyed-in-the-wool Southern girl, went to the cupboard and brought forth a plate, knife and fork, and a tin cup. These were placed opposite the Irish Lord and his wife, and Willingham was told to be seated and eat a bite. This he did.

Lord Adair and his wife stopped eating. Mrs. Goodnight was told that they were not in the habit of eating with servants. The little woman replied that she and her husband considered their cowboys good enough to sit at the table with them. The result was Lord and Lady Adair finished their meal at a private table.

When Cape rode away to return to camp, he was boiling over with rage at the thought of Irish nobility turning up its nose at him, a boy who could ride anything that wore hair. A week or two later, Lord Adair accompanied Charlie Goodnight to the cow-camp where steers were being held, to be driven to Dodge City, Kansas, a distance of two hundred and seventy-five miles north, there to be shipped by rail to market.

While the Irish lord was in camp, a cold rain sprang up, which lasted two nights and a day. Lord Adair occupied a tepee tent quite a distance from the mess-wagon. He had retired one night, in his silk nightgown, to the camp bed spread on the ground. At one o'clock in the morning, Cape Willingham, who was on the first guard around the steer herd, rode into camp to wake up the second guard. The rain was coming down in sheets, driven by a cold north wind. After he had awakened the sleeping cowboys lying under their tarpaulins spread over their beds out in the driving rain, Cape started back to the herd. In passing the Irish lord's tepee, the blood began to boil in the cowboy's high-strung veins. Down came his lasso, and the loop was thrown over the top of the tepee tent. Then spurs were stuck into the pony's ribs and he shot forward. The end of the lasso was fast to the saddle horn. The tent was snatched off the sleeping peer. Before reaching the herd the rope was taken off the tent, which was left lying on the prairie. This ended the first act.

The second act showed the figure of a shivering man standing in the cold rain, with only a silk 'nighty' to protect his portly form. His screams brought Charlie Goodnight from under the mess-wagon where he was sleeping. The boys, who had just crawled out of their warm beds to go on the second guard, told their boss that Cape Willingham was the guilty villain.

The third act opens next morning when Charlie Goodnight 'fired' the guilty Cape, paying him the wages due. This was done to appease the wrath of the offended owner. This last act closed when Mr. Goodnight told Cape secretly, as he was fixing to ride away to Tascosa, fifty-five miles north, that his wages would go on while he was taking a few weeks' rest in the live cow-town of Tascosa; that he could come back to work after Lord Adair had gone back to England.

I, however, cannot vouch for the whole truth and nothing but the truth of this story, as I had already left for the Canadian River with the L X cattle cut out of the round-up. But I do know that the story was common gossip in the cow-camps for a long time. And even as late as 1914 I talked and laughed over the matter, with the perpetrator of the trick, in El Paso, Texas, at which time Cape Willingham was manager for the Nation Live Stock Company, with headquarters in western New Mexico.

I can say one thing to the credit of Mrs. Adair — after the death of her husband in Europe, she became the 'Cow-Queen' of the Texas Panhandle, and was not ashamed to sit down in a cow-camp and break bread with any of her greasy and dusty cowboys. The good woman died at a ripe age, a few years ago in London, England, honored and respected by all who knew her.

Before the spring round-ups started in the early spring of 1878, Cape Willingham's chum stole an L X cow-horse and split the air for western New Mexico, to join 'Curly Bill's' outlaw gang. The cause of his flight in the dark of night was the arrival of W. E. Parker's star-route mail crew at the L X ranch, to open the first mail line ever established in the Texas Panhandle.

'George' and several other bad-man cowboys at the ranch suspected that Mr. Parker and his well-armed crew were Texas rangers in disguise. 'George' was afraid of being recognized, which would have put a blur on that fine monument over his supposed grave down in the settled portion of the Lone Star State.

J. K. Fisher, better known as King Fisher, was a fearless bad-man cowboy, who, at the time of his death, had a record of twelve men (not counting Mexicans) killed with his own hand. King Fisher took great pride in the good clothes he al-

ways wore, especially in the fine Mexican sombrero and the calfskin boots, the tops of which were decorated with fancy stitching. When the Colt factory began turning out cartridge pistols, toward the middle seventies, he carried two with ivory handles, and could shoot as well with his left hand as he could with his right. He stood six feet in his stocking feet, and was well built.

Fisher's main hang-outs were along the Rio Grande, from Eagle Pass to Laredo, and along the Nueces River. He was the leader of a bad gang of cowboys who stole whole herds of cattle and horses in Mexico and drove them to the Texas ranges. It is said that on one occasion Fisher took one of his bad-man cowboys, who was going by the name of Frank Porter, but whose true name was Bud Obenchain, on a raid into Mexico. They found eight Mexican cowboys driving a herd of cattle. By making a charge and doing quick shooting with their pistols, the eight Mexicans were soon stretched out on the ground dead. Then the two desperadoes drove the cattle herd across the Rio Grande, to the King Fisher range on the Nueces, in Texas.

The ears of these Mexicans may have been cut off and strung onto Fisher's bridle reins. The number of ears, sixteen, would make it correspond with a story told about this bad-man cowboy in the early days. Here is the story:

In the seventies Horace Greeley went to San Antonio, Texas, to look up cheap land for a colony on which to settle young men from his home State, New York. This was about the time that Greeley started that popular saying: 'Go West, young man, and grow up with the country.'

Greeley made two trips into San Antonio, a few months apart. On the first trip he was introduced to Fisher. On the second visit the two met on the street. After shaking hands, Greeley said: 'Mr. Fisher, why don't you stop killing men?'

The reply was: 'Why, Mr. Greeley, I haven't killed a man since you were here before.'

'That's strange,' was Greeley's reply. 'Yesterday I was told that a month or so ago you rode into Eagle Pass with sixteen human ears strung on your bridle reins.'

With a smile Fisher answered: 'Oh, them were Mexican ears — they don't count.'

Here is another story told about Fisher: He had hired a crowd of Mexicans to do some rough ranch work. He rode into their camp one day and found some of them fighting. He told them to quit fighting and go to work. They paid no attention to him. Then he pulled out his two pistols and began shooting into the crowd. Several were killed. The rest jumped into the Rio Grande and swam back into Mexico. A new crew had to be hired to finish the work.

About the year 1881, Fisher was indicted by the grand jury for murder, in Laredo, Webb County, Texas. When court sat, Fisher was summoned to appear and stand trial. On the day that court opened, Fisher and about twenty of his cowboys rode into Laredo. They separated, half going to one livery stable and the rest to another. They were heavily armed. Their mounts were kept saddled night and day. Fisher reported to the court and told the judge that he wouldn't stand for a conviction; that he was willing to hear a verdict of 'not guilty.' This was the verdict rendered and the crowd returned to the Nueces River.

This story was told me by an old friend, D. F. McCarthy, who was a witness to the scene, and whose word can be relied on for truth. At the present writing he is a respected resident of Lipscomb, Texas. Mr. McCarthy says that Fisher was a picturesque character, and that he made a grand sight riding into Laredo at the head of his warrior cowboys. He wore a fine silver-and-gold-decorated Mexican sombrero and a fine

pair of calfskin boots — the legs of his pants being shoved into the tops. Around his waist was a red silk sash. It is said that Fisher and some of his 'bad' cowboys held up a traveling circus near their range and killed a Bengal tiger, which was skinned and later a pair of chaps made of the hide for Fisher to wear on special occasions.

Ben Thompson was a vicious cowboy bad-man. He had a record of about twenty men killed. His brother Bill, a cowboy, was also a killer of men. He drove cattle up the Chisholm Trail to Kansas during the early seventies. In the tough cowtown of Ellsworth, Texas, Bill Thompson killed Sheriff Whitney. At that time his brother Ben was running a saloon in Abilene, Kansas. Possibly I am prejudiced against Ben Thompson because he once shot a boy friend of mine. This boy, whom I will call Billy, was still in his teens. He had ridden into Austin to see the bright lights and to win a stake 'bucking monte' — a Mexican game. With jingling spurs on his high-heeled boots, Billy strolled into a large gambling-hall where Ben Thompson was dealing monte. Billy had left his Colt's pistol in the saddle pocket at the livery stable where he had put up his mount. He thought the Derringer carried in his coat pocket would be all the firearms needed in a civilized town.

The green country boy didn't know Ben Thompson from Adam's off ox. He walked up to his monte game and placed a twenty-dollar gold piece on a card, saying, 'I am betting only one dollar out of this twenty.' The card lost and Ben Thompson raked the gold piece into the drawer. Billy waited awhile, then said:

'I want my change, I bet only one dollar.'

'Go on,' Thompson replied, 'I never give back any change.'

Out came the Derringer from the boy's coat pocket. It was cocked and leveled at Ben Thompson's heart. The hammer

wouldn't go down on the cap. Desperately Billy pulled on the trigger, but the hammer didn't move.

Now it was Ben Thompson's move. He pulled a Colt's powder-and-ball pistol and shot the boy through the body, just below the heart. For a long time Billy hovered between life and death.

In order to show how true love can change a man's whole life I will here digress and give more of Billy's life story.

In the summer of 1878 I had charge of four steer herds on the Staked Plains of the Texas Panhandle. It was my duty to ride from one camp to another to see that the steers were kept on fresh grass and rightly handled, so as to put on flesh before the snow of the early winter.

Billy was a cowboy in one of these camps, and I always slept with him when in that camp. Often we would lie awake and talk an hour or two. Billy once told of his undying love for a girl in Belton, Texas. He said her parents had refused to give their consent to a marriage; that he had written the girl begging her to marry him in spite of her parents' protest.

On one of my trips to this camp I delivered a letter to Billy. He read the letter and turned deathly pale. The letter was then handed to me to read. The girl stated that she had pleaded with her parents to consent to their marriage, but they stood firm in their refusal, so for that reason she would ask that their correspondence cease. Billy kept me awake most of the night, rolling around and bemoaning his fate. The next morning the heart-broken boy asked me to settle up with him, as he was going to leave for a foreign country and never return. I paid over the couple of hundred dollars due him, and after breakfast he rode away on his own pet pony. That was the last heard of this cowboy for thirty-five years.

In Silver City, Grant County, New Mexico, lives a first

cousin of Billy, who has proved himself a fearless sheriff of that county. He told me that while he was paying a visit to his old home in Belton, Texas, Billy arrived from South America, aged beyond his years. He wore a long flowing gray beard, and was still a bachelor. He learned that his sweetheart was married and had a houseful of children. After a couple of weeks' visit in Belton, the once green cowboy, who had tried to kill bad-man Ben Thompson with a pocket pistol, returned to his plantation in South America, to dream away the last years of a broken-hearted life, made so by a sixteen-year-old girl's foolish parents.

One of the stories told by the cowboys around the campfires in the seventies about one of Ben Thompson's killings, follows:

Thompson was camped on a small stream of water. He had been out riding all day and came back about night. He found the creek muddy so that his horses wouldn't drink the water. He rode to the head of the stream to investigate. There he found a large band of sheep and five Mexicans — all brothers. He 'cussed' them for muddying his water and told them to 'vamose muy pronto,' which meant to leave in a hurry. This brought on the fight. Four of the brothers were shot dead and the other escaped in the brush. A few years later the Mexican who had escaped was in a saloon drinking. He recognized the murderer of his brothers. Out came his pistol and aim was taken at Ben Thompson's head. The cartridge failed to explode and the drunken Mexican ran for the back door. A bullet from Thompson's pistol struck him in the small of the back, killing him instantly. Thus did five brothers meet death at the hands of this bloodthirsty cowboy.

Ben Thompson and King Fisher met their Waterloo on the night of March 11, 1884, in the town of San Antonio, Texas. Ben Thompson was the city marshal of Austin, Texas. Fisher

was visiting in Austin, and when he left to return to San Antonio, Ben Thompson accompanied him on the train.

On a previous visit to San Antonio, Thompson had shot and killed Jack Harris, the proprietor of the Harris Variety Theater, but he felt safe in going back there with his friend Fisher.

When it became known that the two man-killers were in town, the manager of the Harris Theater made preparations for war. It is said that three gunmen were secreted with Winchester rifles in one of the booths upstairs. From this vantage-point they could cover the two cowboys without disclosing their presence.

When Thompson and Fisher strolled into the theater to see the show, Ben Thompson spoke to the manager, who refused to shake hands with him. This started the war. When the smoke of battle cleared away, two bad-man cowboys lay on the floor dead. It is said that Fisher's body showed thirteen bullet holes.

Joe Foster, Bill Sims, and a special officer named Jacob Coy had taken a hand in the shooting. Joe Foster was shot in the leg, which had to be amputated. He bled to death from the wound, it was said by men who knew the circumstances connected with the affair.

Fisher was a deputy sheriff at the time, his home being in Uvalde County, where he had a wife and children. The body was taken there for burial. He was only twenty-seven years of age when killed.

CHAPTER XIII

CLAY ALLISON, A GENTLEMAN BAD-MAN COWBOY — JOHN SELLMAN, A BLOODTHIRSTY ONE

THIS chapter will be devoted to the doings of two cowboys who were trained in the old school, during and after the Civil War. Both were personally known to me. They differed greatly in principle and disposition.

John Sellman would kill and steal through pure cussedness. In the early and middle seventies he made his headquarters in and around Fort Griffin, a buffalo-hunters' supply point at the south foot of the Staked Plains. He was in partnership with a bad-man cowboy named Johnny Larn. They made a business of stealing cattle and horses.

During the winter of 1877-78 a vigilance committee was organized in Fort Griffin to put down crime. A friend of mine, Tom Merrill — later murdered, along with his young wife, in Tom Green County — was at the head of the organization. It was no uncommon sight in Fort Griffin to wake up in the morning and see men hanging to near-by trees.

In the spring of 1878 the vigilantes made a raid on the camp of John Sellman and Johnny Larn. Sellman made his escape and on a swift horse headed north across the Staked Plains. Johnny Larn was arrested and placed in the jail at Fort Griffin. He was chained to the floor. That night a raid was made on the jail and his body riddled with bullets. His heart-broken sweetheart went to New Mexico, where two years later I saw her. At the mention of Johnny Larn's name she would cry like a child. In New Mexico she was living with a respectable family.

In making his getaway from the vigilantes, John Sellman

rode night and day through the hundreds of miles of unsettled country, until he reached my cow-camp on the Canadian River. There he lay over two days to rest his tired mount and to reload a lot of rifle and pistol shells. As it happened, my pistol and rifle were of the same caliber as his, therefore he used my reloading outfit. He told me how he had been driven out of Fort Griffin by the vigilantes.

On leaving my camp John Sellman changed his course to the southwest back across the western side of the Staked Plains, toward southeastern New Mexico. A cowboy friend of mine met him on the plains with two thousand sheep which were being driven by two small Mexican boys. This cowboy friend said he was guarding the Mexican boys to keep them from running away. They had been left to care for the sheep by their father, who had returned to his home in northern New Mexico on business. This cowboy supposed John Sellman was an old friend of mine, as he had seen him in my camp. He felt sure that Sellman intended to steal the sheep, as he had told him not to tell any one that he had been seen driving the woolly animals.

Four years later, in the spring of 1882, I rode into El Paso, Texas, on my way to Las Cruces, New Mexico, to attend court as a witness against Pat Coghlin, who had bought a lot of L X steers from the notorious Billy the Kid.

In riding along the street, leading a pack-horse with my camp outfit on its back, John Sellman hailed me. He had on a city marshal's silver star. He invited me to go into a saloon and have a drink with him, which I did, after tying my horses to a hitching-rack.

While sitting at a table in the rear of the saloon drinking, I asked Sellman a second time what he did with the two Mexican boys and their two thousand sheep. He was surprised to hear that I knew of it through my cowboy friend who had met him

on the Staked Plains. He then confessed the whole matter to me — how he sold the sheep in El Paso for a dollar a head, a total of two thousand dollars. He virtually acknowledged murdering the two boys on reaching the breaks of the Pecos River, to prevent their giving him away. From the foot of the plains to the Pecos River, he drove the band of sheep by himself. At the river he hired a man to help him drive the band across the Mountains to El Paso, a distance of about three hundred miles.

As I was to be an important witness against the 'King of Tularosa' — Pat Coghlin — for cattle stealing in connection with Billy the Kid and his gang, I didn't want my identity made public for fear of being assassinated (which in those days was the easiest way to get rid of witnesses) before the case came to trial before Judge Bristol in La Mesilla, New Mexico. For that reason I had John Sellman promise not to tell any one of my presence, though I didn't tell him the reason. No doubt he thought I was under cover for some crime committed in the Panhandle.

After putting my horses in a livery stable, I boarded an Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé train for La Mesilla, a distance of fifty miles up the Rio Grande to report to District Judge Bristol. He informed me that I would not be called as a witness in the Coghlin case for a couple of weeks.

Then I returned to El Paso to rest and to take in the sights of a live town, and during the next several days I was with John Sellman a good deal. He introduced me to his boss, Dallas Studenmeir, the chief of police of El Paso, and also to the four Manning brothers, who ran the most popular saloon and gambling-hall in town. During my stay I had many friendly talks with Jim Manning and with Dallas Studenmeir, the city marshal. The latter was a fine-looking, middle-aged man, with a reputation for honesty and bravery.

I finally bade my friends good-bye, and rode out of town for parts unknown to them. A fifty-mile night ride brought me to Las Cruces, three miles from La Mesilla, the county seat of Dona Ana County, New Mexico, there to remain in hiding until I was called as a witness against the 'King of Tularosa.' Soon afterwards I was pained to read in the papers of the death of that brave El Paso officer, Dallas Studenmeir. He had been killed in a pistol duel with Jim Manning after he had shot and wounded the father of Jim. This battle took place on the street, near the Hole-in-the-Wall Saloon, a drinking resort that had to be entered through a dark, round hole in an adobe wall. My friend Zack White, one of the city fathers, who afterwards became wealthy in his old age, was an eye-witness to this pistol duel between the Mannings and Dallas Studenmeir, and told me the details of it years later.

After stealing the band of sheep, John Sellman spent a couple of years on the Rio Hando, in Lincoln County, New Mexico, stealing whole herds of cattle. Then he returned to El Paso to wear a deputy marshal's star and pose as a law-abiding citizen.

It was on the night of August 20, 1895, in the Acme Saloon in El Paso, that he killed John Wesley Harden. Before the time came for standing trial for this cold-blooded murder, Sellman was shot dead, in the alley back of the Wigwam Saloon one dark night, by Deputy United States Marshal George Scarborough, a brave officer, who had had trouble with him.

A few days after John Sellman had left my camp on the Blue Creek in 1878, another strange cowboy stopped with me for a few days and loaded some empty rifle and pistol shells. He was a good-looking young man, well armed and riding a splendid pinto horse. He said he was returning to his home in middle Texas from a trip up the Chisholm Trail with a herd

of steers. He was well supplied with money and he was not backward about showing it. On the South Paladuro he put up in the Doyle camp one night. The next morning the Doyle brothers and their hired man took the good-natured young man to a large cottonwood tree and hanged him for a horse-thief, so they claimed.

The Doyle brothers had a twelve-year-old Mexican boy working for them. They compelled him to pull on the rope, so that he would be equally guilty with themselves. That night the Mexican boy ran away and went to Tascosa, where he told me and others of the hanging. Soon after this, I went on a trip to the Doyle brothers' camp and saw the newly made grave under the large cottonwood tree. I also saw the fine pinto horse and the unlucky boy's saddle and rifle. There was no law in the country outside the six-shooter, therefore it was useless to undertake to bring the killers of this young man to justice.

I first met Clay Allison in the late fall of 1877 in the suttler's store at Fort Elliott, Texas.

Being a young cowboy at that time, and having heard much about Clay, I was naturally anxious to make his acquaintance. The opportunity came when Allison 'set 'em up' to every one in the saloon. Being slightly acquainted with the barkeeper, I asked him to introduce me to Clay, which he did. His warm handshake lingers with me to this day, forty-five years later. This was not the last drink taken with this noted man-killer, who was a fine-looking fellow of middle age when I first met him. His hair, mustache, and short chin beard were black. He had dancing blue eyes, which seemed to look through you like X Rays. He stood six feet two inches in his stocking feet, and weighed about one hundred and seventy-five pounds. He very seldom laughed, but wore a pleasant smile on his good-looking face when not on the warpath.

Allison was crippled in one foot from a shot fired accidentally from his own pistol. His limp was noticeable, and he often used his Winchester rifle for a crutch.

Born in Tennessee before the bloody strife between the North and South, Clay Allison, while still in his teens, joined the Confederate army and got his first taste of spilling human blood by fighting 'Yankees.'

At this time, 1877, Allison owned and conducted a small cattle ranch on Gageby Creek, a tributary to the Washita River, which flows east through the Indian Territory, now Oklahoma. The ranch was in Texas, but near the western line of the Indian Territory. It was only a short day's ride north of Fort Elliott. Previous to starting the ranch on Gageby Creek, Allison ran a cattle ranch south of Las Animas, Colorado. His cattle ranged south as far as the Cimarron River, in Colfax County, New Mexico. It was during this time that he won the reputation as a killer of 'bad' men. For all his killings he was tried in courts of justice and exonerated. He had the reputation of having killed eighteen men.

The killing of one of Allison's victims, known as 'Chunk,' I got from the lips of the then sheriff of Colfax County, New Mexico, a Mr. Rinehart. When Mr. Rinehart's term of office as sheriff expired in the spring of 1876, he moved to the Mexican settlement of Tascosa, in the Panhandle of Texas and opened a store and saloon in partnership with Jules Howard. Pete Burleson, whom I consider one of my dearest friends, and who now runs a hotel in Lincoln, New Mexico, was elected to take Rinehart's place as sheriff of Colfax County. He, too, has told me the story of how Clay Allison killed Chunk.

The details of the story as near as I can recall them, are as follows: Allison and Chunk met in the Mexican village of Cimarron, New Mexico, in the year 1873 (or possibly '74) and

began drinking. Chunk had the reputation of having killed fourteen men. A festa, with horse-racing, was going on in the village. Naturally Clay Allison kept his eyes on Chunk. After Chunk had disappeared, Allison learned from a friend that he had threatened to kill Clay before the celebration ended. This angered Allison and he went gunning for the bad-man from Colorado. Chunk was found seated at a table eating a lunch, either at the Clifton Hotel or a restaurant near by. Clay took a seat at the same table, facing his enemy. When the waiter came to get Clay's order, he asked what was wanted.

Allison replied: 'Bring me hot coffee and six-shooters for two.'

Chunk regarded this an insult, as Clay was looking straight at him. Quicker than a flash his right hand went down to his lap where a Colt's pistol lay concealed under a napkin. But he was too late. The bullet from Allison's pistol had struck him between the eyes. For this killing Clay was exonerated, as it was proved that Chunk had his hand on his pistol when shot.

In Tascosa, Mr. Rinehart told me how, while sheriff, he went to a ranch to arrest Allison for murder. Clay asked to see the warrant. It was handed to him. He tore it up, then pulled Rinehart's hat off his head and filled it with dirty water. The hat was then put back onto the sheriff's head and he was told to hit the road back to Cimarron, which he did. Then a company of negro soldiers, under command of a white lieutenant, were sent out to bring Clay to the county seat. He refused to surrender to negro soldiers. He told the officer that, if he would send the troops on ahead, he would accompany him to Cimarron. This was agreed to, and Allison wore his firearms while riding by the side of the lieutenant. At his trial he was exonerated of this charge of murder.

According to a story told on the cattle ranges in the early

days, one of Clay Allison's many gun-fights took place in Las Animas, Colorado, on the Arkansas River, in the early seventies. He and his brother John were in one of the dance-halls at night, when the town marshal, Charles Faber, entered with a double-barreled shot-gun to arrest Clay. The fight was soon over; two bullets, one from Clay's pistol and the other from John's, struck vital spots in the officer's body, killing him instantly. The marshal had fired one barrel of his gun at John, some of the buckshot entering his side and one arm. After recovering from this wound, John Allison joined the Ike Stockton gang of bad-men in Durango, Colorado.

It was in 1880 that John wrote to his brother Clay in Fort Elliott, Texas, that he was in trouble and needed his help. Clay at once saddled his favorite black saddle horse and started for northern New Mexico, across country some six hundred miles or more. While on this trip headed west, he ran out of grub and for a couple of days had to live on wild game without salt. He finally struck a cow-camp at the extreme head of the Beaver River, which is known as the North Canadian farther east as it passes through what is now the State of Oklahoma. In this cow-camp Clay filled up to the bursting point on cow-camp grub, which included the old standby dessert, Prunes.

This camp was ruled over by three young tenderfeet who were driving a small herd of cattle, purchased in New Mexico, to the wild Panhandle of Texas, there to establish a cattle ranch. Their names were Charlie Shideler, whom the writer afterwards punched cows with; Sam Hannah, who is still on earth and living in Alamosa, Colorado; and O. S. Clark, a prominent banker of Attica, Indiana.

It was only a couple of months previous to the penning of this story that I enjoyed a visit from Mr. O. S. Clark, in the city of Los Angeles, California. He described Clay as a fine-

looking, polite gentleman, and said he met him on other occasions, and greatly admired his bravery.

After leaving the Clark cow-camp, at the head of the Beaver, Clay Allison rode into New Mexico and found his brother John. He helped him settle the trouble he had got into, which meant the killing of two more bad-men. Clay had the reputation of having killed eighteen men, but many of his friends place the number at only an even dozen.

On one occasion, according to a story told me by Mr. O. S. Clark, Allison let his fighting spirit get the best of his judgment. He was attending a round-up near Toyah, Texas, the nearest town to his ranch. While camped with the round-up crew near this hurrah railroad town of Toyah, Allison agreed to fight a duel to help a cowboy who had a crippled right hand. The two cowboys had agreed to fight a duel with pistols at one o'clock. Each was camped on opposite sides of a round hill. At one o'clock sharp they were to ride to the top of the hill, and on meeting were to open fire and shoot until one or both were dead.

As the hour of one was drawing near, the crippled boy showed excitement. Clay asked the reason for his nervousness. He then told of the duel which had been planned in the other cow-camp. Allison told the crippled cowboy to remain in camp, that he would ride to the top of the hill and fight it out with his opponent.

At the appointed hour the heads of both duelists appeared over the top of the hill, not more than a rod apart. Clay was recognized by the angry cowboy, who turned his horse around and flew for camp on imaginary wings. He already knew Allison's reputation as a killer of men, and when he looked into his determined face over the brow of the hill, the yellow streak in his system came to the surface, causing him to run. Thus ended the proposed duel.

This story was told to Mr. Clark by one of his friends, a Mr. Rogers, now living in the Grand Valley of Colorado, near the town of Castle. He says he was a member of the round-up crew camped near Toyah when the above stunt was pulled off. Mr. Clark says that the word of Rogers can be relied on for truthfulness.

Ferd Davis, of the Sunflower Valley in Colorado, was once in partnership with Allison. He says that Clay's brother, Monroe Allison, told him of how, while acting as a spy for the Southern army, Clay was sentenced to be shot as a spy. The night before he was to be executed he slipped his hands out of the steel cuffs and killed his guard, then made his escape. I can vouch for his hands being smaller than his wrists, which would make it hard to keep cuffs on him.

Many years after settling on Seven Rivers, Clay Allison died with his boots on. He had been on a spree at the store and saloon, so it was said, when a friend undertook to take him home late in the night, in a wagon drawn by a bronco team of mules.

Before reaching the Allison ranch, Clay woke up and insisted on showing his friend what a fine 'mule-skinner' he was. The team ran away, throwing Clay under the wagon wheels. His neck was broken, thus ending the career of the coolest and bravest bad-man cowboy of the early West.

CHAPTER XIV

SAM BASS, THE DARING — BILL MOORE, THE ABLE —
JIM MCINTIRE, A PLAIN KILLER — JOE FOWLER
THE VICIOUS

SAM BASS, whom I have mentioned in an earlier chapter, was a bad-man cowboy, but not of the bloodthirsty kind. His 'hobby' was robbing railroad trains. During the early and middle seventies, he was the hero of all young Texas cowboys. The song of Sam Bass may have had something to do with this, as it was sung around the cattle herds at night, from one end of Texas to the other, and along the twelve hundred miles of the Chisholm Trail to Wichita and Abilene, Kansas. The tune of this song was that of 'Jim Fisk, who carried his heart in his hand.' I have given the first verse of the Sam Bass song, but it is worth setting down in full.

SAM BASS

Sam Bass was born in Indiana, it was his native home,
And at the age of seventeen young Sam began to roam.
Sam first came out to Texas a cowboy for to be —
A kinder-hearted fellow you seldom ever see.

Sam used to deal in race-stock, one called the Denton mare,
He matched her in scrub races, and took her to the Fair.
Sam used to coin the money and spent it just as free,
He always drank good whiskey wherever he might be.

Sam left the Collins ranch in the merry month of May,
With a herd of Texas cattle the Black Hills for to see,
Sold out in Custer City and then got on a spree —
A harder set of cowboys you seldom ever see. .

On their way back to Texas they robbed the U.P. train,
And then split up in couples and started out again.
Joe Collins and his partner were overtaken soon,
With all their hard-earned money they had to meet their doom.

Sam made it back to Texas all right side up with care;
Rode into the town of Denton with all his friends to share.
Sam's life was short in Texas; three robberies did he do,
He robbed all the passenger, mail, and express cars too.

Sam had four companions — four bold and daring lads —
They were Richardson, Jackson, Joe Collins, and Old Dad;
Four more bold and daring cowboys the Rangers never knew,
They whipped the Texas rangers and ran the boys in blue.

Sam and another companion, called Arkansas for short,
Was shot by a Texas Ranger by the name of Thomas Floyd;
Oh, Tom is a big six-footer and thinks he's mighty fly,
But I can tell you his racket — he's a deadbeat on the sly.

Jim Murphy was arrested and then released on bail;
He jumped his bond at Tyler and then took the train for Terrell;
But Mayor Jones had posted Jim and that was all a stall,
'Twas only a plan to capture Sam before the coming fall.

Sam met his fate at Round Rock, July the twenty-first,
They pierced poor Sam with rifle balls and emptied out his purse;
Poor Sam he is a corpse and six foot under clay.
And Jackson in the bushes trying to get away.

Jim had borrowed Sam's good gold and didn't want to pay.
The only shot he saw was to give poor Sam away.
He sold out Sam and Barnes and left their friends to mourn, —
Oh, what a scorching Jim will get when Gabriel blows his horn.

And so he sold out Sam and Barnes and left their friends to mourn,
Oh, what a scorching Jim will get when Gabriel blows his horn.
Perhaps he's got to heaven, there's none of us can say,
But if I'm right in my surmise he's gone the other way.



TOM KETCHUM
Alias Black Jack Ketchum



SAM BASS
At the age of sixteen

Sam Bass was born July 21, 1851, in a log house at Woodville Siding, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, one mile north of Mitchell, Lawrence County, Indiana. As a boy Sam helped his father cut and load cordwood onto the cars. At the age of sixteen he had his first picture taken in Mitchell. I have this tintype photograph on my desk in Los Angeles, California, while this is being written. It shows a good-looking, healthy boy just budding into manhood. It lay buried in an old trunk for thirty years and it was fished out to be given me by a doctor who practiced medicine in Mitchell, Indiana, while Sam Bass was growing into manhood.

After his mother's death when he was ten, the overworked boy then lived alone with his father, Daniel Bass, in their log house at Woodville Siding, until the father died in 1864. Then Sam's maternal uncle, David L. Sheek, took charge of the children — two boys and four girls. This did not relieve Sam of hard work. He had no time for school, and therefore grew up without any education.

The environments of Sam Bass's early life were not of the kind which make model Sunday-School boys. Mitchell was considered a tough saloon town. One tough character, whom we will call 'Dockrey,' was connected by marriage with the Bass family, and became notorious in that neighborhood by being sent to the penitentiary, along with his brother, for a murder committed near Mitchell.

As this Dockrey, who was still alive in the United States Soldiers' Home at Sawtelle, California, a few years ago, had an unusual experience while serving a sentence for murder in the Jeffersonville, Indiana, penitentiary, I will here place it on record to show that some mortals have it harder than others.

Dockrey and his brother were put to work in the coffin factory inside the prison walls. At an opportune time Dockrey nailed his brother in a coffin and put him aboard the

train loaded with empty coffins bound for the Eastern markets. At one of the division points the brother called for help one night. The car was opened by railroad men, who stampeded when they saw a man crawl out of a coffin and leap for the car door. A run was made across the yards, where a policeman was stationed. The running man was ordered to halt. He paid no heed to the command, but instead increased his speed. A bullet from the officer's gun laid him low with a wound which was not fatal. On recovering, he was put back behind the prison walls.

A year or so later, Dockrey made a deal with a convict whose time had expired to place a skiff, on a certain night, at a certain place at the edge of the Ohio River. On the appointed day, before the time came for being locked in his cell for the night, Dockrey crawled into the open sewer pipe and found easy sliding to the Ohio River, a distance of about a mile. Imagine his surprise and disappointment when he reached the end of the sewer pipe at the river's edge and found it barred with old wagon tires riveted into the pipe. The iron pipe was too small for a man to turn around in. There he was compelled to lie on his stomach and breathe the foul air until daylight, when he hoped to attract some one in passing boats.

As the rising sun was throwing her golden rays over the silvery waters of the Ohio River, Dockrey's heart beat with joy when he saw a steamboat approaching, on its way down the stream. It passed within a few hundred yards of where he lay trapped. His loud shouts failed to attract attention. During the whole day Dockrey watched the boats passing up and down the river. None passed near enough to hear his cries for help. By this time he was hungry and sick at heart. He decided that there was only one way to save his life, and that was to crawfish it back to the prison. Foot by foot he wormed his way backward. Many times the rush of sewage

carried him forward. Thirty-six hours after crawling into the sewer pipe, Dockrey was taken out by the prison guards, more dead than alive.

Later, Governor Matthews is said to have visited the penitentiary with a pardon for Dockrey. During the interview which followed, Dockrey asked the Governor to scratch out his name and pardon his brother, who had a family to welcome him home. This resulted in both receiving a full pardon.

At the age of seventeen, Sam Bass went to Texas and became a cowboy. He afterwards became noted around Denton, Texas, as the owner of the 'Denton mare' — a speedy race nag.

In 1877, Sam went up the Chisholm Trail with a herd of long-horn steers owned by Joel and Joe Collins, of Goliad, near the Gulf coast of Texas. These steers were sold in the Black Hills of Dakota Territory. Then Bass, in company with Joel and Joe Collins, went to Kansas City, Missouri, to see the sights of a growing young city. During this time they had their pictures taken in a group. One of these photographs is now in the collection of my friend, Mr. E. P. Lamborn, of Leavenworth, Kansas. Mr. Lamborn is a collector of rare photographs and books of the early West.

From Kansas City, Joe Collins returned to Texas by rail. His brother Joel and Sam Bass returned to Custer City, Dakota, and made that their headquarters. Joel Collins built a house in which he and his five trail cowboys, Jack Davis, Sam Bass, Jim Berry, Tom Nixon, and Bill Heffridge, lived. In this house the six bad-man cowboys laid plans to rob stage-coaches, several being held up and robbed without getting much booty.

The last stage held up proved exciting. During the latter part of August, Joel Collins received a tip that \$150,000 worth of gold dust would be brought into Deadwood on the

stage-coach. The six daring riders lay in wait for it, ten miles out of Deadwood. About 11 A.M. the stage came dashing past the concealed hold-up men. Inside there were four armed guards. The driver, Johnny Slaughter, was ordered to throw up his hands. Instead of complying with the demand, he cracked the horses with his whip, and they went running down the rough hill. Joel Collins and Bill Heffridge both fired at the driver and he fell dead in his booth. Now the six bad-man cowboys mounted their horses and tried to overtake the runaway stage-coach, but failed. The horses landed the four guards in the street of Deadwood and the excitement was ended.

With a case of murder staring the six desperadoes in the face, they decided to pull out across country for Texas, after they had gone to the Collins home to prepare for the journey. A week's hard riding south brought them to the cow-town of Ogallala, Nebraska. Here a plot was hatched to rob a train of the Union Pacific Railroad. The hold-up took place at Big Springs Station, a few miles west of Ogallala. The loot footed up over \$62,000, mostly in gold. The plunder was divided, each taking \$10,000, with the exception of Joel Collins, whose share amounted to over \$12,000.

Here the party split up into couples, to make their way back to Texas as best they could. Collins and Heffridge made one pair, Bass and Davis another, with Nixon and Berry as the third. In Mexico, Missouri, Nixon struck out for Florida, and escaped. Later, Berry was rounded up by officers in the town of Mexico and killed. He refused to surrender.

At Buffalo Station, on the Kansas Pacific Railway, in Kansas, Joel Collins and Bill Heffridge were rounded up by Sheriff Bardsley, of Ellis County, Kansas, and ten United States cavalymen, under Lieutenant Allen. Rifles were leveled at the cowboys, with orders to throw up their hands.

Joel Collins turned his face toward Heffridge, saying: 'Pard, if we are to die, we might as well die game.' Then both pulled their pistols, and their bodies were riddled with rifle bullets.

Sam Bass and Jack Davis got back to Denton, Texas, late in the fall. There they spent the winter drinking and running horse-races. They spent money freely and defied the law officers.

Bass was now considered the leader of the gang, which started the new year of 1878 by holding up a Houston & Texas Central train at Allen, Texas, February 22d. Their next train hold-up was the Texas & Pacific at Eagle Ford, March 18, 1878. This was followed by another Texas & Pacific train robbery at Mesquite, Texas, April 20, 1878.

The Texas rangers were put into the field to break up the gang. This resulted in many gun battles. In one of these, Jim Murphy was captured. He showed the white feather and squealed on the gang. He agreed, for a reward, to lay a trap for their capture. He was released on bail. Then he met Sam Bass and learned that their next robbery would be the bank in Round Rock, Texas, to take place July 21st.

When the time for holding up the bank came around, Bass, Barnes, Underwood, and 'Dad' Jackson rode into the town of Round Rock. Their mounts were tied to trees in front of a store. It had been planned not to hold up the bank until after the noon hour. Having time to spare, the men went into the store to eat a lunch of cheese, sardines, and crackers. They were seated at the counter eating when the back door opened and several rangers entered with drawn pistols. The surrender of the outlaws was demanded. This started the battle. As a precaution, Captain Ware had stationed Ranger George Harold and another ranger across the street, so that they could cover the front door of the store building.

When Bass, Jackson, and Underwood came out of the front

door to run to their mounts, Ranger Harold emptied his pistol at them. He told me that he shot twice at Sam Bass while he was untying his horse from the tree, and that he felt sure the two bullets struck him, as he bent over and nearly fell to the ground. In the store, the outlaw Barnes and Ranger Grimes lay dead, while Ranger Morris was badly wounded. As the three outlaws rode away on their horses, shots were fired at them. Their trail was followed, and three miles from town Sam Bass was found off his horse, mortally wounded. He lived only a short time. Jackson and Underwood made their escape. This broke up one band of bad-man cowboys.

In the fall of 1879, I put up for the night at the home of Jim Murphy, who had turned traitor to Sam Bass. He was living with his father and mother in a large two-story residence on Pecan Creek, in Denton County, Texas. From Jim Murphy, Sr., I learned much about Sam Bass and his gang.

In 1882 I became acquainted with Dick Ware, in the town of Big Springs, Texas. He claimed the credit of having fired the bullets which killed Bass. But, after hearing George Harold's story of the battle, I am inclined to believe that it was his bullets which laid low this reckless outlaw.

Since writing the above, I have received a letter from a reliable man, Frank Caldwell, of Austin, Texas, dated September 21, 1925, in which he states:

By the way, some one told me you was writing the life of Sam Bass — is it true? Or is that included in your new book? I have lately talked to the only man now living, so far as known, who took part in the fight in which Sam Bass lost his life. One of the Texas rangers pledged him to silence at the close of the fight, and he has kept quiet until lately. Now he will talk, as all the principals are dead. He and you are the only ones who claim that George Harold, and not Ware, shot Sam Bass. He says he and Harold were standing close together shooting at Bass at the time.

Another bad-man cowboy of the old school was Jim McIntire, with whom I was well acquainted. He had shot and killed several men before he came to the Texas Panhandle in the middle seventies. Jim McIntire was of a nervous disposition. When angry, his slender frame shook like a leaf and his black eyes sparkled with rage. He was a fiend at playing poker, and finally became a dope fiend in El Paso, Texas, where he died a human wreck, in later years.

W. C. Moore was a bad-man cowboy who had the brains for leading men. He would have made a good army officer to lead his soldiers into dangerous places. I know, for I was with him when he was leading a small bunch of cowboys in running down a band of desperate Mexicans, armed with long-range buffalo guns. These eight Mexican thieves were on the South Staked Plains, trying to reach New Mexico. We had ridden one whole night and half a day before they were overtaken. They barricaded themselves, and one of their party stood out in the open waving us back with his long-range Sharp rifle.

Bill Moore paid no attention to the warning, as he led his men in a gallop almost up to the muzzles of the concealed rifles. He then called a halt and ordered Jack Ryan, now an old and respected citizen of Long Beach, California, to go forward and tell the leader that if they didn't surrender, a charge would be made into their midst. They finally weakened and surrendered. During the wait for Jack Ryan's return, Bill Moore sat on his jaded horse, showing no sign of worry or fear.

CHAPTER XV

'CURLY BILL,' SHERMAN TALBOT, BILL CARVER, 'BLACK JACK' KETCHUM, BOB MCGINNIS, SAM KETCHUM, BILL GATLIN, AND 'BLACK JACK' CHRISTENSON

'CURLY BILL,' whose true name was William Borscius, was a bad-man cowboy who became known throughout western Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona, in the late seventies and early eighties. He was at the head of a gang of stock thieves who defied the law officers and added murder to their thievery. Curly Bill was a kind-hearted cowboy when not drinking. When drunk he was a fiend in human form. He was once shot down, so it was said, on a street in Tombstone, Arizona, by his chum, Jim Wallace. A month later he was back in the saddle at the head of his band, one of whom, Wess Adams, was a former chum of mine. It was in the spring of 1882 that we last met in El Paso, Texas, where he tried to persuade me to join the gang.

A fearless cowboy known as 'Hurricane Bill' was a member of Curly Bill's band. He was well known to me and in the middle seventies made a name for shooting up cow-towns on the Chisholm Trail in Kansas and in the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona. He had the reputation of having killed several men. He had a chum named Baldy Johnson, who was also a member of Curly Bill's gang. Hurricane Bill was once run out of Wichita, Kansas, by the vigilantes.

Along the southern border of Kansas, adjoining the Indian Territory, two live cow-towns sprang into existence on the Chisholm Trail in the late seventies and early eighties, one being Caldwell and the other Hunnewell. They were rivals, only twelve miles apart. In order to encourage the shipment

of cattle through their stock pens, each town gave the hilarious cowboys a free hand, allowing them to ride into the saloon and shoot out the lights and to shoot at the feet of the negro porters to make them dance lively steps. Among these riders of the range there were some bad-man cowboys who delighted in spilling human blood.

The time came when each town selected a fearless town marshal to keep the peace. Hunnewell appointed 'Comanche Bill,' and Caldwell chose Mike Meagher, who had made a reputation in Wichita, Kansas, as a brave peace officer.

The writer saw Mike Meagher's courage tested one night in 1876 at 'Rowdy Joe's' dance-hall in Wichita. On that particular night a rough-house was started between cowboys and gamblers. One good-natured Texas cow-boy was disfigured for life. A gambler fired a charge of bird-shot from a shot-gun into his face. This rough-house was quieted by Mike Meagher who, in doing so, took his life into his own hands, showing unusual coolness and bravery. But the time came on the 17th of December, 1881, when Mike Meagher's bravery and kind heart availed him nothing. With a smoking pistol in his hand he met death on the main street of Caldwell, in what became known as the bloody Talbot battle.

James Sherman Talbot, a bad-man cowboy, had a grievance against Caldwell and her law officers. He rode into the town with four other cowboys, whose names were Bob Bigtree, Jim Martin, 'Doug' Hill, and George Spears. In the fight which followed, Mike Meagher lost his life, and W. E. Campwell was wounded. On the Talbot side, George Spears was killed and 'Doug' Hill wounded, after his horse was shot from under him. Talbot made his getaway and left the country.

Hunnewell had several shooting scrapes while Comanche Bill was marshal. In 1878 a cowboy, Al Chasteen, whom I knew, with two chums, Bill Mills and Allen Carter, shot up

the town and killed a girl accidentally. For the killing of this girl Al Chasteen served a two-year sentence in the Leavenworth penitentiary.

The original 'Black Jack,' who went by the name of William Christenson, was a 'bad' Texas cowboy who made a record as a man-killer. During the nineties he broke jail in Oklahoma City, and came to southern Arizona, where he was nicknamed 'Black Jack,' in the Chiracahua Mountains bordering Old Mexico. Here he became known as the champion cutter of black-jack timber — a scrubby oak used in building corrals. He was a fine-looking, dark-complexioned man, who stood over six feet tall. He was good-natured and liked by all the cattlemen and cowboys in the Animas Valley of New Mexico, and the San Simon, Sulphur Springs, and San Pedro Valleys in Arizona. He was a good roper and an expert rider of wild horses. He was shot and killed in the fall of 1897. With two other outlaw companions he was camped in a cave on Cole Creek, near a goat ranch. They started to the goat ranch early one morning to eat breakfast, as was their habit. They ran into a posse headed by Ben Clark, afterwards sheriff of Graham County, Arizona, who were searching for them. In the fight Black Jack was killed and his two chums escaped. This battle took place sixteen miles east of Clifton, now the county seat of Greenlee County, Arizona.

It was not until the fall of 1925 that the writer learned who Christenson was, and that in the early eighties he was one of my dear cowboy chums. At that time he was a good-natured cowboy, who was bad only when full of poison liquor.

Soon after the death of Christenson, a second 'Black Jack' stepped into his boots and made a name as a vicious man-killer. In the closing years of the nineties, two young cowboys from Tom Green County, Texas, rode into Pearce, Arizona, on jaded horses, flat broke. They were brothers, their names

being Tom and Sam Ketchum. They secured a job cutting black-jack timber from a man who owned the 'Bucket of Blood' Saloon in Pearce. Tom Ketchum, the older brother, was very dark, and the loungers in the 'Bucket of Blood' joked him by saying that he was liable to be arrested as Black Jack because he looked like him.

'If I look like Black Jack, I will be Black Jack,' was the young man's answer. He and his brother Sam then started out as bad-man cowboys, and the name 'Black Jack' stuck to him while he lived.

In the Steins Pass country, Tom and Sam Ketchum held up the same stage-coach only a few days apart. They then held up a store which did a banking business, securing a large amount of cash. The young bandits remained in hiding while the country was being searched for them by law officers.

When the owners of the store secured a new supply of money to conduct their banking business, Black Jack and his brother, so it was said, swooped down from the hills and robbed the store a second time. They then quit the country and landed in Liberty, at the foot of Tucumcari Peak, where the prosperous town of Tucumcari, New Mexico, now stands. They had come from the Bell cattle ranch, where they had been joined by Bob McGinnis, and where they robbed the company store of needed supplies.

In Liberty the three daring men entered the Hernstein store in the night, securing cash and ammunition. Then they rode south and pitched camp. Early the next morning Hernstein discovered that robbers had been in his store. He at once made up a posse of Mexicans and took up the trail. Coming to their camp, Hernstein undertook to arrest them. This started a battle. Hernstein fell dead, and so did two of the Mexicans, while a third, Placido Chaves, lay unconscious, with a rifle ball through his body. The rest of the posse made

their escape and returned later to the battle-ground with a larger force.

Hernstein's body had eleven bullet wounds in it, says Banty Caldwell, who at this writing is doing cowboy stunts in Tom Mix's Hollywood studio. He says he helped to bury Hernstein and the two Mexicans.

Ketchum now organized a band of the most fearless bad-man cowboys of the West; among them being such dare-devils as Elza Lay, *alias* Bob McGinnis; Bill Carver, *alias* 'Franks'; and George Musgrove, *alias* 'Jeff Davis' and 'Jess Williams.' In the winter of 1900, Black Jack and his gang were camped in the high mountains near Elizabethtown, New Mexico, waiting for green grass to come in the spring, before robbing a train on the Denver & Fort Worth Railroad. With green grass for their mounts, the getaway is made easier, as there is no need of carrying a supply of grain.

It was planned to hold up Conductor Harrington's train on a certain date, at Folsom Station. While waiting for the time to arrive, Black Jack had a disagreement with his brother Sam. In an angry mood he rode away, telling the gang that he would take no part in holding up the train, that he was going back to Texas. After Black Jack had been gone a few days, the gang decided to hold up the train before the time previously set. When Conductor Harrington's passenger train pulled into Folsom on its way to Fort Worth, Texas, it was held up. With their loot the bandits returned to their mountain rendezvous.

Black Jack's anger had cooled off, meanwhile, and he wheeled his horse around toward the west, with the intention of returning to camp in time to assist the gang in holding up the train. On nearing Folsom, he concluded that it would be a good joke on the boys in camp if he held up the train single-handed. It was after dark when he saw the headlight of the

approaching northbound passenger train, as it was pulling into Folsom Station. Little did the bold bad-man cowboy dream that his gang had robbed this same train on its way south, only a few days previous.

Tying his mount in a clump of scrubby timber, Black Jack flagged the train. He ordered the engineer and fireman to march ahead of him to the express car, the side door of which was locked from the inside. The engineer was told that he and the fireman would be killed if they didn't persuade the express messenger to open the door. They pleaded with the messenger to open the door and save their lives.

With a lantern in one hand and a double-barreled shot-gun in the other, Conductor Harrington jumped to the ground from the steps of the front coach; his intention being to find out why the train had stopped before reaching the station. Seeing the engineer and fireman with their hands in the air and a pistol pointed at their backs, Harrington raised the shot-gun and fired at the arm holding the pistol. The charge of shot shattered Black Jack's right arm between the elbow and shoulder. With his left hand he grabbed the pistol and opened fire on the conductor, who retreated into the coach. In a cool manner and clear voice, Black Jack told the engineer that he would have to bid them good-bye, although it pained him to do so. He then walked to his horse and mounted, riding away toward the west.

When daylight came, a posse was organized and the trail of the lone bandit followed. He was found only a few miles from Folsom, lying on the ground, weak from loss of blood. He was taken to the penitentiary in Santa Fé and his arm amputated near the shoulder.

Billy Reno, special agent of the Denver & Fort Worth Railroad, had organized a posse and gone on the trail of Sam Ketchum and his gang, after they had robbed the express car

on Conductor Harrington's train. When the posse reached the bandits' camp, the robbers fled to the higher hills. Then a long-distance battle took place, so it was said by eye-witnesses. Bill Carver made his getaway on horseback, but others were compelled to quit their mounts and take it afoot.

Sam Ketchum and Bob McGinnis climbed onto a ridge or hogback, between two deep canyons which could not be crossed on horseback. Ed Farr, a Texas cowboy who was sheriff of Huerfano County, Colorado, and his deputy, a Mr. Love, quit their horses and afoot took up the trail of Ketchum and McGinnis. Both couples were shooting at each other with high-power rifles, as they ran from one pine tree to another. Finally, only about three hundred yards separated the opposing parties. Each was concealed behind large pine trees. Steel-jacketed bullets were being used by both sides. At this distance the bullets could go through a large-sized tree.

Sheriff Farr was standing up, while his deputy Love was kneeling down, both peeping around the tree to get sight of the enemy. Finally, a bullet came through the tree and broke the sheriff's wrist. He was holding the wounded arm down so that his deputy could bind the wound with a silk handkerchief. Just then a bullet came through the tree and pierced the sheriff's heart. He fell sprawling to the ground. Then Deputy Love stood up and was trying to get a shot at the bandits. A bullet came through the tree, striking a pocket-knife in his pocket. The knife was bent double and driven into the deputy's groin. He died in great agony a day or two later.

The two bandits now took stock of their wounds. Sam Ketchum had a shattered left arm, while McGinnis had two bullet holes through his body. In this condition both men made their way along the ridge, while the mounted posse, who could not cross the canyon, were shooting at them from a distance. Weakness from loss of blood caused Ketchum to col-

lapse. Then McGinnis put the helpless man, whose weight was a hundred and eighty pounds, onto his shoulder and carried him about half a mile. Being exhausted from the effects of his own wounds, McGinnis was persuaded by his chum to make his own getaway before the posse reached the head of the canyon. This he did by climbing down into the opposite canyon from where the officers were. The posse found the wounded Sam Ketchum. He was taken to the penitentiary in Sante Fé, where his brother was recovering from his amputated right arm. Sam's left arm was amputated near the shoulder, and he died from the effects.

Nothing was heard of Bob McGinnis until the following fall, when he met his Waterloo in the sand-hills of eastern New Mexico, a wild, unsettled country adjoining the Texas Panhandle. He had joined his chum 'Franks.' They were camped in a small valley surrounded by high sand-hills, which could be climbed to view the surrounding country for enemies — which meant any one upholding the law.

McGinnis had almost recovered from the bullet wounds in his body. He and Franks were in the habit of taking turn-about each morning to ride to a windmill and earth tank, a mile west, to fill canteens and water their mounts. Here in a tent lived a man caring for a band of cow-ponies owned by a cattleman who lived in Carlsbad, the county seat of Eddy County, New Mexico, on the Pecos River, about seventy-five miles west. Being out of grub, this horse man went to Carlsbad after supplies. The two bandits sent for some grub and tobacco. While in Carlsbad the man told Sheriff Cicero Stewart of the two suspicious strangers camped near him. He feared they might steal some of his ponies. From the descriptions given of the strangers, the sheriff concluded they were members of the Black Jack gang. He instructed the man to invite the one who came after the grub and tobacco, to eat

dinner with him, so that he could be captured while in the tent eating.

In the night Sheriff Cicero Stewart and his deputies secreted their mounts in a deep arroyo. They then walked afoot to the earth tank and concealed themselves. About eleven o'clock McGinnis rode up to the tent and sniffed the odor of the food the horse man was cooking. He was told that dinner was about ready and was invited inside to share the meal. McGinnis rode around the tent and looked in every direction to see if the coast was clear. He then dismounted and entered the tent, seating himself at the table, facing west. There was a six-inch space between the ground and the tent, and McGinnis's keen eye caught sight of a pair of booted feet moving toward the rear. Jumping to his feet, with two pistols in his hands, he started for the tent door. The horse man, being afraid of flying bullets, ran past him to get outside. McGinnis remarked, 'You are at the bottom of this plot!' A bullet from the bandit's pistol struck the fleeing man before he could get out of the tent.

On reaching the open air, McGinnis fired a bullet into the breast of one of the deputies. A bullet from the sheriff's rifle struck McGinnis a glancing blow on the head, which knocked him to his knees. The sheriff then ordered the bandit to drop the pistols and rise to his feet with hands up in the air. This he did, on seeing two cocked rifles pointed at his head.

Sheriff Stewart walked up to the outlaw and began unbuckling the cartridge belt from his waist. McGinnis's right hand caught the sheriff under the chin, so it was said, and knocked him on his back. Then a struggle was made to get the officer's rifle. A blow on the head with a clubbed rifle in the hands of a deputy sheriff knocked McGinnis unconscious. He was carried into the tent as limp as a rag.

Hearing the shooting, Franks mounted his horse, and with

a powerful field-glass watched the battle. When he saw his chum being carried into the tent, he concluded that he had been killed. He then fired his pistol in the air to attract the attention of the officers, waved his hat, yelled good-bye, and was soon out of sight to the southward. The shackled and handcuffed bandit was taken to Carlsbad by the sheriff and his officers.

At his trial, McGinnis was sentenced to a life term in the penitentiary at Santa Fé, New Mexico. He was later pardoned.

Shortly after the robbery of a Nevada bank, Bill Carver, *alias* Franks, was shot dead in a battle with law officers who were trying to capture him. He had gone back to the land of his birth to spend his easily earned gold. Near the town of Sonora, Texas, he died with his boots on.

In the year 1901, Black Jack Ketchum was taken to Clayton, New Mexico, to be hanged. He had been sentenced to death for holding up a railroad train, under a new law lately passed by the legislature. When his body fell through the trap on the gallows, his head was severed from the body — something unusual. A photograph was taken of the body lying in one place and the head in another. One of these photographs was sent me by a friend. This broke up the 'Black Jack' gang, one of the worst bands of bad-man cowboys of the Western cattle country.

In the late seventies a live cow-town, Tascosa, in the wild Texas Panhandle, sprang into existence. Here a 'Boot Hill' cemetery was started in the fall of 1880, and it continued to grow until it contained the bodies of about twenty hilarious cowboys who had died with their boots on.

The biggest killing took place in Tascosa in the night of March 21, 1886, when four cowboys were killed and two wounded. At this time James H. East, the fearless officer who

had helped Pat Garrett break up Billy the Kid's gang, was sheriff of Oldham County, Texas, and the twelve unorganized counties under its jurisdiction, with Tascosa as the county seat.

Len Woodruff was shot all to pieces, as the saying goes, in this battle, and lived to enjoy life for more than twenty years afterwards. He was finally sent by cowboy friends to the noted Hot Springs in Arkansas, to recover his health. While still on crutches in Hot Springs, Len Woodruff secured a job from a wealthy widow, owner of the Milwaukee Hotel, to drive the bus to and from the depot. A short time later he changed his job from bus driver to that of half owner of the Milwaukee Hotel. He had married this rich widow, who was much older than himself. In 1915, the writer met Woodruff in the city of Hot Springs, loaded down with diamonds and living a life of ease. This is proof that circumstances shape the lives of us poor mortals here below. Had this battle never occurred in Tascosa, the chances are Woodruff would never have tasted the fruits of high living, with money to throw to the birds.

Len Woodruff had a chum, Bill Gatlin, who was a real bad-man cowboy, devoid of fear. Before coming to Tascosa in 1878, he had become 'bad,' down in the thickly populated part of Texas. His true name was said to be Brogart. He was liked by all the cowboys around Tascosa, including myself. Gatlin took a leading part in the only cowboy strike ever pulled off in the history of the world. The strike was for higher wages, and to allow cowboys to brand 'sleepers' — unbranded yearlings — on the cattle ranges of the Texas Panhandle. The cattlemen objected to their cowboys starting brands of their own, while in their employ.

Bill Moore, manager of the L X ranch, proved to the cowboys what could be done stealing cattle and branding

'sleepers.' In a few years, he had sold his brand and cattle for \$70,000 in cash.

In order to make yearling 'sleepers' the calves during the summer seasons were earmarked, but not branded. Then, when weaned during the winter and early spring, the cowboys would change the earmarks and put their own brands onto the animals.

This cowboy strike had taken place in the early eighties, and it was impossible for the owners of the large cattle ranches to hire cowboys to look after their stock. Tom Harris, a wild and woolly cowboy raised on the Navidad River, in southern Texas, was at the head of it, which engendered much hatred and caused the spilling of some human blood.

The strikers, about two hundred of them, had their camp on the Alamasitos, twenty-five miles southwest of Tascosa. Finally, Pat Garrett, the sheriff of Lincoln County, New Mexico, who killed the notorious Billy the Kid, was put at the head of a force of Texas rangers, and stopped the strike.

Along with other strikers Gatlin drifted north. While working as a cowboy on the Keeline ranch, near Fort Laramie, Wyoming, Gatlin, then under an assumed name, shot and killed Deputy Sheriff Gunn, in the town of Lusk. For this crime he received a death sentence under his assumed name, as his other names and past record were not known by the officers of Wyoming.

Before the time of execution arrived, Tom Nichols, *alias* Tom Hall, foreman of the Keeline ranch, hired a safe-blower for five hundred dollars to commit a petty crime in Cheyenne, so as to be put into jail, in order to saw the steel bars of the prison and liberate Gatlin.

On the night of the jail-break, Tom Hall was near by with an extra horse and saddle for Gatlin. For a few weeks the bad-man cowboy, who had thus escaped the hangman's noose,

remained in hiding on the Keeline cattle range. Then, mounted on Hall's pet roan race-horse, and leading a large bay animal, he rode west.

In going through the State of Utah, Gatlin picked up a twelve-year-old boy who wanted to be a bad-man cowboy. A saddle and outfit were bought for the boy, he riding the big bay horse. When they had reached Santa Fé, New Mexico, their mounts were played out and were put into a livery stable to rest. The next day Gatlin hired a buggy and a fine driving team, to go a short distance out in the country, so the livery man was told. When out of the city the saddles were placed onto the buggy team and a swift ride made to Len Woodruff's camp at Los Portales Lake adjoining the Texas Panhandle. Len was there recovering from the wounds received in the fight at Tascosa. He and Bill Gatlin had kept up a correspondence, therefore the cowboy, with a hangman's noose dangling before his eyes, knew where to find his former chum.

After a week's rest, Gatlin concluded to leave for the south, but he didn't want the boy to accompany him, for fear he might give him away. He explained to Woodruff that he had confessed to the boy, telling him that he had been sentenced to hang in Cheyenne, Wyoming.

It was agreed that Len Woodruff should take care of the boy. The youngster said that Gatlin had to keep his promise and take him to South America with him. When Gatlin was ready to ride away, he told the boy that if he followed him he would be killed. The boy had already saddled his horse. Woodruff forced him to sit in a chair until Gatlin was out of sight. He then went to work in the cabin doing the chores. The boy had promised that he would stay and live with Woodruff. In about twenty minutes Len looked out of the door and saw the boy on Gatlin's trail, going at a swift gallop. Two days later, Woodruff rounded up his saddle ponies. In the

band was the boy's horse with the saddle still on its back and the bridle on its head. The seat of the saddle was covered with dry blood, showing that Gatlin had carried out his threat and killed the boy when he had overtaken him.

This story was told to the writer by Len Woodruff in Hot Springs, Arkansas, years later.

Gatlin shipped on a sailing vessel in New Orleans for Buenos Aires, South America. There he found a friend in the person of a dentist who was a bad-man from Texas, and a friend to Tom Hall of Fort Laramie, Wyoming. A letter had already reached the dentist from Hall, telling him to assist Gatlin in reaching an outlaw band on the Pampas, twelve hundred miles from Buenos Aires. After a stay of a couple of years with this outlaw band, Gatlin returned to the United States and settled down under a new name.

CHAPTER XVI

'DUTCH HENRY' AND HIS GANG — THE DARE-DEVIL MARLOW BROTHERS, WHO PROVED THEIR METTLE IN A BATTLE AGAINST A VICIOUS MOB

DURING the middle seventies 'Dutch Henry' was known as the leader of a band of bad-man cowboys who stole horses and did some killing. They ranged through the Indian Territory, southern Kansas and Colorado, the Neutral Strip (No-Man's-Land), and the Texas Panhandle. It was roughly estimated that there were from a hundred to three hundred in the organization, divided into squads. Their consciences were relieved by claiming that they stole horses only from Indiana; but I know that this was not the truth, as, during the late summer of 1877, two squads of Dutch Henry's men swapped bands of stolen horses in No-Man's-Land.

The squad of a dozen cowboys under 'Chubby' Jones had come west from the Indian Territory with about a hundred and fifty stolen Indian ponies. Near the Rifle Pits, on Sharp's Creek, they were met by ten daring cowboys driving about seventy-five well-bred horses stolen in the new State of Colorado, to the northwestward. The two bands had met at the Rifle Pits by agreement, and Dutch Henry was there from Dodge City, Kansas, to greet them.

On the following day Jones and his gang started back to the Indian Territory to sell the horses stolen in Colorado, while the other crew drove west with the Indian ponies.

A few months later, before Christmas, as I have told elsewhere in this book, Jones and eight of his bad-man cowboys met their fate on Sweetwater Creek, about forty miles south of Fort Elliott, in the Texas Panhandle.

Soon after this, Dutch Henry quit the horse-stealing game and became a buffalo hunter. In later years he made a stake by selling a mine in the booming silver camp of Creed, Colorado. He then married a well-educated, refined woman, and bought a ranch. Here he passed the declining years of his life with his family.

About three years ago, just before his death at the age of seventy-nine, Dutch Henry sent me a written report of the part he and Bat Masterson as boys had taken in the bloody battle of Adobe Walls, in the Texas Panhandle.

This happened in the year 1874, when the Comanche Indians had broken out on the warpath at Fort Sill, Indian Territory, killing hundreds of white people before being captured by General McKinzie and his brave soldiers, at the head of Tulle Canyon, near the eastern line of New Mexico. In the Adobe Walls battle there were more than a thousand Indians, all being Comanches except a few from the Cheyenne, Kiowa, and Arapahoe tribes. They were headed by Quanah Parker, a son of Cynthia Ann Parker, the white girl stolen by the Comanches in Texas during the fifties.

In the fight, which lasted several days, there were twenty-eight buffalo hunters and one woman, the wife of William Olds, who, during the battle, was accidentally killed by the explosion of his own rifle. Five white men and hundreds of Indians were killed in this noted battle. The Indians charged up to the stockade surrounding the adobe buildings, and were slaughtered by the buffalo hunters concealed on the dirt roofs of the houses. During the many charges to dislodge the whites, bold warriors quit their mounts to climb the stockade, only to be killed.

Billy Dixon, a Government scout, who took part in the Adobe Walls fight, afterwards wrote and published a book entitled: 'Life of Billy Dixon, who Fought in the Adobe Walls

and Buffalo Wallow.' In this book, mention is made of Bat Masterson and Dutch Henry.

We now come to the doings of the five Marlow brothers, who can hardly be placed in the bad-man cowboy class. They rightly belong to the dare-devil class.

The Marlow brothers were the sons of Dr. Williamson Marlow, who, with his child wife, lived in Nashville, Tennessee, in 1822. During the following year the doctor and his young wife, with a first-born babe in her arms, headed toward the setting sun. In Missouri, Mrs. Marlow died, leaving four small children for the doctor to care for. Two years after, the doctor married a pretty miss by the name of Martha Keton.

Later the great gold excitement of 1849 brought the stampede to California. In this wild stampede were Dr. Marlow and his young wife, with their brood of youngsters. A few years in the gold fields of California put Dr. Marlow on 'easy street,' the possessor of a little fortune for those days.

From now on the doctor became a drifter, moving from place to place in Colorado, Texas, Missouri, and Old Mexico. Amidst these surroundings the subjects of this sketch, Charlie, George, Albert, Boone, and Llewellen, grew up, learning to ride, shoot, and throw the lasso.

On April 12, 1885, Dr. Marlow was buried in the Lone Star State, which he loved. Soon after his death, Mrs. Marlow and the boys moved to the Texas Panhandle, where land was taken up at the foot of Navajo Mountain, near the western line of the Indian Territory. It was here that Boone Marlow shot and killed his first man, Jim Holstein, in what he considered self-defense. This caused the whole family to pull up stakes and move to No-Man's-Land, now part of the State of Oklahoma. Here the boys entered homesteads on Government land and settled down for a time, until the drifting craze, which the boys had inherited from their father, caused a move

to the Wichita Mountains in the southwest corner of the Indian Territory. Here they leased land from the Comanche Indian and went in to the stock business.

In the summer of 1888, the Marlow brothers were arrested and thrown into jail in Graham, Texas, the county seat of Young County, for the theft of a hundred and thirty head of Indian ponies, which charge was afterwards proved false. But this didn't lessen the sting of being branded as horse-thieves.

In order to be near her boys, Mrs. Martha Marlow, who was a distant relative of Daniel Boone, moved to Young County, Texas. Through the mother's influence, bond was secured for the boys until the meeting of court. Being now at liberty, the boys rented farms west of Graham and settled down with their old mother and their families.

On December 17, 1888, Sheriff Wallace, of Young County, with one of his deputies, Tom Collier, rode up to the Marlow ranch to arrest Boone Marlow for the killing of Holstein, a few years previous. In the gun battle which followed, Boone shot and killed Sheriff Wallace, a warm friend of his, thinking he was Tom Collier, who had fired a shot at him when demanding his arrest. As Collier ran out of the house, Boone fired at him with a Winchester rifle which he secured from a corner of the room. The bullet tore a hole through the door casing, and also shattered the rim of Collier's hat, barely grazing the officer's head. Hearing the shooting, Sheriff Wallace ran from his horse in the rear of the house just in time to receive a fatal bullet wound from Boone's rifle.

On his death-bed Sheriff Wallace forgave Boone, who shed tears over this sad mistake, as he nearly worshiped the kind-hearted sheriff for the good treatment he had bestowed on the Marlow brothers while they were in jail, in the town of Graham.

The killing of the popular sheriff of Young County caused the Marlow neighborhood to swarm with law officers. They arrested George, Charlie, Albert, and Llewellyn and placed them in jail. For a long time Boone remained hidden in a straw stack half a mile from the house. He had made a room in the center of the stack, where he ate and slept by the side of his trusty rifle and pistol. Food was taken to him at night by Charlie's wife.

A large reward was offered for the capture of Boone Marlow, dead or alive. This made it unsafe for him to remain in the neighborhood. One night Charlie's wife left a horse and saddle handy for Boone to make his getaway in the night. He rode to the Indian Territory, where he was kept in hiding by a former sweetheart, who placed food where he could reach it without being discovered.

Finally the brother of Boone's sweetheart decided to get the fifteen hundred dollars reward offered for the outlaw, dead or alive. The brother got two young neighbors to go in with him on the deal. In a sly way the brother placed poison in the food his sister was preparing for her outlaw lover. When the poison had done its work, the three cowardly murderers fired bullets into the corpse to make it appear that he had been killed in the attempt to effect his capture. The body was taken to Graham and turned over to the proper authorities. The fifteen hundred dollars reward was paid to Harbolt, Beavers, and Derrickson, and they returned to their homes in the Indian Territory, to be arrested later for the murder of Boone Marlow. It was proved at the trial in the federal court that Boone came to his death by poison and that the bullet holes were made in the body after death. The three men were sentenced to long terms in prison for this cowardly murder.

The four remaining Marlow brothers, along with two other prisoners, Clift and Burkhart, were shackled in pairs and kept

in a steel cage. On the night of January 17, 1889, the jail was turned over to friends of the dead sheriff to get revenge by hanging the Marlow boys. As the county officers and jailer were in on the deal, it was decided that the work of the mob should be done quietly and not a shot was to be fired which would arouse the sleeping citizens of the town.

The leader of the mob was a young man named Hill. When the jailer opened the cell door, Hill stepped inside the cell and called for Charlie Marlow to come out. The strong right hand of Charlie shot forward and Hill fell dying with a ruptured brain. The Marlow boys then unscrewed a water pipe and used this as a weapon. The mob kept at a distance. Finally the jailer locked the cell door and all departed for their homes. Hill died shortly afterwards.

The next morning a sensational report was circulated to the effect that during the night a crowd of Indian Territory cowboys, led by Boone Marlow, had tried to liberate the prisoners. This news was telegraphed to United States Marshal Cabell, of Dallas, Texas. He wired his deputy, Ed Johnson, in Graham, to take the Marlow brothers, Clift, and Burkhart, to Weatherford, sixty miles east, for safe-keeping. After dark on the night of January 19th, the start was made from the jail for the sixty-mile night drive to Weatherford. There were two hacks drawn by horses. County Attorney Martin was driver of the front vehicle. With him on the front seat were Clift and Burkhart, shackled together. In the rear seats sat the four Marlow brothers shackled in pairs, Charlie and Albert as one pair, and George and Llewellyn as the other. In the rear hack were Deputy United States Marshal Ed Johnson and his well-armed assistants. As these officers were said to have figured in the raid on the jail two days before, the Marlow brothers did not count on their protection should a mob attack them.

Reaching the brushy Dry Creek, two miles out of Graham,

the fiercest battle of the cattle range, six shackled men against a wild mob of scores, took place.

The leader of the mob shouted to the driver of the foremost vehicle, 'Hands up — stop!'

Martin, the driver, who was in on the play, stopped the team and sprang for cover, away from the flying bullets he knew would come. Men emerged from the brushy timber, firing as they came. Quicker than it takes to tell it, the four Marlow brothers leaped over the side of the vehicle onto the ground. The chain shackles on their legs did not prevent their reaching the officers' hack, a short distance in the rear. Charlie and Albert were the first to get there. They found some of the mob disarming the guards. Charlie wrenched a pistol out of Ed Johnson's hand, while Albert twisted a Winchester rifle out of the hands of one of the mob.

Now the battle was on in dead earnest. When two of the mob lay stretched on the ground, George and Llewellyn secured their guns. Streaks of red fire continued to come from the brush. In this direction the shackled prisoners sent hot lead. While the fight was raging, the guards drove away, leaving the prisoners to their fate.

Like all mobs this one could not face guns in the hands of desperate men. They scattered like sheep, to make their way back to town and hide before daylight disclosed their identity to the law-abiding citizens of Graham.

Three of the mob lay dead, while five were in the brush badly wounded. In taking stock of the fight, it was found that George had been shot through one hand. Charlie had not been so lucky. He was shot all to pieces. Fastened to his leg was his dead brother Albert, with fifteen bullet holes in his body. Chained to George's leg lay Llewellyn shot full of holes and breathing his last.

Having the use of both hands, Charlie crawled to the body

of one of the mob and secured a sharp knife. This was used in unjointing the ankles of his two dead brothers. This left dangling shackles on the legs of George and Charlie.

The flat stone on which the ankles were unjointed was later taken to the United States Marshal's office in Dallas, where it was kept on display for many years, and may be there yet. On one side it showed the bloodstains.

During the fight, Clift was wounded in the hip and hand. He was unable to take part in the shooting, as he was shackled to the cowardly Burkhart, who wouldn't leave the vehicle. Burkhart proved his cowardice a few hours later, when, at a woodpile in front of a ranch house, an axe was secured to cut the chain shackle which bound him and Clift together. When freed, Burkhart ran for the timber and was never heard of in that part of the country again.

Clift and Burkhart had stayed with the team and hack while the shooting was going on. And it was lucky they did, for it gave the boys a chance to reach home where they could be cared for. Just before daylight, the wounded men reached home, exhausted from the loss of blood and the cold night ride. Mrs. Marlow, assisted by Charlie's, George's, and Albert's wives, turned the home into a hospital, as good as a fort for protection, should enemies appear on the scene.

A few hours after the arrival of the battle-scarred boys, Mrs. Marlow sent back the team and hack by Johnny Gillmore to bring home the bodies of her two sons, which were laid away in the village of Finnis, with the assistance of kind neighbors. Shortly after this, the body of Boone was also brought home and buried by the side of his brothers.

A telegram was sent to United States Marshal Cabell, in Dallas, by George and Charlie Marlow, stating that they would never surrender to any one but himself or his deputy, Morton. On the Tuesday following the fight on Dry Creek,

Deputy Marshal Morton and a guard arrived at the Marlow house in a covered hack. Clift, who was wounded in the hip and hand, was placed in the hack in such a position that he could hold Charlie in a sitting position, as he couldn't breathe when lying down. The railroad was reached at Gordon Station the next day before noon. Then a train was taken for Dallas, reaching there late in the night of Wednesday. It was Thursday morning before Dr. Carter dressed the wounds, which had been received the Saturday before. Charlie's wounds were the worst — in breast, neck, and cheek.

In March, the two Marlow brothers and Clift were taken back to Graham under a heavy guard and tried for horse-stealing. All were acquitted, as there was no evidence that the horses, brought into Young County, Texas, from the Indian Territory, had been stolen.

A federal grand Jury indicted the leaders of the mob who attacked the Marlow brothers and Clift at Dry Creek. They were arrested and thrown into jail. While in jail Deputy Marshal Ed Johnson had his remaining hand amputated on account of a wound received in the Dry Creek fight.

George and Charlie Marlow and Clift were put under bond to appear as witnesses against the mob leaders. Fearing mob violence, they made their way with their families to Ridgway, Colorado, where they took up homesteads.

In June, 1891, two Texas rangers, Captain McDonald and A. J. Britton, arrived in Ridgway, with requisition papers from the Governor of Texas to bring George and Charlie Marlow to Graham, Texas, for the murder of Sheriff Wallace. Governor Route, of Colorado, heard the defense made by the Marlow brothers and refused to recognize the requisition made by the Governor of Texas. The two Texas rangers returned home without the prisoners.

Soon after this the Marlow brothers were taken back to

Texas under a heavy guard to appear as witnesses against the leaders of the Graham mob. A second trip was made to Graham, Texas, before the case in federal court ended. Several of the leaders received long sentences in the federal prison for their part in the doings of the mob on Dry Creek.

On returning to Colorado to lead a peaceful life, George and Charlie were appointed deputy sheriffs by C. W. ('Doc') Shores, sheriff of Gunnison County. Doc Shores, one of my dearest friends at that time — and even up to the present day — knew that the Marlows would make good peace officers, as they were not afraid of man or devil.

At the present writing, Charlie and George Marlow are leading quiet lives in a California town, dreaming of the good old days when a cowboy could ride up to a bar and order drinks while seated on the hurricane deck of a Spanish pony.

CHAPTER XVII

JIM MILLER, THE VICIOUS MAN-KILLER — THE STORY OF PAT GARRETT'S MURDER

JIM MILLER was a vicious cowboy who made a business of killing for money. He was brought up in the old school in Texas, after the Civil War, in the southwestern part of the State. In the early eighties Jim Miller and a friend whom I shall call 'Roomy' landed in Pecos City, Texas, near the southern line of New Mexico. Here Miller shot and killed the sheriff of that county, Bud Frazier. Before the case was decided in the courts, Miller and Roomy assassinated the main witnesses. This story I got from the lips of an old-time friend, who, as a boy, was brought up with Miller and Roomy. Later, while on the police force of El Paso, Texas, my informant was an associate of Roomy and was told many stories of his past life, as well as of that of Jim Miller.

Having known this informant from childhood, and having been associated in a cattle deal with his uncles and father in the early days, I can rely on his statements as truth. He, himself, is lightning on the draw and a dead shot, having killed a few men himself, as a law officer and in self-defense. Roomy was finally shot and killed in the Coney Island Saloon in El Paso, Texas, owned by Tom Powers and Joe Brown. The latter is said to have stood trial and come clear for the killing. This trial took place in about the year 1911.

At the time Jim Miller lived in Pecos, Texas, he ran things with a high hand. So says Mr. Kipling, who owned a saloon and gambling-hall there. Mr. Kipling, who is at this writing a prominent merchant in Roswell, New Mexico, says he enclosed his saloon with a high fence so that Miller couldn't



MR. KIPLING'S SALOON IN PECOS, TEXAS, IN 1880 OR 1881

The proprietor with white apron is taking orders for drinks. The man next to him, sitting at a gambling-table, is Jim Miller, who had recently killed the sheriff of the county and then killed all the witnesses

assassinate any of his customers through the windows at night.

From Mr. Kipling I have secured a photograph of the interior of this saloon. It shows the proprietor as a young man with white apron waiting on his customers. Directly in front of him, seated at a gambling-table, is Jim Miller. He shows up to better advantage than he does in another photograph, where he is hanging by the neck in a barn at Ada, Oklahoma, in company with the two bankers, Allen and Burwell, and an innocent man, West, whom the mob thought deserved hanging because he was caught in bad company!

In about the year 1908, a few men who had smelled much powder smoke during and after the Civil War, in Texas, apparently raised ten thousand dollars to hire Jim Miller to kill Pat Garrett. The money was placed in bank to be paid over when the former sheriff of Lincoln and Doña Asa Counties, New Mexico, was under the sod. The evidence, dug up by Fred Fornoff, captain of the New Mexico Mounted Police, showed that a man had led Garrett into a trap, under the pretense that he wished to buy Garrett's small ranch in the Organ Mountains. This ranch had been leased for five years to a young cowboy to run cattle on. But instead he had put goats on the place without Garrett's knowledge.

The would-be purchaser drove Garrett out to the ranch in a buggy so that he could make a deal to buy the lease. The cowboy refused to sell the lease. Then Garrett became angry because he had put goats instead of cattle on the land. He threatened to have the lease canceled by law.

Bright and early next morning, Garrett and his companion started back to Las Cruces, a fair day's drive. The other man was driving the team, while Garrett sat on his left holding a Winchester shot-gun on his lap. This gun had been taken along to shoot quails, the cartridges being loaded with bird-

shot. Just before reaching the place where Jim Miller was concealed in a clump of thorny timber, the cowboy galloped up by the side of the vehicle, on the side next to the former sheriff. The quarrel about the goats was renewed. The cowboy said he had concluded to ride into town and see what kind of a scheme Garrett was going to put through the court to get him off the ranch.

On reaching within a hundred yards of where Miller was concealed, the driver stopped the team. He then climbed out of the buggy and walked around to hold the horses by the bridle bits, for fear, no doubt, that a shot would frighten the team. Garrett laid the shot-gun on the buggy seat and climbed to the ground to stretch his long legs. His back was toward the clump of bushes. A rifle bullet went through his body and he fell to his knees. When, by a great effort, as he was trying to rise to his feet, reaching for the shot-gun on the seat, the cowboy sent a bullet from his pistol through the dying man's head.

When the two men reached Las Cruces, they told of Garrett's death. Major Eugene Van Patten and a posse went out and brought in the body and the shot-gun, which was on the ground near by. Captain Fred Fornoff, of the New Mexico Mounted Police, hurried to the ground where Garrett had been killed. He found the tracks of a horse and man in the grove of scrubby timber; also one empty rifle shell. In San Augustine Pass near by, he learned that Jim Miller had been there; also that he had spent one night in Tularosa. Here he had been seen by a former cowboy, who, knowing his reputation as a killer of men, wondered who was next to die with his boots on. The matter was made plain to him when he heard of Pat Garrett's assassination. The cowboy was tried in the local court for the killing of Garrett, as he had confessed that he did it in self-defense.

In a letter I received from Emerson Hough, the author of 'The Covered Wagon' and 'North of Thirty-Six,' dated Denver, Colorado, September 25, 1922, he states:

Not long before his death, I took a ride with Pat Garrett from Las Cruces to Roswell, Fort Sumner, and back. We covered all the scenes of the Lincoln County war. I suppose you and I know more about that country in the old times than any two men now writing.

I talked with a lawyer lately from that country who said that Jim Miller was the man who killed Garrett from ambush, although W—— B—— got the credit for it. Pat had no more fear of W—— B—— than he did of a rabbit — not Patrick!

(Signed) EMERSON HOUGH

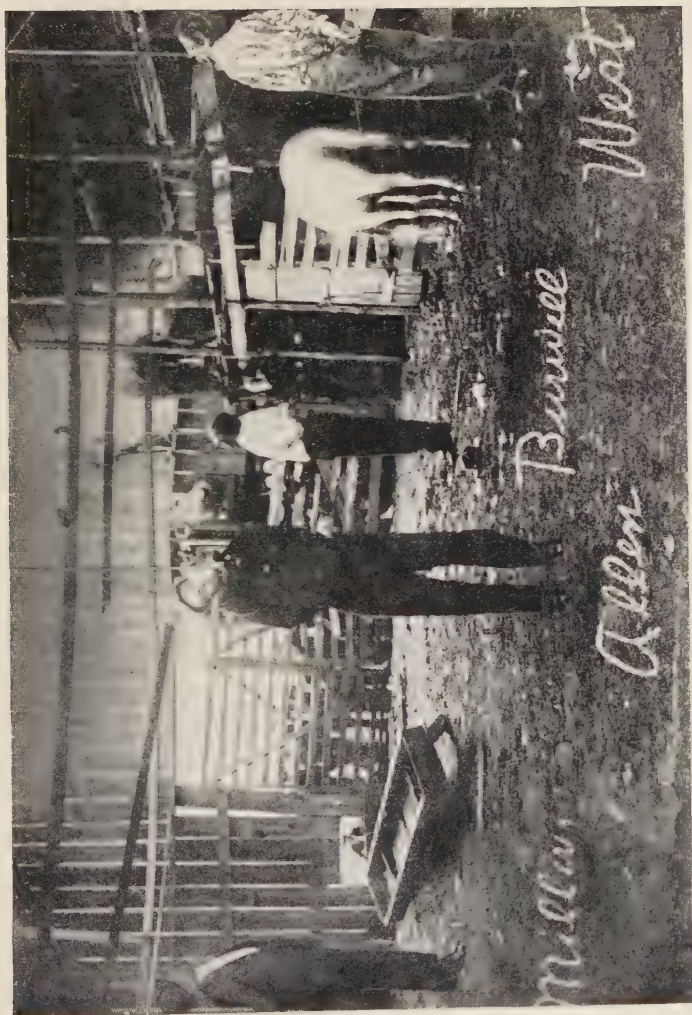
After Miller had killed Garrett, and before he had time to draw the ten thousand dollars for doing the work, he got a hurry-up call to come to Ada, Oklahoma, and kill the marshal of that town, Bob Gossett, at a fancy price. The killing was to be paid for by two cattlemen, who were also interested in an Ada bank. While Gossett was on his ranch, near Ada, Oklahoma, he was assassinated by Miller from ambush. While lying on his side mortally wounded, he recognized Miller from under his hat which was across his face. Miller had ridden up with drawn pistol to fire another bullet into the marshal, but, evidently thinking him already dead, he rode away.

Before expiring, Gossett is said to have crawled to a near-by ranch and told the occupants who shot him. A posse was then formed in Ada and followed Miller's horse tracks south to his nephew's ranch. It was easy to trace the horse, as half of one shoe was missing. At the wind-up Jim Miller's nephew, in order to save his own neck, made a confession of what his uncle had told him about the two cattlemen paying him to assassinate Bob Gossett.

When Miller was run down and arrested by the posse, he

sent a telegram, so it is said, to a friend, in Oklahoma, requesting that he be in Ada with fifty thousand dollars so as to go on his bond. A mob had collected to hang Miller and the two cattlemen who had paid him for the assassination. A third cattleman was arrested with the other two, as a possibly guilty party, because he had been caught in bad company. Leaders of the mob called on the bondsman at his hotel and gave him ten minutes to get out of town or be hanged. He told them that he would give them back nine minutes of the time, as he only needed one minute to leave town. He left on the run.

That night the mob took Miller and the three cattlemen, Allen, Burwell, and West, to a large barn and hanged them. A friend in Ada sent me a photograph of the four men hanging to a rafter. It shows the pony which was led from under each bad-man cowboy.



THE HANGING OF JIM MILLER AND THE THREE CATTLEMEN

CHAPTER XVIII

TOM HORN, A COWBOY AND GOVERNMENT SCOUT WHO BECAME A MAN-KILLER — FIGHTING THE APACHES WITH CROOK

BORN in Memphis, Scotland County, Missouri, November 21, 1860, to be hanged in Cheyenne, Wyoming, for murder, November 20, 1903, leaves about forty-two years for ups and downs.

One of the downs came when Tom Horn, at fourteen years of age, thought he was man enough to whip his father. The fight started over a pet dog named Shed. Tom held his own for a few minutes, then the old man floored him and nearly beat him to death with a trace strap taken from a harness. With his feathers ruffled the wrong way and sore from head to foot, Tom left home that night for the Golden West to fight 'Injins,' which had been the dream of his young life. He traveled afoot in daylight and slept in barns and haystacks at night. Kind-hearted farmers and their wives furnished him food, often putting up a lunch for him to take on the road. After a tramp of several days, he landed in Kansas City, foot-sore and a stranger in a strange land.

In that city a free ride on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé, then building west, was secured to Newton, Kansas, by shipping out with a gang of laborers. From Newton the journey was continued in a catch-as-catch-can fashion, by riding with different freighting outfits on the Santa Fé Trail. Reaching Santa Fé, New Mexico, the end of the trail, the boy lived on the twenty-one dollars he had earned at Newton as a railroad laborer. Between meals he put in his time studying the Mexican language by talking with chance acquaintances.

In January, 1875, Horn hired out to a Mr. Murray, superintendent of the Overland stage line between Santa Fé and Prescott, Arizona, at fifty dollars a month. His job was driving stage at the western end of the line in Arizona and western New Mexico. He was in the heart of the Indian country where lived many Mexicans. From these he finished his education in the Mexican language, so that he could keep up a rapid-fire conversation in that butchered-up Spanish lingo.

During the fall of 1875, the husky boy quit his job with the stage outfit, and mounting his horse, with a Winchester rifle swinging to the saddle, and a pistol and bowie-knife at his waist, he rode down the Verde River from Beaver Head to Camp Verde, a Government post. At Camp Verde, he went to work at seventy-five dollars a month, as night herder for George Hansen, who had a wood contract. He held this job until late December, when he went into Fort Whipple, the Government post at Prescott, to celebrate Christmas and New Year's.

Early in January, 1876, he took a job from the quartermaster of the post to help two Mexicans herd four hundred ponies recently arrived from California. Being with the two Mexicans gave the boy an opportunity to talk Mexican — as neither of them could speak English. The quartermaster had put Tom in charge of the horse herd until such time as the horses were distributed among the other near-by posts, Fort Whipple being Department Headquarters. In July, Al Sieber, chief of scouts, came into Fort Whipple and hired Tom as Mexican interpreter at seventy-five dollars a month. Together they rode to the San Carlos Indian Agency, which was Sieber's headquarters.

The San Carlos Agency covered a territory one hundred and twenty miles in length by sixty in width, much of it being rough, broken country. In the choicest spots the

Apache Indians lived, going into San Carlos once a week for free Government supplies.

While Sieber could talk both Indian and Mexican languages, he always took Horn on his trips among the reds, as company. On one of these trips the chief of scouts lost his temper and gave young Horn a lesson in blood-spilling.

The object of this trip was to catch Indians making tis-win, a strong liquor. They rode into a camp and caught an old offender, Chu-ga-de-slón-a (meaning centipede in the English language), bossing the job of making tis-win. The Indian, in his own language, called Sieber a meddlesome old squaw, at the same time reaching for a rifle. Sieber sprang at him, and with one slash of his bowie-knife cut his head nearly off. After he had cooled off from his angry fit, Sieber rode away in company with young Horn, who was fast gaining knowledge as to how to manage wild Indians. On the reservation, as might be expected, Sieber was feared as well as respected.

Horn was allowed to visit among the Indians, so as to learn their ways and language. An old chief named Pedro liked the seventeen-year-old lad, and called him the 'Talking Boy.' He finally adopted him as a son, and persuaded him to establish a lodge in his camp with his oldest son, Chu-kis-in. This Tom did, after getting the consent of his boss Sieber. A widowed daughter of Chief Pedro, who was the owner of four ponies, five dogs, and three children, kept house for them. She did the cooking, rustled wood, tanned hides, and attended to the horses.

In the early part of 1877, Horn was called in with his foster-father, Chief Pedro, to meet the new Indian agent, Major Chaffee, the first military agent ever appointed for this agency, containing twelve thousand Indians. Previous to this time the agents had been civilians. Chief Pedro had a big medicine talk with the new Indian agent, and gave valuable

advice as to how to control the bad Indians among the Cibicuis of northern Arizona and the Chiricahuas near the Old Mexico line. This medicine talk lasted several days, then Chief Pedro and the 'Talking Boy' returned to their camp.

In the late winter of 1877, Sieber and Horn were given a vacation without pay, as there was no money in the treasury to pay their wages. Both went on a prospecting trip into the Cochise country, where they joined Ed Schefflin and sixty California prospectors. Schefflin had previously been in this district and found rich silver ore. His partner, Lenox, was killed by the Indians. After burying Lenox and placing a rough tombstone on his grave, Schefflin went to California to interest a band of fighting prospectors, sufficiently large to stand off the Indians.

The rich silver ore was found in a shaft dug by Schefflin and Lenox. This caused a rush of prospectors from far and near, which resulted in the birth of Tombstone, Arizona. The tombstone on Lenox's grave was the cause of the town's name. Inside of one year Tombstone contained a population of seven thousand, and was one of the liveliest mining camps in the Southwest. Many fortunes were made. Schefflin became wealthy within a few years.

Sieber and Horn located a mining claim and spent the winter supplying the new camp with fresh venison. Each deer sold brought two dollars and a half, and they made money.

In the spring of 1878, a runner was sent to Tombstone to bring Al Sieber and Tom Horn to Fort Whipple, by orders from General Wilcox, the Department Commander. Before leaving Tombstone, Sieber and Horn found a buyer for their mining claim at twenty-eight hundred dollars cash. This paid them well for the eight months spent in Tombstone, as prospectors and hunters.

On reaching Fort Whipple, General Wilcox organized the

scouts, with Sieber as chief and Horn as interpreter at a hundred dollars a month. Horn was sent to Pedro's camp to select a force of Indian scouts. Old Pedro was glad to see his adopted son 'Talking Boy' back among them.

Late in the spring of 1878, a squaw brought word from the outlaw chiefs, Nina and Geronimo, who were in Old Mexico at the head of a band of Chiricahua warriors, that they wished to talk with Sieber, with a view to making peace, as they wanted to come back on the reservation to live. The squaw messenger told Sieber to go to a certain point in the Terras Mountains and make a sign, so they would know who he was. Then some of the Indians would come to him. He was to be at the designated spot at the full of the moon, in the month of May. Sieber sent the squaw back to tell Geronimo that he would be at the selected place at the full of the moon; that he would have with him Merijilda Grijolo, a Mexican captive raised by Geronimo's band of Chiricahuas, and his interpreter, Tom Horn.

On reaching the appointed place in Old Mexico, Sieber and his party were met by a lone warrior named Hal-za, who told Sieber that Nina and Geronimo were waiting for him at the top of the Terras Mountain, called by the Indians Tu-slaw. Hal-za insisted on remaining where he was, to see that no soldiers were setting a trap to catch them.

It was night when Sieber and his little party reached the top of the Terras Mountain. Here fires were burning brightly in the Indian camp of twelve hundred. A boy directed Sieber to a good camping place, where a lot of squaws built a fire and brought fresh meat and other food. When the meal was over, a warrior came to tell Sieber that he should meet them at a council about daylight next morning.

At daylight a squaw led the Sieber party to the council grounds, which were alive with bloodthirsty-looking warriors.

Geronimo, a fine-looking chief, six feet tall, came from the center of the crowd and shook hands with Sieber. He then took him and his two companions to the center of the crowd.

Geronimo now began an hour's speech, with Horn repeating it in English for Sieber's benefit. The old chief told of how he and his followers had been abused by the white man, as well as by the Mexicans, but that he would go back to the reservation and live in peace if the Government would furnish them everything they wanted, including guns and ammunition.

When Geronimo sat down, Sieber got up and spoke in English, Horn repeating it in the Apache language. He said:

You have asked for everything worth having, except to have these mountains moved up into American territory for you and your people to live in. I will give you till sundown to talk to your people, and find out if they want these mountains moved up there to live in. If you are entitled to what you ask for, in the face of your former conduct and treachery, then you should have these mountains, too.

Sieber then got up and left the council. Geronimo said:

Anybody's business put in that man's hands will be conducted as he says, or it won't be handled at all. We will meet here again at sundown.

The crowd then dispersed.

When telling me of this council with Geronimo, years afterwards, Horn confessed that he was really scared, especially after Sieber had made his short talk.

When sundown came, Sieber and Horn returned to the council grounds, where a large fire was burning. There were about four hundred warriors present. Sieber made a talk straight from the shoulder. He told Chief Geronimo that all he could promise him and his people was that they would be

treated right by the Government if they cared to return to the agency and live in peace. That if they continued as outlaws, they would be killed or captured before many years, as the United States was preparing a treaty with the Mexican Government, allowing their soldiers to enter Mexico and make war on their renegade Indians. Sieber then walked away, telling Geronimo that he would stay in his camp four days, to give him time to discuss the matter as to whether they wished to return to the reservation and to live in peace.

After Sieber left, Geronimo sent one of his sub-chiefs to tell Horn and Merijilda that they could leave, as the Indians wished to be left alone. All night the council fire burned, and there seemed to be great excitement among the Indians.

When the four days' limit was up, Geronimo turned over to Sieber sixty-two Indians, all widowed squaws, children, and old bucks. Among them were two chiefs, Nina and Loco, the latter being over eighty years of age. Soon after Sieber returned to the agency with these Indians, a squaw arrived with a message from Geronimo, stating that more of his people wished to surrender.

Sieber being ill, Horn was sent with an escort of soldiers to bring in this second lot. They footed up forty-nine Indians and five hundred head of horses stolen from the Mexicans. For the next few months Horn was kept busy making trips into Old Mexico to bring back small bands of outlaws who wished to live in peace on the reservation.

A change took place on the reservation in the spring of 1879. Major Chaffee was relieved as agent, and a civilian named Tiffany put in his place. In June, the new agent discharged all the scouts and interpreters, as there was no money in the treasury to pay them.

Tully, Ochoa & Company received the contract to furnish beef to the Indians at San Carlos from July 1, 1879, till July,

1880 — one year. They hired Horn to take charge of the business in San Carlos. His duty was to look after the steer herd, and issue two hundred and twenty-five beeves, on foot, to the Indians each week. In August, Horn turned two thousand beef steers loose on the range, to be fattened. They were all killed and eaten by the Indians, as cowboys could not be hired to protect them. Complaint was made to the agent, and he told Horn to keep account of all steers stolen and the Government would settle for them.

The Indians began to do as they pleased, as there were no soldiers stationed at San Carlos. A fearless man named Sterling had charge of the eleven Indian police, but they were powerless to control the thousands of renegade Indians.

In the spring of 1880, Chief Ju came up from Geronimo's camp in Old Mexico with a hundred warriors to take Chief Loco and his band back into Mexico. When they started for Mexico, they were about seven hundred strong, well armed and mounted. They had about five thousand horses, mostly stolen stock. On the morning of their start, about daylight, Chief of Police Sterling, who had been awakened by the great noise of the squaws and children yelling at the five thousand ponies to keep them headed south, rode out on his pony, a distance of a couple of miles, to parley with the chiefs. On reaching the moving mass of Indians and horses, bullets began to fly. Sterling fell, riddled with hot lead. A squaw then cut off his head. Tom Horn was an eye-witness to this scene from his hiding-place on a ridge of iron ore, overlooking the Gila Valley, through which the Indians were passing. Horn's camp was five miles from the agency and the Chiricahua Indian camp was between the two. The outbreak occurred about May 5, 1880.

Hearing the noise of the shouting squaws and children driving the horses, about daylight, Horn and some of his

friendly Indians rode to the iron ridge and concealed themselves and mounts. As soon as the Indians were out of sight, Horn mounted his horse and rode into San Carlos Agency. There was great excitement among the clerks and white employees. The telegraph wires had been cut in many places, so that the troops in neighboring posts could not be informed of the outbreak. It was thirty-two miles to Camp Thomas, where two troops of cavalry were stationed. Horn made a run there in quick time on a good horse. He found the officer in charge, Gatewood, talking with Al Sieber. Sieber had learned from friendly Indians, who had got smoke signs from San Carlos, of the outbreak.

On a calm day these smoke signals can be read like a book by the reds. A smouldering fire is built and blankets or hides held over and around the fire to collect the smoke. Then the blanket or hides are raised and the smoke goes up toward the sky in a round mass, like a small black cloud. One puff of smoke follows another until the message is complete. On a clear day they can be seen for fifty miles.

The two troops of soldiers, with Gatewood in charge, were soon mounted and following Sieber and Horn, who knew the route the Indians would take to reach Geronimo in Old Mexico. A forced march of a couple of days brought the troops to the head of Eagle Creek, where the reds had split up into smaller bands. They had turned loose about a thousand of their horses. These were found grazing on Eagle Creek. The next day a short fight took place when a band of warriors were overtaken. In the fight six soldiers were killed and eleven wounded. Gatewood was shot in the shoulder, but was still able to ride. The dead soldiers were buried, then Gatewood returned to Camp Thomas with the wounded men, picking up the thousand ponies on Eagle Creek. Besides these, two hundred other horses had been abandoned by the fleeing

reds. These were also taken to Camp Thomas by Gatewood. Sieber and Horn continued on the trail, knowing that other troops from Fort Baird, New Mexico, would be sent out to intercept the Indians. Messages had been sent to all the posts, by wire, from Camp Thomas.

After hard rides, Sieber and Horn came in sight of Cloverdale, only a mile from the Old Mexico line. Here a large number of hostiles were camped. They were watched all day by the trailers. About night they broke camp and headed for the Llano de Janos, an open plains country on the east side of the Sierra Madre Mountains, in Mexico. Reaching Cloverdale, Sieber and Horn found Major Tupper with forty soldiers and twenty-five Indian scouts. Matters were talked over, and Major Tupper concluded to take chances on being court-martialed for entering Mexico against the treaty laws. The start was made at 3 A.M. to enter Mexico on trail of the reds in this band, which numbered about three hundred. About 9 A.M., camp was pitched to let the horses rest and to eat breakfast. Sieber and Horn rode on to the Media Mountain, which rises out of the Janos plain. On the opposite side there was a large spring, and here it was thought the Indians would be camped. They felt safe, as they were over twenty miles south of the Old Mexico line. When within a few miles of the Media Mountain, the Indian camp was located by looking through a large telescope borrowed from Major Tupper. Horn was sent back to move the soldiers to this point, while Sieber slipped nearer the camp of the renegades. About midnight, Sieber arrived in camp and reported the Indians having a big wedding feast. The drums were beating loudly.

It was decided to make a daybreak charge on the Indian camp. By traveling in a swale or depression in the mountain, a point was reached within a thousand yards of the hostile camp. Then a wait was made for daylight. Just as day was

breaking, five warriors, evidently a scouting party, rode up to the soldiers' hiding-place. These reds broke and ran back to camp, firing as they went. All were killed. This spoiled the plan of a surprise attack. The fight was now on. Indians were running to the hills for protection in the rocks, while the three thousand loose horses were charging around in a mad frenzy. In the fight Horn's horse had a leg broken. Just then Sergeant Murray fell from his horse, shot in the side. Horn ran to him, afoot, and carried him about fifty yards to a place of protection behind some large rocks.

At sunup the bugle sounded 'Assembly,' which called in the soldiers and scouts. Only one soldier had been killed. He was buried on the ground. Then the march back to the pack-train was made, driving ahead of them two hundred and sixty ponies captured from the Indians. About an hour before sundown a dust-cloud was seen toward the United States line. It proved to be Colonel Forsythe, in charge of five troops of soldiers. They were following the trail made by Major Tupper.

On reaching camp, Colonel Forsythe insisted on making a night march to the Indian camp; but, reaching there, the reds had gone south toward Panuela, leaving a plain trail which could be followed by starlight. At daylight Colonel Forsythe ordered camp pitched at a place called Sausita. Horn and the scouts then rode to the top of a hill and saw the Indians, a few miles south, turning down into Carritas Canyon. Soon a rapid firing was heard where the reds had gone down into the canyon. It was evident that the Indians had run into Mexican troops, who had opened fire on them.

Breakfast was eaten in a hurry and a forced march made to Carritas Canyon. When within half a mile of the battleground, over which lay one hundred and sixty-seven dead Indians — many of them squaws and children — Colonel

Justo García, of the Fifth Chihuahua Cavalry, with a dozen of his officers, came forward to meet the American troops. Colonel Forsythe halted his command and went forward with the scouts and interpreters to meet Colonel García. Horn did the interpreting, as none of the Mexican soldiers could talk English. Colonel García explained that he was just returning with his regiment from a winter's fighting campaign with the Yaqui Indians in the State of Sonora.

García demanded the arrest of Colonel Forsythe and his troops for invading Mexican territory. He said he would have to take charge of their fifty pack-mules, loaded with supplies and ammunition; that he would have to take the whole outfit to El Valle, the headquarters of the district. Colonel Forsythe refused to be arrested, and said he was going back the way he came, without orders from any one. As García had all of his supplies and ammunition on twelve burros, it can be guessed that his ragged soldiers were hungry, therefore they were fed by issuing United States rations to them. Sieber and Horn went back to the San Carlos Agency, while the soldiers returned to their headquarters. Thus ended the unlawful raid into Mexico.

Shortly after returning to San Carlos, Sieber and Horn went to Camp Apache, and were ordered out by the officer in charge to bring in a bunch of bad Indians from Cibicu Canyon. An escort of twenty soldiers, under command of Captain Hentig, was sent along. Two Indian scouts, Dead Shot and Dandy Jim, were to pilot the party to the camp of the bad Indians. It proved to be a trap laid by Dead Shot to have his two enemies, Sieber and Horn, killed. A ten-year-old girl, however, prevented the murder of the whole crowd. Camp was pitched for the night on Canyon Creek, where a band of Indians was camped, among them being a Mexican named Suveriano. He had been captured by the Indians when a boy, and, when he grew up, married into the tribe. /

Suveriano knew Tom Horn and liked him. He sent his ten-year-old daughter to the soldiers' camp, after dark, there to hide in the brush and watch for Horn to retire for the night, then to crawl up to his bed and deliver a message by word of mouth. About midnight, when all in camp were asleep, the child crawled up to Horn's bed on her stomach. She said her father had sent her to warn them that Dead Shot was leading them into a trap to have them killed. After delivering the message, the brave girl crawled back to her camp.

Early next morning, Horn told Sieber of what the child had told him. He, in turn, reported the matter to Captain Hentig, but he refused to tell how he got the warning. This angered the captain and he told Sieber to return to Camp Apache if he was afraid of being killed. Sieber replied that he would stay to see him go into the trap.

About noon that day the party reached Cibicu Creek, where the girl had told Horn the warriors would be in hiding, to open fire on them when they reached a narrow place in the canyon. Instead of piloting the crowd down into the creek-bed, Sieber swung up on the side of the canyon, thus springing the trap before the time came for it to go off. There was nothing for the concealed warriors to do but open fire at long range. Dead Shot and the other Indian scout broke and ran to their friends who were doing the shooting.

Before protection behind boulders and rocky cliffs could be reached, Captain Hentig was killed and eleven of his soldiers wounded. After dark, Captain Hentig was buried and a start made back to Camp Apache with the eleven wounded soldiers. Camp Apache was reached after an all-night march, it being daylight when the tired party reached there.

On the day that Sieber and Horn returned to Camp Apache, one hundred warriors had put in an hour firing at the fort from a distance of three hundred yards. The only damage they did

was to kill a pony that was shut up in a stable. This meant war, so telegrams were sent to Camp Thomas, Camp Grant, Camp McDowell, and Camp Verde for troops.

After the soldiers had driven the warlike reds back into the hills, Tom Horn rode to Chief Pedro's camp in the White Mountains, and returned with sixty volunteer young bucks to act as scouts and trailers. The first soldiers came on the second day, when Colonel Eugene A. Carr rode into Camp Apache with two troops. He had come from Camp Thomas. He at once took command and sent Horn and his sixty scouts to locate the bad Indians, who had left their camps. Their trail was followed and many ranchmen found murdered. The Horn party was joined by Al Sieber and Major Chaffee, at the head of a troop of cavalry. In Chev'lous Canyon the fleeing renegades were overtaken and a running fight took place. Here Colonel Carr with two troops arrived.

The next morning, in riding over the battle-ground, twenty-one dead Indians and one wounded squaw were found. Nearly one hundred dead and wounded ponies were scattered along the trail up the side of the steep canyon. All the soldiers except Major Chaffee and his troop returned to their posts.

Ten days were spent by Major Chaffee and Horn in trying to find the escaped renegade Indians. They finally got word that these reds had returned to Cibicu and Canyon Creeks and were being kept in hiding by their friends. Major Chaffee returned to Camp Verde, and Horn to Camp Apache, where the Indian scouts were disbanded.

Soon after this the commanding officer of Camp Apache sent Horn out to bring in the leaders of the bad Indians, who had caused the death of Captain Hentig. With the help of Chief Jon Dazen, of Canyon Creek, the reds wanted were brought into Camp Apache. In 1882 four of them were hanged for murder — Dead Shot, Dandy Jim, and Loco being

the first hanged. During the following summer the chief of police of San Carlos, Cibicu Charlie, who had taken Sterling's place after his death, was shot and killed by one of the bad Indians, who met death himself before he could escape to the mountains.

Tom Horn always prized a letter he got from Department Commander General Wilcox, praising him for his bravery in saving life and of bringing soldiers out of tight places. For this, General Wilcox stated he would recommend to the War Department that Horn be given a medal for bravery; but for some reason the medal was like 'the letter that never came.'

Early in the spring of 1882, three Mexicans slipped into the agency and stole a band of Indian horses. Horn was sent in pursuit with some of his Indian scouts. At Turkey Springs they came upon the thieves and killed the three. Horn wanted to bury them, but the Indians protested, saying their bodies left at the spring, on top of the ground, would answer as a warning to other Mexican thieves.

Early in 1882, Sieber and Horn, single-handed, followed a small band of Indians into Old Mexico. At Hot Springs they had a skirmish and killed one buck and captured a squaw, whom they took back with them to the San Carlos Agency. This invasion of Mexican territory by an armed force from the United States brought trouble for the two men. They were arrested by soldiers and taken to Fort Bowie for trial. The trial came off before the Adjutant General, who found the two prisoners guilty of entering Old Mexico against the laws of both countries. The Adjutant General reprimanded the prisoners and invited them to the saloon to get a drink and then to dine with him and his family at his home. Thus did the second invasion of Mexican territory end.

During this year General Crook had been put in charge of the Apache Indians and began an active campaign to bring in

all the outlaw reds. He also worked successfully to bring about a treaty between the United States and Mexico, so that soldiers could follow outlaw Indians into either country. After receiving their reprimand from the Government, Sieber and Horn met General Crook in San Carlos, where a big Indian talk took place, lasting a week. The reds came into the agency by the thousands.

Before leaving San Carlos, Sieber liberated the squaw captured by him and Horn in Old Mexico and sent her with a message to Chief Geronimo, in Mexico, asking him to send some one to have a peace talk with General Crook. Sieber and Horn then went to the Mexican border to await the coming of Geronimo's representative. There they waited for several months, and, to break the monotony of loafing, they rode into Tombstone. As they had helped to place this booming mining camp on the map, they were wine and dined as pioneers of the live town. They were given more presents, in the way of new suits and sombreros, than they could carry away. One morning after a week's stay, they pulled out for the Mexican border to watch for the coming of Geronimo's representative. Both were sufficiently sober to stick onto their mounts by holding fast to the saddle horns. This proved to be one of the ups in Tom Horn's strenuous life.

During the rest of the year, Sieber and Horn made their headquarters at Fort Bowie. Activity started in earnest in the early part of 1883. Geronimo had sent one of his warriors, Pee-chee by name, to San Carlos with a message. Pee-chee was kept in the guard-house, under guard, until General Crook could reach there from Fort Whipple. The old general finally arrived and had the medicine talk with Pee-chee, who reported that Chief Geronimo wished to meet General Crook in Mexico and have a peace talk.

As the treaty with Mexico, allowing United States soldiers

to enter that country in pursuit of Indians, had not gone into effect, General Crook wired to Washington for advice. He was ordered to that city to consult with War Department officials. Geronimo's messenger, Pee-chee, was conducted by Sieber and Horn to the Mexican line and turned loose to report to his chief — that General Crook would send an answer to his message on his return from Washington. Pee-chee was instructed to be at a certain point in the San Luis Mountains in two moons, to meet Tom Horn and get General Crook's answer.

On General Crook's return from Washington, he sent Horn to the San Luis Mountains to keep the appointment with Pee-chee. Arriving there, Horn found the Indian and a squaw waiting for him. Horn told Pee-chee to return with him to Fort Bowie and meet General Crook, who would give him the message to deliver to his chief Geronimo. Pee-chee sent the squaw back to the Geronimo camp to tell of his trip to Fort Bowie to meet General Crook. Then he and Horn struck out for the fort.

In Fort Bowie the general was met. He told Pee-chee to go back and tell Geronimo that he, General Crook, would meet one of his warriors on the Rio Viejo, with an escort, at a certain time, to be piloted to Geronimo's camp. Horn escorted Pee-chee back to the line of Mexico, then returned to Fort Bowie. Finally, with Sieber, Horn, and a large escort of soldiers, General Crook started for Geronimo's camp in Mexico.

On the Rio Viejo, Pee-chee was found with some squaws. He led General Crook to Geronimo's camp. Before reaching there, twenty Indians came to surrender themselves to General Crook, saying that Geronimo had sent them as hostages. They were told to stay with Captain Crawford and do whatever he said.

Geronimo was found camped in a lovely spot. He, old

Loco, and Chief Ju came out to meet General Crook and welcome him to their camp. The 'big talk' was set for the next morning. General Crook had brought two Mexican interpreters, Antonio Diaz and Montoyo. Geronimo refused to talk for them, as they were Mexicans. He said a Mexican couldn't be trusted to keep secrets and that they were treacherous. He asked that Tom Horn do the interpreting, as he could keep secrets, having been trained by that 'old mad white man,' meaning Al Sieber. The matter ended by Horn being selected as interpreter.

General Crook made a 'big talk,' which lasted from early morning until noon. He ended by telling Geronimo, and the two hundred warriors present, that the chief must decide between peace or war. If he decided for war, then he and all his people would be killed or captured, as the Mexican Government had given permission to the United States War Department to follow outlaw Indians to any part of Mexico. Before the council broke up, Geronimo agreed to give his answer next morning.

During the afternoon, Geronimo held a council with his own people. Late in the afternoon he sent for Sieber and Horn. They went. Geronimo said his heart was heavy and he wanted Sieber's advice as to what he should do. Sieber agreed to meet him in private council, to talk as brothers, early in the night. The council between Geronimo, Sieber, and Horn took place at night. Sieber advised him to surrender or have his whole people exterminated. The meeting broke up after midnight.

Early the next morning General Crook and Geronimo met in council. Placed in a nutshell, their decisions were that Geronimo was to surrender without conditions as to what should be done with him. General Crook agreed to guarantee them fair treatment by his Government. During the night most of the warriors had left for the mountains, scattering in



THE AUTHOR ON HIS HORSE PATSY
Roswell, N.M., February 15, 1921

all directions. Geronimo said they had gone to gather up his people, who were out hunting. But Sieber felt sure they had gone to raid Mexican ranches and steal horses to take back to the San Carlos Reservation. Sieber's guess proved correct, for, when these warriors finally reached the reservation, in small bands, they had a total of a thousand Mexican horses, which had to be paid for by the United States Government, as the Indians refused to give them up. Mexicans had trailed their horses to the reservation and proved by the brands that they belonged to them.

With forty-one bucks and three hundred and sixty-two squaws and children, General Crook started for the San Carlos Reservation. He was a couple of weeks getting there. About a hundred and fifty warriors had disappeared the night before Geronimo surrendered. During the fall Geronimo and his people were settled on Turkey Creek, and drew their rations weekly. Al Sieber, on returning from Mexico, was disabled by rheumatism while in Fort Apache. He sent for Tom Horn and turned over to him his position as chief scout. From that time on Sieber did nothing but give advice and draw a hundred dollars a month for doing so.

The year 1883 ended with only one fight with the renegade Indians. This took place on John Slaughter's cattle ranch, on the Mexican line. Tom Horn had charge of the fight, in which fourteen warriors were killed and one crippled squaw captured. It was a cold-blooded massacre on the part of Horn and his scouts, assisted by some of John Slaughter's cowboys. One cowboy was killed when he lassoed an Indian, pulling him from his horse. The Indian managed to gain his feet and then killed the cowboy. The number of horses captured from these warriors was one hundred and eighteen head.

For the next two years Horn, as chief of scouts and interpreter, led a strenuous life. He was in many skirmishes with

Indians, both in Arizona and Mexico. In Mexico a pitched battle took place between the Horn party and Mexican troops. Many Mexican soldiers were killed. In this fight Captain Crawford, of the United States Army, was killed and Horn was wounded in the arm. The Mexican officer in command claimed that he took the Apache scouts for renegade Indians when he ordered his soldiers to fire.

About this time General Crook was relieved by General Nelson A. Miles, who was sent by the War Department in Washington to settle the Indian wars in Arizona. He settled them all right, for when Horn brought about a surrender of Chief Geronimo and his one hundred and thirty-six people, who had returned to Mexico, General Miles loaded them on a special train at Fort Bowie and took them to a Southern State as prisoners of war.

Now there was no need for a chief of scouts, so Horn was discharged. He then, in the fall of 1886, went to Aravaipa, Arizona, to work on a mining prospect he owned there. Early in the spring of 1887, he went to the Tonto Basin, or Pleasant Valley, where a bloody war was raging between cattle rustlers and cattlemen. Many men had been killed. Old man Blevins and his three sons, three of the Graham boys, Bill Jacobs, Jim Payne, Al Rose, John Tewkesbury, Stolt, Scott, and 'Big Jeff' were hanged on the Gila and Apache County line. Tom Horn was appointed deputy sheriff under Buck O'Neil, sheriff of Yavapai County, Arizona, and a deputy under Commodore Owens, sheriff of Apache County, also a deputy under Glen Reynolds, of Gila County. As deputy sheriff of three counties, Horn became peacemaker between the warring forces and fighting ceased.

When the war was over, Horn returned to his mine. He still held a commission as deputy sheriff under Glen Reynolds. One morning he walked out to get his pet saddle horse

and found moccasin tracks where his horse had been dragging a rope. He followed the tracks of the Indians and horses into the agency. Arriving there about 2 A.M., Horn found there had been a mutiny among Al Sieber's Indian police. The ringleader of the mutinied police was the Apache Kid, whom Sieber had almost raised from boyhood. It was he and some pals who had stolen Horn's pet horse — which was later recovered.

Sieber had sent for the Apache Kid to come to the agency and meet him. He did so, but brought ten fighting bucks with him. When they rode up to Sieber's tent, Sieber undertook to disarm them. It was one white man against eleven Indians. When the smoke of battle blew away, Sieber lay on the ground with a shattered leg. Near him lay a dead Indian. Apache Kid and his pals, all but the one killed, had fled.

In July, 1888, Apache Kid and five of his followers were tried in Gila County, Arizona, for murdering an old man at the 'Twelve Mile Pole.' They were sentenced to life imprisonment in the Yuma penitentiary. Sheriff Reynolds and one of his deputies, 'Hunky Dory' Holmes, started for Yuma with the prisoners in a covered hack. They were chained together, three in a bunch. In going up a sandy grade the sheriff made the Indians walk behind the coach, as the load was too heavy for the four horses hitched to the vehicle.

Holmes started on the road with three prisoners and the sheriff followed with the other three. The Indians planned an attack by talking among themselves in the Apache tongue, which the two officers did not understand. At a bend in the road, when the two officers were out of sight of each other, the attack took place. The three Indians sprang upon Holmes and killed him with his own gun, which they had taken by force. Sheriff Reynolds was treated likewise by his three prisoners, and he, too, was killed, after a desperate struggle.

The keys were taken from the dead officer's pocket and the locks on the chains binding the Indians together were unlocked. The driver of the coach, Gene Livingston, was shot through the head, over one eye, and left for dead, but he recovered.

Apache Kid became a hunted outlaw with a large reward on his head. He afterwards died in Mexico of consumption — so his squaw, who returned to the agency, reported. As she never went back to Mexico, it was thought that she had told the truth.

Sheriff Reynolds had tried to get Tom Horn to help him take the prisoners to Yuma, as he could talk their language, but Horn had already agreed to take part in a steer-roping contest for a three-hundred-dollar saddle as a prize, in Phoenix, the territorial capital. Had Horn been with the sheriff, the murder would never have taken place, as the Indians could not have laid plans in their own tongue without Horn hearing and understanding them.

In the steer-roping contest Horn won the first prize by hog-tying a steer in forty-nine and a half seconds against such expert ropers as Charlie Meadows, Bill McCann, George Iago, and Ramon Barka.

For over a year Horn worked on his mining prospect, and in 1890 sold it to a New York company for eight thousand dollars. His partner in the mine received half the purchase money. Tom worked as a detective for a while, but was discharged: he was too rough.

When the war with Spain broke out, General Maus was instructed to hunt up Tom Horn and try to hire him to take charge of the pack-train going to Cuba. In the fall of 1898, Horn, through orders from General Miles, was made chief pack-master for General Shafter's army. A short time later he was appointed master of transportation.

The pack-train of five hundred and twenty mules and one hundred and thirty-three packers was organized in Saint Louis, Missouri. On reaching the coast of Cuba, Horn had to swim every mule about a mile, in order to reach land, as the transports could not reach the landing. Only three mules were drowned. This act on the part of Horn helped General Wood and Teddy Roosevelt win the battle of San Juan Hill, as the supplies and ammunition reached them just in the nick of time.

In Cuba, Horn fell ill with fever and had to return home before the war ended. He went to Wyoming and made his home at a cattle ranch, in the Iron Mountain country. As soon as Tom was able to ride, he went to work for certain Wyoming cattlemen, to put fear into the hearts of cattle rustlers and sheepmen, who insisted on driving their sheep on the cattle ranges — which they had a lawful right to do, as the land belonged to the Government, and was free for any one who cared to use it for grazing purposes.

From now on, Horn was kept busy riding over the ranges in different parts of Wyoming. It was nothing uncommon to find a dead sheepman or supposed cattle rustler on the plains or in the hills. Horn was suspected of having a hand in these killings, and the feeling against him became bitter among the small ranchmen. Matters came to a head on July 19, 1901, when fourteen-year-old Willie Nickell was found dead, with a rock under his head for a pillow, within a mile of his home. His father, Kels P. Nickell, had received two bullet wounds at the same time, which put him in the hospital at Cheyenne. Being on a good horse saved his life. While Horn was suspected of murdering Willie Nickell and wounding his father, there was no direct evidence. The main ground for suspicion was the fact that he had been seen prowling around in that neighborhood of the Iron Mountain country.

A deputy United States marshal named Joseph Le Fors, undertook to ferret out the crime. He and Horn were acquainted, which made the work easier. In December, Le Fors 'put up a job' on Horn, by getting letters from Montana wanting to hire Horn to come to that State and kill a few bad cattle rustlers at a fancy price. These letters were shown to Horn and he agreed to accept the job. It was agreed that Horn and Le Fors should meet in the marshal's office on a certain day to close the Montana deal.

On the day of the meeting, Le Fors had one of the deputy marshals, Leslie Snow, and a stenographer, Charles Ohnhaus, secrete themselves in a closet in one of the private offices. On Horn's arrival he was seated near this closet, where the spies were in hiding to hear and take down the conversation between the two men. Horn had been drinking, and was willing to talk and brag of his past doings. Joe Le Fors led Horn up to the killing of Willie Nickell, and asked how he managed to do such a slick job without any one finding it out.

Here Horn's famous confession was taken down in shorthand. He told of waylaying Willie Nickell and killing him, also of wounding Kels Nickell, the boy's father, who escaped. Le Fors asked him why he had put the rock under the boy's head, after he was killed. He replied that this was his, Horn's, brand; that the stockmen furnished him a list of sheepmen and cattle rustlers whom they wanted killed. Then, when one of these men was found dead with a rock under the corpse's head, he was paid six hundred dollars, and no questions asked. On January 13, 1902, Horn was arrested, charged with the murder of Willie Nickell. He was kept in jail until May 10th, when he had a preliminary hearing. The evidence disclosed by Charles Ohnhaus's stenographic report, and Leslie Snow's sworn statement, showed that Horn had confessed to the killing of Willie Nickell and two cattle rustlers, Lewis and Powell,

who had been found dead in the Iron Mountain country. Also that he had shot at Kels Nickell with the intention of killing him. The trial of Horn began in Cheyenne, Wyoming, October 13, 1902, and ended October 26th, the jury bringing in a verdict of guilty.

While Horn's case was in the hands of the higher courts, he broke jail with his cell mate, Jim McCloud, a bad gun-man, who had murdered sheepmen in the Bighorn Basin for cattlemen of that district. This escape took place August 9, 1903. Horn was free only about twenty minutes, as he did not know how to work the new-fangled automatic Browning pistol when surrounded by officers. The jailer had been tied down by Horn and McCloud, but he managed to give the alarm.

Joe Le Fors says that Horn died game on the scaffold, regardless of what some say about his showing the white feather. I have known Le Fors for the past forty years, and recently had a pleasant visit with him and his wife in their lovely home, surrounded with the choicest of flowers and fruit trees, in the town of Palms, California.

CHAPTER XIX

A MEDICO'S MEMORIES OF BILLY THE KID

IN another chapter in this book, I have told my own story of Billy the Kid, his life and death. It may be interesting to get another first-hand account from a man who knew the outlaw even better than I did. So I will here give a statement just as it was written by Dr. Henry F. Hoyt, of Long Beach, California, July, 1924. I had written the doctor to send me his recollections of Billy the Kid, and a sketch of his own cowboy and army life. Here it is:

In November, 1877, a young medico, Dr. Henry F. Hoyt, of Saint Paul, Minnesota, in looking for a location to practice his profession, had drifted from the north into the Pecos Valley, New Mexico, and was a visitor at the cow-camp of the famous John Chisum, then called the 'Cattle King' of New Mexico, very near where the city of Roswell is now built.

Chisum advised the doctor to go to the Panhandle of Texas, a country where there was no medico, plenty of people, and an outbreak of smallpox, a disease then very prevalent all through that part of the world. The advice was taken, and after some days of horseback travel in a northeasterly direction, one stretch of eighty miles without water, the doctor struck the Canadian River, which runs east through the Panhandle, at a big stock ranch owned by James Campbell and Captain E. G. Austin, and learned that Chisum was correct in his statements, except the one about there being plenty of people. By locating in the Canadian Valley at that time, the latter part of November, 1877, the doctor has the distinction of being the first of his profession to practice in the Panhandle of Texas.

Smallpox soon ran its course. There was very little for a doctor to do, so he became a cowboy on the L X ranch, W. C. Moore being superintendent. Later, after a weekly saddle-bag mail route had been established from Fort Elliott, on the eastern border of the Panhandle, to Las Vegas, New Mexico, he rode mail for a short time between Tascosa, which was the only settlement then in the Panhandle, and Fort Bascome, New Mexico. The Comanches were reported on the war-path and for this reason most of this ride was made at night.

Riding west one morning about daylight, a few miles west of Tascosa, the doctor met five men, well mounted and armed to the teeth, whom he had never seen before. They all stopped and asked for some information as to the direction of cattle ranches in the vicinity, volunteering the information that they had driven a bunch of horses from New Mexico to sell to the Texas cattlemen, etc., and after the doctor had informed them that he was carrying United States mail, 'adios' was said and each went his way.

Later in the day this party rode into Tascosa and it soon became known that they were the famous gang of 'Billy the Kid' led by that redoubtable leader himself. This was late in the summer of 1878 and Billy's gang consisted of Tom O'Phalliard, *alias* 'Big Foot Tom,' Henry Brown, Fred Waite, and John Middleton, the latter a man of middle age, who had been an outlaw for years.

At this time Billy was only eighteen years of age, a very handsome youth with smooth face, heavy brown hair, clear blue eyes, a very athletic and symmetrical physique, very pleasing expression of countenance, and a ready smile for all, unless he was angry. His features were very regular, nose prominent, his most noticeable characteristic being a projection of his two upper front teeth.

It must be remembered that at this period this section was

one of the real wild and woolly spots then in the Great West. There was not a semblance of government or law; consequently it was a Mecca for the outlaw and his ilk. Billy the Kid with his gang, and about one hundred and fifty head of stray horses they had found in New Mexico, camped in the vicinity of Tascosa, then the center of supplies for the big cattle ranges in the Panhandle. It consisted of two general stores, one owned by Howard & McMasters and the other by a man named Rinehart, the latter a widower with a grown daughter and son about twelve years of age. His daughter, Miss Lizzie, and Mrs. Tom Bugby, wife of one of the cattlemen, were the only white women in the Panhandle west of Fort Elliott at this time.

The news of Billy's advent in the Panhandle spread like wildfire, his reputation, with the fact that there was a big reward out for his capture, dead or alive, was well known, so a meeting of the most prominent cattle owners of that section was called and Billy sent for. He came smiling as usual, with as much poise and *sang-froid* as any man there. He was asked some pertinent questions, and he informed his inquisitors that he had learned they were short of horses, so gathered a bunch and was there to supply them. After some desultory talk, he was informed in substance by the Panhandlers that they knew all about him, but were not looking for him, and so long as he behaved himself they would let him alone, but he was cautioned very emphatically that to transgress in any way meant a very short shrift and that very quick.

His reply was in substance very brief, that all he and his friends wanted was to be let alone. From then on for some months they mingled freely with all, sold and traded horses with any one so inclined, intermingling their business with drinking, gambling, horse-racing, shooting at a mark, rope-throwing, dancing, etc. Billy himself was an expert at most

Western sports that obtained at that time, with the exception of drinking. The doctor and he became the very best of friends and he never saw Billy take a drink as long as he was in the Panhandle. His men, however, made up for his abstinence.

There were several Mexican settlements in the vicinity, and one of the most popular regular diversions was a weekly *baile* at the adobe home of Pedro Romero, fronting the plaza at Tascosa, on the east side.

It was a beautiful moonlight night and a Romero *baile* was in full swing. The Kid and the doctor, who had become fast friends, stepped out to enjoy it and incidentally strolled across the plaza to Rinehart's store opposite. Returning, the doctor, who was something of a sprinter, challenged the Kid to a foot-race to the dance-hall. The doctor led, but slowed up as they approached the adobe, while Billy kept on at full speed through the door. All Mexican adobe houses have a threshold about a foot high for some reason, and as the Kid flew through the door his foot caught on it and he landed at full length on the floor, in the center of the room.

Quicker than a flash his prostrate body was surrounded by his four comrades, back to back, with a Colt's forty-five in each hand cocked and ready for business. The Kid's unconventional entrance was to them an indication of something wrong, and their lightning exhibition of preparedness showed wonderful efficiency — of its kind.

Another diversion was poker, which everybody played. In a little game the doctor had won a very pretty ladies' gold watch which he presented to Billy the Kid for a sweetheart he had confided to the doctor about, a beautiful half-caste, sixteen years old, at Bosque Redondo (Old Fort Sumner), New Mexico. After learning his history direct from himself, the doctor often urged the Kid to leave the country while he was

free, and go to Mexico or some other Spanish country and begin all over again. He spoke Spanish like a native, was a natural leader of men, and with his qualifications properly applied would have made a grand success anywhere, but the lure of love from his little brown-eyed magnet at the Bosque was too strong, and she was later the indirect cause of his untimely death.

In the fall of 1878, the doctor had recouped his finances and decided to return to New Mexico, where there were more people, and resume practice. October 24, 1878, he was preparing to start on his long ride from Howard & McMasters' store in Tascosa, where he had been making his headquarters for some time, when Billy the Kid rode up from his camp to bid him *adios*. He was leading a beautiful chestnut sorrel, a race-horse and the star of his *remuda de caballos* that he had brought as a farewell present, and to protect the doctor in case his ownership was ever questioned, the Kid wrote out a formal bill of sale and had it witnessed by both Howard and McMasters. This paper has been preserved all these years, and it is without doubt the only specimen of the famous outlaw's handwriting in existence.

The origin of the horse, however, which answered to the name of 'Dandy Dick,' remained a mystery. Chummy as they had become, the Kid would never divulge to the doctor anything about him, except the statement — 'There's a story connected with him.' The old saw — 'murder will out' — is apropos here. In 1921, the doctor got in touch with Mr. Charles A. Siringo, then at Carizozo, New Mexico, formerly a cowboy with Dr. Hoyt on the L X ranch in the Panhandle in 1877-78. A correspondence ensued and the doctor sent Mr. Siringo a photographic copy of the bill of sale, which the latter incidentally showed to a Mr. James Brady, court interpreter at Carizozo, and the mystery was solved. The moment Mr.

Brady read the description of the horse he recognized it as his father's mount, while sheriff of Lincoln County, New Mexico, in 1878, and killed by Billy the Kid, who evidently took the horse at the time.

Dandy Dick was a famous race-horse and was presented to Sheriff Brady by Major Murphy, an army officer stationed at Fort Stanton, New Mexico, and was the favorite mount of the unfortunate sheriff, and his son James Brady well remembers riding it himself, as he was about ten years old at the time of the tragedy. Sheriff Brady's brand was BB on left hip, as described in the bill of sale, and Mr. James Brady remembers when his father had the brand put on.

Dr. Hoyt now settled and opened an office in Bernalillo, New Mexico, where later he visited Santa Fé as a star witness in a famous criminal case, and incidentally, while paying his respects to General Lew Wallace, then Governor of New Mexico, learned from him that the Kid had been captured and was then in the Santa Fé jail. After learning of the doctor's former acquaintance with him, the Governor sent for Mr. John Sherman, United States Marshal at the time, who personally escorted the doctor to Billy's cell and granted him a long interview. Owing to the resourceful reputation of his prisoner, the Marshal had caused to be constructed a special pair of ankle shackles connected with a very strong chain, and fastened with a Yale lock, in addition to the regulation handcuffs.

While in Santa Fé the doctor attended a reception given by the Governor at the palace, during which he entertained a bunch, including the doctor, in his study in his inimitable manner by telling of a recent visit he had made Billy the Kid at the jail. A good many descriptions had been written up of a famous battle, in the now historical Lincoln County War in New Mexico, that occurred at the McSween home where

Billy's men were entrenched and from where he made a miraculous escape, and the Governor wished to get the story right from the Kid himself. So he took a box of cigars and a bottle of whiskey, and one evening walked in. After introducing himself, he announced that he did not come as Governor, but as man to man to ask him to narrate the exact facts of the McSween affair, and incidentally handing the Kid the box and bottle. Billy the Kid promptly thanked him for the cigars, but said that he had no use for the bottle; and in his own way he complied with the Governor's request.

This story the Governor now repeated to his guests, and it proved to be one of the most thrilling the doctor had ever listened to. The Governor himself was carried away with it, and full of admiration at the simple manner in which the Kid imparted the story to him.

Later, Dr. Hoyt was awaiting the arrival of the southbound train at Bernalillo, New Mexico, and, as the Pullman stopped, he recognized Billy the Kid through one of the windows. He called the attention of a couple of merchants standing by, Bibo and Schuster by name, to his discovery. They had never seen him, but were familiar with his career, and, when they saw the face of a handsome, beardless youth through the window, they declared the doctor was mistaken. This led to an argument, resulting in a good-sized wager, as they were both good sports.

Following the doctor, they entered the car. Billy was seated about the center facing them, and in an instant the doctor was recognized and the Kid attempted to give the cowboy high-sign by throwing up his right hand. But his bracelets compelled both hands to come up together and this sight, and the rattle of the chain, so rattled the two doubters that their nerve broke and they left in haste, paying the wager later.

Opposite the Kid was seated the famous Deputy United

States Marshal Bob Ollinger and his companion, Deputy J. W. Bell. These men had been selected by Marshal Sherman as the very best on his force to convoy the famous outlaw from Santa Fé to Mesilla, New Mexico, where he was to be tried for the killing of Sheriff William Brady in Lincoln County in 1878. In addition to the bracelets on his wrists, he also wore the special anklets before described.

After greetings and the doctor had been introduced to the escort, Billy was asked by the doctor if there was anything he could do for his comfort, etc. Ollinger sat with a couple of forty-fives in his belt and a sawed-off double-barreled shotgun in his lap. The Kid was in high spirits and instantly replied: 'Sure, Doc, just grab and hand me Bob's gun for a moment.'

Ollinger replied: 'My boy, you had better tell your friend good-bye. Your days are short.' Said Billy: 'Oh, I don't know, there's many a slip between the cup and the lip.'

At that moment neither deputy dreamed that within sixty days they would both be victims of those very weapons in the hands of the Kid, as he made his miraculous escape, April 28, 1881, after killing them both.

A farewell was spoken, the train rolled out, and the doctor never saw the Kid again.

Dr. Hoyt returned to his old home at Saint Paul, Minnesota, in 1881, and later was Commissioner of Health of that city for nine years, and for five years prior to 1898 was Chief Surgeon of the Great Northern Railway Lines (controlled by the late James J. Hill) and the Chicago, Burlington and Northern Railway, employing many thousand men.

In 1898 he was commissioned Major and Chief Surgeon in the Spanish-American War and the Filipino insurrection, and served as such for more than four years; was nine months Chief Surgeon of the army commanded by the late Lieutenant-

General Arthur MacArthur as a member of his staff during the campaign of 1899 against the army of Aguinaldo. Later he was Chief Surgeon of all the late Major-General Frederick Dent Grant's extensive commands for more than two years.

The above service was in Luzon, Philippine Islands, during which the doctor personally participated in over twenty-five battles and engagements. He has the distinction of being the only Chief Surgeon to be wounded on a battle-field in the above wars, and as recommended by the late President Roosevelt for a brevet lieutenant-colonelcy on account of services rendered.

He has now practically retired and resides at 310 West Broadway, Long Beach, California, where all old-time Westerners are made welcome. ✓

CHAPTER XX

PEACEFUL DAYS

IN 1912 I ate Christmas dinner in Santa Fé, then put my two pet saddle horses, Rowdy and Patsy, in a box car and started them south, ahead of me. In the same car was my large Russian wolfhound dog, Eat-'em-up Jake, who could whip his weight in wild cats and not half try. My saddle, pack outfit, and bedding were in the same car. On the morning after Christmas, I boarded a passenger train and overtook the horse car at Belin, where the stock were watered and fed, then sent on their journey for Amarillo, Texas, the next feeding place.

I was starting out for the Gulf coast of Texas to visit my boyhood stamping ground, and in the spring to ride up the old Chisholm cattle trail to Abilene, Kansas, its northern terminus, a total distance of about twelve hundred miles. I was anxious to see how much of this old trail had been torn to pieces with ploughs and hoes.

In the little city of Amarillo, built near the Amarillo Lake, where I had, in 1877, seen a million buffaloes in one black mass, I lay over a day and night to visit former cowboy friends. One of these friends owned a butcher shop in which hung a dressed buffalo bull, which he had purchased from Charlie Goodnight, to be sold on New Year's Eve at a dollar a pound. From this buffalo bull, a hump loin was cut and presented to me as a treat.

On leaving Amarillo, the passenger conductor and his brakeman put the hump loin on ice, then telegraphed ahead to the manager of the Harvey House in Sweetwater, the end of the division, to prepare us a fine midnight supper — all but the meat, which we would furnish.

The brakeman of this train, F. A. Dumek, had been a buffalo hunter in the early seventies in Dakota and Nebraska. I asked him how many buffaloes he had seen at one time. He placed the number at ten million head, as far as the eye could reach. Even though Mr. Dumek stretched the truth by nine million head, that would leave a good-sized herd, equal to the one I had seen at Amarillo Lake in 1877.

We arrived at Sweetwater City at midnight. The manager of the Harvey House was waiting for us, so as to fill up on buffalo hump. This was my last taste of buffalo meat!

One of the objects of this trip was to dig up the hidden secret of how the old Chisholm cattle trail got its name. Most cattlemen and cowboys thought it was named after the Pecos cattle king, John Chisum. But I felt sure it was not, as the names are spelt differently, and John Chisum never drove cattle over that famous trail to Kansas.

Here follows the true story of the Chisholm Trail as told to me by Mr. David M. Sutherland of Alamagorda, and confirmed through corresponding with old-timers in Wichita, Kansas:

In the year 1867, the United States Government concluded to move the more than three thousand Wichita and affiliated tribes of Indians to a new reservation in the southern part of the Indian Territory. Their camp was located on the Arkansas River near where Chisholm and Cowskin Creeks empty into that stream. They had been moved there by the Government during the rebellion. Major Henry Shanklin was in charge of them.

Previous to the time of moving these Indians to their new reservation, Major Shanklin made a deal with a rich half-breed squawman, by the name of Jesse Chisholm, to open a trail, and establish supply depots through the Indian Territory to Red River, the dividing line of Texas and the Nation.



THE AUTHOR ON LEFT HOLDING ROWDY, NOLAN KELLER ON
RIGHT HOLDING PATSY, AND EAT-'EM-UP JAKE BELOW



THE AUTHOR WITH HIS RUSSIAN WOLF-HOUND JUMBO IN 1916

With a large train of ox-teams, Jesse Chisholm went to Fort Leavenworth, on the Missouri River, to load up with Government supplies. On his return to the camp on the Arkansas River, a hundred wild ponies were bought for the trip through the Indian Territory. These were used to settle the quicksand in the treacherous streams of Salt Fork, the Cimarron, the North Canadian, and the South Canadian. Ahead of the heavily loaded wagons, this band of ponies were driven back and forth many times, to settle the quicksand. The more than three thousand Indians with their thousands of ponies, along with the many mounted soldiers, traveling in the ruts made by Jesse Chisholm's heavily loaded wagons, made a plain roadway. It was christened the Chisholm Trail, and over its surface passed millions of long-horn cattle in the years following.

After the Indians had vacated their camp, the Government sold the land, and the present city of Wichita, Kansas, was established on the old camp-ground. When the Atchison, Topeka, & Santa Fé Railroad reached the town of Wichita and built shipping pens a few years later, the enterprising citizens began planning to turn the trail herds away from Baxter Springs, in the southeast corner of Kansas, into Wichita.

In the closing years of the sixties, the Union Pacific Railroad had reached Abilene, Kansas, farther north, and that town, backed by the Union Pacific Railroad Company, laid plans to get some of the Texas cattle trade. In the spring of 1870, Mr. David M. Sutherland, who was associated with Major Henry Shanklin, went to Bosque County, Texas, and purchased a herd of long-horn cattle which were driven over the new Chisholm Trail to Wichita, thence to Abilene.

The following spring, 1871, Major Shanklin and Mr. Sutherland were employed by the Union Pacific Railroad Com-

pany to turn the cattle driven away from Baxter Springs onto the Chisholm Trail, through the Indian Territory.

Mr. Sutherland went to Gainesville, Texas, to meet the Baxter Springs trail herds and induce the owners and bosses to turn west to Red River station, where they would strike the Chisholm Trail and have good grass and water all the way through the Indian Territory. During the season Mr. Sutherland and the boosters sent by the town of Wichita succeeded in turning most of the herds to the Chisholm Trail.

Mr. Sutherland says that in April, 1871, he made a cut-off trail with ploughs from Pilot Point to Bolivar, in the State of Texas, for the herds to follow. From Bolivar to Red River station there was already a plain wagon road. It is said that the Wichita boosters paid as high as five hundred dollars to owners and bosses to induce them to change their course from Baxter Springs to the Chisholm Trail at Red River station.

During the next season, 1872, the whole trail drive continued north from Austin, Texas, to Red River station, and the entire route to Abilene, Kansas, became known as the Chisholm Trail. At the Montopolis crossing on the Colorado River, two and a half miles below the capital city of Austin, Texas, the many small trails from all over the Gulf coast merged into the Chisholm Trail, which was now a solid roadway, several hundred yards wide, all the way to Wichita and Abilene, Kansas.

Early in the spring of 1916, my friend Governor William C. McDonald persuaded me to accept a position as Ranger, with a commission as Mounted Police, for the Cattle Sanitary Board of New Mexico. Therefore, on the first day of March I started south, mounted on Rowdy, with the pack on Pat, and Jumbo, an offspring of Eat-'em-up Jake, chasing jack rabbits on ahead. Governor McDonald had selected Car-

rizozo, the present county seat of Lincoln County, as my headquarters.

Bill Owens, a fighting son-of-a-gun, was selected as my partner. We were to have jurisdiction over seven counties, north of the Old Mexico border, to run down outlaws and stock thieves. But poor Bill Owens lasted only a short time. In a fight with two Mexican cattle thieves, at Abo Pass, he was shot through the lungs and lay at the point of death for a long time. This ended his usefulness as a mounted Ranger. After he had fallen, Bill Owens emptied his pistol into the thief who had shot him. Both of the thieves were killed.

This work as Ranger took me over much of my old stamping ground. During my two years of work there, I made many arrests of cattle and horse thieves, and had many close calls, with death staring me in the face.

While attending one term of court in Carrizozo, I was taught how old 'Father Time' heals wounds. I was introduced to Mr. Augustin Kayser, who owned a cattle ranch near Corona. He remembered my name, and asked: 'In 1872, when you were a boy, did some one steal your rain blanket, one stormy night?'

Of course, I remembered it, as for several years it had left a bitter feeling in my heart against the thief.

He then continued: 'Well, Charlie, I am the thief who kept dry that night under your blanket. Of course, I felt sorry for you, but it was a case of self-protection, as I had lost my slicker.'

We were putting up a herd of long-horn steers for the trail. I, being on the last guard, had gone to bed, leaving my saddled night horse tied to a tree near by. On my saddle was a Mexican rain blanket, used instead of a slicker. These blankets are made narrow and long, with a slit in the center to stick your head into, the fringed ends coming down below the boot

tops. On getting wet, they become hard and turn water like rubber.

On this particular night, a severe rainstorm sprang up and every sleeping cowboy had to spring onto his night horse. A stampede followed, and during the rest of the night I suffered greatly from the cold spring rain. The next morning my blanket was found lying on my bed, the rain having ceased.

In southern Texas these fancy-colored blankets were plentiful, but I saw but one of them in the Panhandle country. During a cold blizzard or rainstorm there, if you happened to see a Mexican blanket coming toward you, or going in an opposite direction, you could bet your last dollar that Jim East's head, covered with a gold-and-silver-mounted sombrero, was sticking out of the slit in the center.

In December, 1922, after a severe illness with pleurisy, I decided to get rid of everything I had at Santa Fé and go to San Diego, California, to be with my daughter Viola Reid, and her fourteen-year-old child, Margaret.

Before leaving Santa Fé, I raffled off Sailor Gray for a hundred dollars in cash, and took Patsy out in the woods and put a 45-caliber bullet in his brain. He was hog-fat and I had been offered one hundred and fifty dollars for him. But I wouldn't risk selling him, for fear that he might, in time, fall into cruel hands. As he was eighteen years old, I decided that he would be better off in horse heaven with his daddy, Rowdy.

On the way to San Diego, I lay over a week in Douglas, Arizona, to spend Christmas and New Year's with my old cowboy friend, James H. East, and his good wife. The only hard work Jim does is to get out his pet Colt's 45 pistol and oil it once a month, through force of habit.

I was a sick man when I landed in San Diego. I could

hardly drag one foot after the other, being so weak. But, thanks to the careful nursing of my daughter, Viola Reid, and her fourteen-year-old Margaret, I soon began to improve and gave up the idea of dying. Viola and Margaret are proof that churches do good. Had I not gone to church with Miss May Beals, and there met pretty fifteen-year-old Mamie Lloyd, Viola and Margaret would never have seen the light of day.

After a stay of three months in San Diego, I was strong enough to move to Los Angeles. Soon afterwards, I moved to the heart of Hollywood, so as to be near my dear friend, George T. Cole, who is the youngest son of former United States Senator Cornelius Cole, who passed away at the ripe age of one hundred and two. He was as bright as a silver dollar up to within a month of his death. He had voted for Abe Lincoln as President and hoped to live to vote for Calvin Coolidge as President of the United States, but he died the day before election.

My landlord, Linder Stafford, built a new cabin in the rear of his home for me to live in. By being alone, I can keep my ears primed so as to hear Gabriel toot his horn when he wants me to meet him on the other side of the Great Divide.

Over my cabin door is a sign 'Siringo's Den.' In mid-winter I can look out from the windows of my cabin and enjoy Mrs. Stafford's beautiful flowers. On the walls of my 'Den' are hundreds of photographs. Above them is a sign: 'Siringo's Rogue Gallery.' Once, when William S. Hart was visiting me, I saw him reading this sign just above his own photograph. A smile flitted across the face which is familiar in all parts of the world. He was badly mistaken if he thought I was placing him in the rogue class. If there is one person in the whole world who has not a drop of rogue blood in his veins, that man is Bill Hart.

Another movie Cowboy Star who has no rogue blood in his veins is Will Rogers.

In February, 1924, I received a letter from Mrs. Betty Rogers in Beverly Hills inviting me to come to their home and meet her husband, Will. I answered this letter stating that I was not feeling well, but would visit them within a month or two.

Soon after this Will Rogers went to Europe and I missed shaking hands with the only cowboy able to throw a loop large enough to encircle the globe.

'The Water Hole' on Caheunga Avenue between Sunset and Hollywood Boulevard, is within walking distance of my Den. I often go there to see the movie cowboys and cowgirls with their silver-mounted spurs and high Stetson hats. They bring back memories of my cowboy days, although such high hats and girls wearing pants were not seen on the early-day cattle ranges.

When the time comes for putting me under the sod, I hope the little verses by Badger Clark, Jr., which follow, will be carved on my headstone. These verses were dug up from the William E. Hawks collection of cowboy songs, as appropriate for the wind-up of a fool cowboy's life history, so that posterity will know the class of dare-devils who paved the way for the man with a hoe.

The hoeman will need no history for the benefit of posterity, as he is here to stay. When once a farmer plants his feet on the soil, neither time nor cyclones can jar him loose.

'Twas good to live when all the range
Without no fence or fuss,
Belonged in partnership with God,
The Government and us.

With skyline bounds from east to west,
With room to go and come,

The postcard photograph of the author on Sailor Gray was sent to Mr. Gifford Pinchot, then Commissioner of Forestry for Pennsylvania, and to Mr. Emerson Hough, the author. They sent the following replies:

Mr. Chas. A. Siringo,
Santa Fé, N. Mex.

MILFORD, PIKE CO., PA.
June 15, 1922

DEAR MR. SIRINGO:

I can't tell you how homesick for the West your postal-card made me, or how glad I was to get it. Before I die I want to be out on a horse again in that great country, but I judge I will have to hurry up or the things you knew so well and I a little will all have disappeared.

I knew you would feel as you did about my fight here. Before I get through with it, it ought to produce some real results.

With all good wishes,

Sincerely yours,

[Signed] GIFFORD PINCHOT

630 FRANKLIN STREET, DENVER, COLORADO
October 5, 1922

Mr. Charles Siringo,
P.O. Box 322,
Santa Fé, New Mexico.

MY DEAR MR. SIRINGO:

Thank you for your nice letter of September 28. . . . Have you any objection if I should use as a sort of model for a cowboy picture in the Saturday Evening Post some time, that part of your postcard photograph showing yourself and horse? I am trying my best to get the artists of that great periodical to know what a cowman really looks like. These fancy boys with chaps and handkerchiefs give me a pain.

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Yours sincerely,

[Signed] EMERSON HOUGH



THE AUTHOR ON SAILOR GRAY CROSSING THE RIO GRANDE AT
THE COCHITI INDIAN PUEBLO IN 1921



THE AUTHOR WITH BILL HART

I liked my fellow man the best
When he was scattered some.

When my old soul hunts range and rest
Beyond the last divide,
Just plant me on some strip of west
That's sunny, lone and wide.

Let cattle rub my headstone round,
And coyotes wail their kin,
Let hosses come and paw the mound,
But don't you fence it in.

THE END

